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PROPHECY.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

Sic fata Deûm rex
Sortitur, volvitque vices, is vertitur ordo.
VIRG. Æneid. Lib. iii. 375.

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή. HOMER. Il. A. 5.

1776.

WHOM shall the muse, glowing with fervent zeal
To trace the watchful care of Providence,
And vindicate His mystic ways, whom shall
The pious muse invoke? Not you, ye nine,
Whom Grecian bards have fabled from the fount
Of Castaly, and from the boasted top
Of Helicon, to deal poëtic fire

To the enraptur'd votary.—Nor thee,
O Delphian Phœbus, fam'd in ancient times
To solve thy suppliant's doubts, and from thy fane
Disclose the scenes of dark futurity:
Such aid it ill becomes the sacred muse
To ask, if ye could grant.—O King supreme,
Infinite Being, Thou who didst of old
To Thy anointed delegates reveal
The secret volume of mysterious fate,
O All-sufficient Pow'r, do Thou direct
Th' aspiring lay! 'Tis Thine, and Thine alone
To animate the muse to heav'nly themes:
Though weak her wonted strains, if Thou but deign'st
To give Thy potent aid, she yet may soar
To heights sublime, unfold Thy mystic paths,
And from the records of old Prophecy,
Confound the froward arrogance of man.

When the Almighty Fiat, from the gloom
Of chaos drawn to light had now arrang'd
The jarring seeds, the last, the most sublime
Of all his works was Man call'd forth; to him
The Sovereign Word gave empire o'er the whole:
And lest a life without the genial aid
Of social intercourse should barren prove
Of real joys, a partner He bestow'd,
Whose milder converse and endearing love
Might chear the lonely hour: Their blest retreat

Was Eden's groves. " Of all the trees, save that
" Which in the midst exalts its head, 'tis your's
" To taste; but if the interdicted fruit
" Ye dare to touch, the deed devotes ye both
" Victims to death:" said that Creative Voice
Which form'd the spacious globe.—O happy pair,
Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where earth,
Benignant parent, from her verdant lap
Spontaneous pour'd immortal sweets, and gave
Whate'er could minister delight! Too soon,
Alas! this scene was clos'd: Behold them now,
(So lately rich in happiness, and blest
With converse of the Living God) o'erwhelm'd
In misery, and tortur'd by the stings
Of conscious guilt—" The day in which ye dare
" To taste, dooms ye to death."—Like the dire voice
Of thunder to benighted travellers, sounds
The awful sentence: Heav'n's avenging Judge
Descends, and ratifies His word: Yet still,
Though rebel guilt calls down dread vengeance, God,
In mercy as in justice infinite,
Acts not like tyrant man array'd in pow'r:
Celestial justice dooms the erring pair
To death, yet, 'midst the terrors of the doom,
Celestial mercy sends a comforter
To chear the wounded mind, and dissipate
Exile's dark gloom: Though sentenc'd Adam stand
To forfeit Eden's bow'rs, to have the ground

Accurs'd, by daily labour to provide
For life's support; though Eve be doom'd to feel
The sorrows of conception, bright'ning hope
Allays the sharpness of their fate: assur'd
The *woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head,
They better can sustain the load: 'Twas this
Prophetic declaration, that their fall
Should be aveng'd, which in the trying hour
Of anguish could alone avert despair.

Hence pass we on to that accursed age,
When sin with giant stride through all the world
Triumphant stalk'd: Chain'd in the servile bonds
Of fell iniquity, degen'rate man
To idols bent the prostituted knee.
By Heav'n's command th' accumulated waves
Of ocean burst their limits, o'er the face
Of the wide earth rolls the avenging flood,
And in it's gulph o'erwhelmeth all, save those
Whose hearts amidst the univeral lapse
Untainted stand: Them God preserves, restores,
And having rescued, thus declares: " No more†
" For human sins the ground shall be accurs'd."
Hence men, by these vindictive judgments warn'd,
For many ages walk'd upright, nor swerv'd
From piety's strait path. In all that time,

* Gen. iii. 15. † Gen. viii. 21.

That golden time, no word of prophecy
Was giv'n.—But see! again idolatry
Erects its head profane; rebellious man
In impious error plung'd revolts: Here God,
To reinstate religion, to call back
The alienated heart, once more renews
His saving oracles: * The Son of Terah,
Led by celestial auspices, from Ur,
Chaldean Ur, the seat of idols, bends
His unwilling steps: Tho' round him num'rous tribes,
Sworn foes to Heav'n's dread Ruler, pitch their tents,
No wayward doubts nor coward fear appal
The patriarch's soul: By the bright hope sustain'd
That in his seed all nations should be blest,
Calm and unmov'd the delegated seer
Submissive bends to the eternal will.
When Israel's sons in Egypt dwelt, what time
Temptations numberless assail'd their faith,
To cherish this immortal hope, and arm
The breast against the hand of tyrant pow'r,
Thus Jacob with his dying voice pronounc'd:
† "The sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,
"Nor a lawgiver from between his feet,
"'Till Shiloh come."

What hope of this remains
To Israel? Pharaoh gives the dire decree,

* Abraham. † Gen. xlix. 10

That ev'ry male of Hebrew born, to death
Should be consign'd: But who can counteract
Th' eternal will? What mortal arm oppose
Th' immutable decree of God? *Thermutis
Now rescues Amram's son, and for her own
Adopts him. Spurning the nefarious court
And all its wanton pomp, he rather chose
With his own people to endure distress
And bondage, than be hail'd adopted son
Of Egypt's crown.—Why should I here recite
The judgments of offended Heav'n pour'd forth
Upon the head of Pharaoh? How the waves,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses, overwhelm'd
Proud Egypt's marshall'd legions?—Israel's sons,
Beneath the guidance of the Lord of Hosts
Secure, to Canaan's promis'd fields direct
Their steps; yet ever and anon the soul,
Revolting from its due allegiance, dares
In discontented murmurings arraign
The acts of Providence: With wondrous pow'r
Endu'd, oft Moses calms the factious crew,
And leads them to their faith: Him 'bove the rest
Jehovah favors, unto him declares,
† "A prophet 'mongst thy brethren will I raise
"In pow'r miraculous like thee; to him

* The name given by Josephus to Pharaoh's daughter.

† Deut. xviii. 18.

" Shall all the people with attentive ears
" Incline, for from his sacred mouth My words,
" My hallow'd dictates shall proceed: Whoe'er
" Unmindful of My works by him achiev'd,
" Or swoll'n with contumacy, disregards
" My gracious precepts, him with ruin dire
" Will I extirpate."

Onward as we trace
God's oracles, Redemption is the point
To which they all converge. When strong in faith,
And fir'd with holy zeal to vindicate
Heav'n's violated honors, Jesse's son
Undaunted sought th' embattl'd ranks, then fell
Philistia's glory; he, who had defied
The armies of the Living God, the tow'r,
The bulwark of the vaunting foe, o'erthrown
By the weak arm of a derided youth,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Avenging Heav'n
Rais'd David to the throne; nor left him thus
Without a future hope to calm the hour
Of death, but gave His never-failing word,
That from the root of Jesse there should spring
Perpetual empire: * " When the stated years
" Of life are pass'd, and in the silent tomb
" Thou with thy fathers rest, (Jehovah said)

* 2 Sam. vii. 12, 15, & 16.

" Thy seed will I exalt, and on thy throne
" In glory 'stablish it: My mercy ne'er
" From thee will I withdraw; thy kingdom, fix'd
" Upon a base which neither pow'r can shake,
" Nor rolling years subvert, shall ever stand."

O goodness infinite! What could ye less,
Ye chosen race, than raise to Heav'n alone
The choral hymn? What less, than unto Him,
Whose gracious oracles had thus pronounc'd
You heirs of such supreme, immortal blessings,
All honor, praise and majesty ascribe?
Yet the obdurate heart, of the rich gift
Unmindful, spurn'd the giver, and ingrate
Rejected Heav'n's exalted love. The tribes,
Th' apostate tribes, revolting from the laws
Ordain'd by God, sunk in idolatry,
*On ev'ry hill, and under ev'ry tree
Vain images erect: To Baal then,
And unto all th' ethereal host, they raise
Their altars and around the impious fires
Chaunt orgies to their gods. At length in wrath
And anger terrible, Jehovah rose,
And on their guilty heads shot forth the shafts
Of final ruin, gave them up a prey
To foreign spoilers. †With dread terrors arm'd,

* 2 Kings xvii. 10. † 2 Kings xvii. 3.

Stern Shalmaneser pours his num'rous hosts
O'er Israel's fertile plains; Samaria's walls
Three years retard the monarch's course: At length,
Degen'rate Israel (whom in former days
The Lord their God had brought with pow'rful hand
And outstretch'd arm from Egypt's coasts,) beneath
Assyrian bondage bow'd. The rebel tribes
By hostile chains oppress'd, and captive led
From their own native realms, no more return'd
To taste the sweets of liberty: *Far off
In Halah and in Habor by the stream
Of Gozan, and amongst the tyrant Medes,
Vengeance had doom'd them to perpetual bonds.
For Judah's sons far other fates remain'd:
They captive led to Babylonian pow'r
Were slaves indeed, but not for ever doom'd
To bear the galling yoke: When seventy years
(The term by Heav'n assign'd) had laps'd, that race
†Redeem'd by Cyrus, (whose anointed arm,
Isaiah had foretold, should blast the pow'r
Of tyrant Babylon, and from the throne
Hurl her ‡ idolatrous Prince) to Canaan's fields,
Their long lost heritage, return; there build
A votive temple, and there still a tribe,
A separate people they remain, 'till Rome
In final ruin Solyma overthrow.—

* 2 Kings xvii. 6. † Isaiah xlv. ‡ Belshazzar.

Dost thou, O sceptic, say, all this was caus'd
By chance, that visionary word, by which
The captious infidel solves ev'ry doubt,
Solves each event, when his perverted mind
Dares blindly disavow the real cause?
But if in this award thou own'st the hand
Of Heav'n, as sure thou must, should serious thought
Have aught of influence, tell me whence this tribe
Above the other exiles stood absolv'd?
Was it that they with purer ardor fir'd
Stood from pollution free amongst the rest?
This could not be—Read—Their own annals search,
And tell, if aught thou find'st in them of good
To challenge such regard! Not they themselves
Were fam'd for holy worship, for more zeal
Renown'd, than those ill-fated tribes whom Heav'n
To endless banishment consign'd. Why then
This partial favor shewn to them? Once more
The sacred records search, read there the cause:
" The sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,
" Nor a lawgiver from between his feet,
" 'Till Shiloh come." Here solve thou ev'ry doubt,
Nor impious call in chance. The blessed seed
Had been to Judah promis'd—to preserve
That word inviolate, when Heav'n had doom'd
The other tribes to everlasting bonds,
Th' Almighty King from servitude redeem'd
The sons of Judah, bade them back return

To Canaan's plains, 'till the predicted time
Should come, when prophecy should be fulfill'd,
And all the nations of the earth be blest.
Amidst the dark'ning gloom of adverse fate,
The scoffs, the triumphs of insulting foes,
Where was thy refuge, Faith? In those drear times,
When Israel bent beneath the servile yoke
Of heathen tyrants, when Jehovah's self,
(Whose tutelary arm so oft of old
Confounded regal pride, and through the storms
Of formidable war, in safety led
The conquering bands) when He throughout their tribes
Pour'd forth the terrors of o'erwhelming wrath,
And drove them into exile, from what source
Did comfort spring? Amidst th' involving gloom
A purer ray shot forth. The hallow'd page
Peruse, see there unfolded to the view
In brightest characters, each circumstance
Of that long-promis'd seed, to whom all nations
Should blessings owe. "Wrapt into future times,"
The glowing bards unfold Messiah's reign:
The time, the place of his auspicious birth,
His wond'rous works, the suff'rings he should bear
To reinstate apostate man, were all
In the enraptur'd prophet's visions shewn.
Though all around distress and bonds appear'd,
Triumphant faith by these immortal hopes
Exalted, brav'd the storm, and calm amidst

Surrounding evils, suppliant and resign'd
Look'd forward to Redemption's glorious dawn.

These were the ends of prophecy, *that sure
And stable word, to guide the devious step
In truth's bewilder'd path, to raise the soul,
Above external ills; that guardian ray
Sent from on high, amidst the gloom to shine,
And light desponding men, 'till the day dawn'd,
And the day-star arose within their hearts.
When inspiration by the prophet's voice
Had open'd to the world the future scene
Of its salvation, and most clearly mark'd
The coming of that pow'r, whose works on earth
Should from primæval sin absolve the soul,
'Ere many years had pass'd away, the gift
Of prophecy was lost: O proof beyond
A doubt, that ev'ry oracle of old
To the same centre tended, and that all
The promises to God's selected race
Through ev'ry age, receiv'd the stamp of truth
In the appearance of the blessed seed.

At length the time, the hallow'd time comes on,
Salvation's æra; the rude din of arms
Resounds no more. Thy temple, Janus, shut,

* 2 Pet. i. 19.

At his blest coming who had been proclaim'd
*The Prince of Peace; thro' all the conscious world
Auspicious Peace her blessing spreads: Nor comes
The hallow'd time in a still silent pace;
Nor Palestine alone expectant waits
The grand event; in ev'ry distant clime
The mind by heav'nly oracles inform'd,
Looks forward to the rising of a sun,
Whose genial beams thro' the whole world should shed
Benignant influence. Rome, imperial Rome,
Then the acknowledg'd mistress of the globe,
†Hearing that Nature's self should now bring forth
A sov'reign King, with inward terror shakes:
The Senate trembling for the Roman name,
For th' empire's safety, constitute decrees,
That each male born that year to instant death
Should be consign'd. These were Thy awful works,
O Pow'r Supreme, that he whom Thou didst call
By Thy prophetic ‡servant, the desire
Of ev'ry nation, might in glory rise,
The wonder, and the blessing of the world.

* Isaiah ix. 6.

† Auctor est Julius Marathus, ante paucos quàm nascereter menses, prodigium Romæ factum publicè, quo denuntiabatur regem pop. Rom. Naturam parturire; Senatum exterritum censuisse ne quis illo anno genitus educaretur.—Sueton. in Vitâ Augusti.

‡ The Prophecy of Haggai.

He is the saving, the avenging seed
Foretold to Adam, who should bruise the head
Of the insidious serpent; He that seed
Promis'd to faithful Abraham, from whom
On ev'ry nation blessings should descend:
*He is the star, that should from Jacob come,
The sceptre which from Israel should arise,
And over Moab's haughty princes spread
The judgments of celestial wrath: The son
To righteous David promis'd, he whose throne
Should through all ages stand: he is the King
Who should from Sion rise to endless pow'r.
Here then the prophecies, which God had giv'n
To light the lamp of hope in darker times,
Are perfected; now Israel's empire shakes,
The sceptre now from Judah's house departs.
†Ethereal omens, harbingers of woe
And dread destruction, scare the troubled minds
Of Israel's sons: High o'er the city walls
Gleams a portentous sword. Thro' twice six moons
In the perturbed air a comet flames,
And from its "fiery tresses" scatters war,
Famine, and pestilence. When gloomy night
Spreads darkness o'er the silent earth, around
The altar and the temple, (clear as are

* The Prophecy of Balaam.

† See the account of these prodigies in Josephus, Bell. Jud.

Th' unclouded beams which southern Phœbus darts)
A radiant light breaks forth. Embattl'd hosts,
And adverse chariots marshall'd in the clouds,
Spread wide the horrors of impending fate.
Such were the heralds of celestial wrath,
*That wrath, which God of old by Amram's son
Declar'd, should, sweeping o'er Judea's plains
Level her tow'ring bulwarks in the dust,
Raze her fenc'd cities, and from east to west
Scatter her alienated sons: Ev'n now
Exterminating war begins the work:
See where the Roman cohorts, ministers
Of wrath and utter vengeance, on each side
Encompass Solyma's devoted walls;
Avenging Titus leads them on: In vain
Opposing walls and tow'rs resist, in vain
The Jewish bands, enflam'd with furious zeal
To save their city, rush amidst the war,
Resolv'd on death or conquest; nought retards
The torrent of the Roman force; Heav'n nerves
The arm uplifted 'gainst th' apostate crew.
†Lo! through the golden window cast, a brand
Within the temple's venerable pile
Kindles destructive flames, with rapid course
Through ev'ry part sweeps the resistless fire:
The glitt'ring fanes, the burnish'd altars deck'd

* Deut. xxviii. † See Josephus.

With gold, and bright with oriental gems,
Sink in the conq'ring flames. No more the Jews
Heroic deeds attempt; the all for which
They dar'd oppose the Roman arm, was now
In everlasting ruins sunk. What words,
O Solyma, can paint thy woes! Here war
Its thousands slays, wide-wasting famine there
Spreads equal horror. To the mountains flee,
Ye alienated Sons of Israel; hide,
In secret caverns hide your perjur'd heads!
Thrice happy they, whom never child did hail
With a fond mother's name! For lo! at hand
The Roman Eagle scents his prey, and flaps
His gloomy wing; from the defenceless arms
Of the poor parent torn, the trembling babe
By ruthless hands is 'midst the ruins hurl'd;
Nor sex nor age is spar'd; inur'd to deeds
Of death, the raging victors through the streets
Crimson'd with native blood rush on. And last,
*The hostile plough (that not the smallest trace
Of ancient grandeur may survive the war)
From its foundations whatsoe'er remains

* This was done by order of Titus, whence our Saviour's prediction was literally accomplished.

According to Josephus, Bell. Jud. Titus ordered his soldiers to raze both the whole city and the temple; and the same historian adds, that they who razed the city, so levelled it, that no one would afterwards have believed that it had ever been inhabited.

Of temple or of city razes, not
One stone is left that on another rests.
O where is now that people, who of old,
Protected by the arm of Heav'n's dread Lord,
O'er regions of idolatry pour'd forth
Their marshall'd bands, and on the necks of kings
Set their triumphant foot? That empire where,
Whose splendid glories from the sea-girt shores
*Of southern Araby, to Sion brought
The beauteous princess? Utterly o'erthrown:
Not e'en a vestige now survives to tell
Th' enquiring traveller, where stood those walls,
The wonder of the world. That people once
So fam'd, whom God himself vouchsaf'd to call
His chosen race, and with a guardian hand
Deign'd to protect, from Palestine exil'd,
In ev'ry corner of the earth, like Cain,
Are doom'd to wander; although scatter'd thus
Through all the globe, there is no clime which they
Can call their own, no country where their laws
Hold sov'reign rule: Irrefragable proof,
That ev'ry oracle of holy writ

* This is what is meant by the uttermost parts of the earth in Matth. xii. 42. Tacitus says, Terra, finesque, quæ ad orientem vergunt, Arabiâ terminantur.

Many suppose that she came from Arabia Felix, which borders upon the ocean to the south.

Was giv'n by Heav'n itself! †The wand'ring tribes
Through the whole earth this evidence diffuse,
That Christ was that predicted seed, who should
A fallen world in Heav'n's lost heritage
Triumphant re-instate, and conqueror
O'er the dread empire of dethroned death
Bring life and immortality to light,

Here then, O sceptic, whosoe'er thou art,
Lost in the maze of error, and buoy'd up
By vain conceit, who impious dar'st traduce
The mysteries of Providence, arraign
Heav'n's high decrees, and with o'erweening wit
Deny Redemption's blessed Lord, attend,
Nor deem the muse's labours light; though weak
Her numbers, yet the truths which she imparts
Are grav'd on living adamant, and stamp'd
With God's immortal signet. O attend!
Discard each narrow prejudice thy mind
May have before imbib'd! The sacred page
With calm attention scan! If on thy soul,
As though dost read, a ray of purer light
Break in, O check it not, give it full scope!
Admitted it will break the clouds, which long
Have dimm'd thy sight, and lead thee, 'till at last
Conviction, like the sun's meridian beams,

† See the Spectator, No. 495.

Illuminate thy mind: For be assur'd,
Though dark and intricate the ways of God
May seem to the unsearching eye, if thou
But search, (O 'tis a subject which demands
Most serious meditation's solemn pause;
On it is built the structure of Redemption
To thee, to all the world;) if thou but search
With contemplation due, the rays of truth
Will dissipate the gloom, and pour upon
Thy long bewilder'd sense a flood of day;
Will reconcile each jarring doubt thy breast
Harbour'd, and open to th' awaken'd soul
A system of unbounded love to man.

PRAYER.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

Flectitur iratus voce precante Deus.— OVID. Fast.

Εὐχῆς δικαίας ἐκ ἀνήκοος Θεὸς. MENANDER.

1777.

ÆTHERIAL Spirit, Minister of Peace
And Bliss Eternal, Thou by whom inspir'd,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave
The soul looks forward, and o'er dreary death
Triumphant soars, with animating light
My breast illumine, ev'ry grov'ling lust,
Slave to the sordid cares of life, expel!
While the muse sings the hallow'd force of Pray'r;
Pray'r at whose humble voice Mercy descends

From Heav'n, and o'er the penitential heart
Rent by the agonizing pangs of guilt,
Spreads the soft blessings of internal peace.

Could man (the rankling seeds of vice destroy'd)
That purity attain, which he possess'd,
When incontaminate from infant earth
He sprang into existence, Virtue might
Bold and undaunted to her God appeal,
And from the dread tribunal of her Judge
Claim immortality's cœlestial crown:
But who, alas! in all the various realms
Of this extended universe, can boast
An heart, within whose secret folds no sin
Its residence hath ever fix'd? Beside us
Thousands, on our right hand ten thousands fall;
What mortal 'midst the universal wreck
Can stand unshaken? Adam's foul revolt
From the primæval law, on all his sons,
Through ev'ry age, the sad inheritance
Of sin and death entail'd: Though thus we roam,
From Eden's never-fading paradise
Expell'd, supernal vengeance hath not doom'd
The fallen race of man to the dank tomb
An everlasting victim: From the east
The star of mercy shines, and through the shades
Of darkness pours Redemption's promis'd light.

O thou almighty, self-existing King
Of Nature's wide domains, what can we less,
We whom Thy outstretch'd arm avenging snatch'd
From the Tartarean Gulph, than to the throne
Of Thy unbounded love, with pious faith
For ever consecrate the rescu'd soul?
Nor think, ye sons of fashionable vice,
Ye, who by folly's airy charms allur'd,
From virtue and religion devious swerve,
Think not, th' ætherial mansions hold a God,
Like earthly kings, deaf to the plaintive sighs
Of martyr'd innocence, or ignorant
Where the dark villain lurks! No secret cave
Nor gloom of midnight can from Him, whose eye
Through all creation instantaneous darts,
Veil the nefarious deed. O prostrate then
(For who can tell how oft the wayward flesh
To sin inclines;) with humble penitence
Work out your own salvation, from above
Suppliant conciliate that all-pow'rful aid,
That mercy which alone preserves, redeems!

But hence, far hence be ostentatious pomp
And superstition's tinsel glare, ordain'd
By Rome's imperial pontiff! What avails
The splendid temple, decorated shrine;
What all the pageantry of labour'd art?
Can God's pervading eye, like the frail sense

Of mortals, be deluded by the guise
Of outward beauty? The All-seeing Pow'r,
(To whom each secret, from the human view
Remov'd, lies open) sanctifies alone
The off'ring of a contrite heart. Far too
From supplication let o'erweening pride,
Offspring of ignorance and blind self-love,
Be absent. Shall aspiring man, who holds
The tenure of his life from Heav'n, shall he,
Who to a bounteous God indebted stands
For all the comforts minister'd below,
Dare to that God in the presuming tone
Of arrogance appeal? Shall his vain tongue
Blazon his virtues in imperious phrase,
And from Omnipotence dare claim rewards
As his unalienable right? If Heav'n
Did in the balance of strict justice weigh
Th' iniquity of men, who could abide
Its judgment? Did not mercy temper wrath,
Eternal ruin would o'erwhelm mankind.
What then remains, but that the guilty heart,
Conscious of sin, by penitence and faith
Th' oblation offer up religion claims?
Yet froward man, though the pure word of Christ
Darts forth cœlestial light, by error drawn
From the illuminated path of truth,
Eccentric strays. Some spurn the sober laws
Of reason, and by wild enthusiasm fir'd,

In strains of frantic raptures to their God
Pour orisons: Some, their deluded minds
Harrow'd by penal terrors, in the gulph
Of black despair are whelm'd; no ray of hope
Dispels th' involving gloom; a Deity
With all the thunder of dread vengeance round him,
Ready to launch th' extirminating bolt,
Is ever present to their tortur'd thoughts.
Deep in the convent's solitary cell
View the sequester'd hermit! Hard his bed,
And coarse his scanty viands: From the world
Exil'd, from all the soothing blandishments
Of social life estrang'd, he never knew
Th' endearing transports of connubial love,
Ne'er gloried in a parent's tender name.
While o'er the earth nocturnal darkness reigns,
And wearied nature loses all her cares
In the soft arms of sleep, at midnight sounds
The convent's warning bell: Lo! from his rest
Summon'd, the hermit to the awful shrine
Directs his languid steps; on the cold stone
With bent knee celebrates the stated rites.
Is this religion? Dost Thou, gracious Lord
Of everlasting Mercy, from Thy sons
Exact such penance? Deeply in our frame
Thou, Nature, hast a strong desire infix'd
Of social intercourse, hast giv'n affections
Susceptible of all the tender claims

Of sympathy and love.—Doth it become us
T' abjure society, and by a vow,
Falsely pronounc'd religious, swear to lead
A life of barren solitude, cut off
For ever from the ties which Nature forms
To humanize the world? Cast round thine eye
Over the habitable globe, enrich'd
By bounteous Providence! In ev'ry clime,
Like a kind parent, the productive earth
With lavish hand to all her progeny
Imparts perpetual blessings: Ingrate man
Rejects the proffer'd good; within the walls
Of some monastic prison pent, he flies
The world, and though around him Providence
Amply distribute His exhaustless stores,
Alien to His extended love, he lives
An interdicted wretch, as if dire fate
Had doom'd him 'midst a desart's barren waste
To abject want. Is this a sacrifice
Which God exacts? Can He, who all bestows
For comfort and for use, impose a law
To sanctify rejection of His gifts?
Though Heav'n in pray'r delight, no pray'rs can please
Eternal Justice, which from the broad line
Of charity estrange mankind, subvert
The public good, and, gloomy tyrants, reign
Despotic over Nature's social ties.

Nor yet in rigid solitude alone
Doth man, in error's labyrinth involv'd,
Wander from Heav'n: Like the detested tribe
Of ancient Pharisees, beneath the mask
Of clam'rous piety what numbers veil
Contaminated vicious hearts! How many
In the devoted temple of their God,
With hypocritic eye, from which the tear
Of penitential anguish seems to flow,
Pour forth their vows, and by affected zeal
Pre-eminênt devotion boast; while vice
Within the guilty breast rankles unseen.

Mark Claudius well, that Pharisaick knave!
His actions in the venerable garb
Of virtue drest, to the world's searching eye
Seem proof against all censure: Lest his tongue
By inadvertent levity betray'd
Should utter that which slander's viperous arts
Might persecute, well is th' expression scann'd
'Ere language give it to the captious world.
Oft as loud rumour to his ear conveys
A tale of private woe, Claudius is first
To brand each action which brought on the scene
Of wretchedness; with elevated hands
And well-dissembled visage, he arraigns
The abject suff'rer, then with artful zeal
Thanks Heav'n, who in its goodness gave to him,

A soul no adverse accidents could shake,
Or warp from fair religion's sacred path.
Hence to thy chamber, and in secret there
Hold converse with thyself! Dost thou behold
A brother caught in the fallacious snares
Of sin? His guilty hand perhaps hath dar'd
To dye itself in human blood; perhaps
Beneath the semblance of a guardian friend
He hath despoil'd the orphan of his right,
And driv'n him naked 'midst th' oppressive woes
Of an unfeeling world: From flagrant crimes
Like these, thy conscience, Claudius, is exempt:
Can that authority on thee confer
To triumph in the desolating woe
Of other mortals? Although thou art pure,
How can a right from thence on thee devolve
To cast opprobrious taunts against the head
Of a fall'n brother, and with impious pride
The province of Omnipotence usurp?
Is this the law of Christ, that heav'nly law
Which from above descended to correct
The jarring passions, lead misguided man
To happiness, and to his raptur'd view
The realms of immortality disclose?
All terms of virulence, not those alone
Which hasty anger vents, or such as spring
From envy's burning fever, but e'en those
Which enmity and war's discordant rage

Engender 'tween opposing nations, stand
By the blest founder of our faith condemn'd.
Thou own'st thyself a Christian: O peruse
The page of wond'rous love, to us pronounc'd
Our everlasting guide! Mark well the terms
On which our final absolution rests!
Forgiveness such as that which here on earth
To others we impart, th' ætherial Judge
Will unto us accord at the dread day
Of universal judgment: These, my friend,
These are the final terms.—Though thou condemn'st
The public villain, thou but little know'st
Why he apostate turn'd from virtue's path:
Necessity's all-pow'rful claim might press,
In bold defiance of his country's laws
Might tempt his troubled soul to frame a deed
Of heinous enterprize. Thou hast not fall'n;
But still remember that the ruthless storm
Of black adversity hath not assail'd
Thy boasted honor. Wherefore should'st thou claim
A victor's meed, ere thou hast met the foe,
And in the conflict nobly prov'd thyself
Arm'd against all assaults! O to that Pow'r,
Who, under the blest shadow of His wing,
Hath thus preserv'd thee from the tempting snare,
To Him the tribute of perpetual praise,
And adoration's off'ring suppliant bring!
All-pow'rful is the penitential sigh

Of true contrition; like the placid wreaths
Of incense, wafted from the righteous shrine
Where Abel minister'd, to the blest seat
Of mercy, an accepted sacrifice
Humiliation's conscious plaint ascends.
But soft! who's that, borne through the gazing street
In pompous luxury? Such princely state
Bespeaks high birth. That's Verres, once a name
Unknown and undistinguish'd in the rolls
Of Heraldry, 'till Fortune (who delights
To call her minions from the lowest state
Of poverty, and on the pinnacle
Of opulence place her unworthy sons)
Call'd Verres from paternal indigence,
And pointed to the east. He, late return'd
From where the Ganges laves the golden shore,
Triumphs in all the pride of eastern pomp,
In all the tyrant insolence of wealth.
Intent alone where syren pleasure spreads
Her fascinating blandishments, or where
The pension'd strains of adulating knaves
Grateful resound, and to his ravish'd ear
The glories of his own great name recount,
He's lost to ev'ry other thought, save those
Minist'ring present ease. O dire effect
Of opulence, which deadens ev'ry sense
Of virtue and religion! Turn thine eye,
Deluded Verres, to the dreadful scroll

Black with the catalogue of num'rous crimes,
Which thy aspiring soul by riches fir'd
Fram'd in far distant realms! Think'st thou the day
Will never come, when vengeance shall o'ertake
Guilt unaton'd? Think'st thou the Judge above,
Whose eye fills the wide universe, whose arm
Nought can controul, for ever will remain
A calm supine spectator of these scenes,
Nor on the head of guilty mortals launch
Th' avenging thunder? Though with tardy step
Cœlestial justice come, that step is sure,
Unerring is her bolt, and where it falls
Eternal will the ruin be. Thou deem'st
Thyself secure; Fortune on ev'ry side
With lavish hand show'rs down her choicest gifts:
Propitious to thy wish the gliding hours
Lead thee to new delights; around thee throng
Obsequious vassals; they with supple knee
And prostrate body soothing incense bring
To cherish pamper'd pride. What follows thence?
Extend these blessings far beyond the date
Of mortal life; be thine a patriarch's days;
And through the lengthen'd term let not a gust
Of adverse fortune ruffle the smooth face
Of pleasure's lenient stream! Still must thou die:
Nay more, the time when fate shall call thee hence
Impenetrable gloom conceals: E'en now
Perhaps, while round thee bliss unchequer'd smiles,

While seated at the festive board thou giv'st
The reins to wanton mirth, intrusive death
May doom thee to the grave: O then exalt
Thy tutor'd thoughts! Consider ev'ry hour
Of life, each moment, as an interval
On which eternal happiness depends!
Let the rememb'rance of thy former crimes
Strike terror to thy soul! Like the dread words
Which harrow'd Babylon's presumptuous king
With fear and wonder, 'midst the clam'rous crew,
And the loose revels of licentious mirth,
Let it the dissipated mind arrest!
Thy guilt, although 'tis deep as is the dye
Of blushing scarlet, penitential tears
Will render white as snow; the odious stains
By pray'r and adoration blotted out,
Thou wilt perceive regenerated faith
To thine absolved soul new life impart:
O'er this vain world triumphant, o'er the pow'r
Of death and the dank grave victorious borne,
To immortality thou shalt ascend.
All-gracious Heav'n, who 'midst terrestrial storms,
And life's oppressive evils, hath disclos'd
A sacred path, which to th' empyreal realms
Of endless bliss the erring step conducts;
O Thou All-gracious Pow'r, with guardian light
Illuminate Thy suppliant's soul! If e'er
By meretricious pleasure captive led,

From Thy commands I dare to swerve, to guilt
If e'er this alienated heart betray'd,
Cancel fair virtue's laws, or abrogate
The bonds which Nature forms 'twixt man and man
For public good, Thy tutelary arm
Stretch forth from mercy's seat, arrest the thought
Which strays from Thee, and to the clouded eye
Of conscience bring reflection's glass! Inspire
Th' admonish'd heart, by supplicating pray'rs
(The sole atonement left) to deprecate
Thy kindled wrath! O in that awful day,
When the Archangel's trump shall pierce the vault
Of Heav'n, when noted in th' eternal book
All acts shall be arraign'd, how will the wretch,
Spotted with unatoned crimes, appear
Before the dread tribunal? Pale dismay
Confounds the rebel host: They who through life
By conscience and religion's warning voice
Unmov'd, their prostituted hearts resign'd
To sin, with the keen horrors of remorse
And anguish rent, call on the lofty hills
To cover their apostate heads. Alas!
Too late contrition comes: The doom is past.
Consign'd to torture in the drear abyss,
Where with rage unremitted ever flames
The penal fire, down the sulphureous gulph
Cœlestial judgment whelms the trembling crew.
Lo! on the other side the chosen heirs

Of everlasting bliss appear. Though oft
Beneath the bondage of enslaving sin
They bow'd, contrition's undissembling tears
Have wash'd away all stains, and made their souls
Fit candidates for Heav'n's immortal joys.
Such are the blest effects of pray'r, whose voice
Can draw down mercy from the throne of God,
And to the mansions of eternal rest
The wounded spirit waft.—Should adverse fate
Her quiver on his wretched head exhaust,
Should the malignant scorn of pamper'd pride,
Insult and sharp necessity attend
His steps, while under his neglected roof
A wife and infant progeny, involv'd
In all the dread calamities of want,
Pour forth to him their unavailing plaints;
The suppliant christian thus of all bereft
Which ministers terrestrial joys, by pray'r
To that High Pow'r address who can alone
Allay the furious storm, within his breast
Receives the sacred calm: Firm on this rock,
Though on each side adversity's black surge
May beat, the pious soul undaunted views
The desolating tempest, confident
That faith, through all the horrors of distress,
Safe to the port of everlasting peace
Can guide the shatter'd bark.—Nor yet alone
To the contracted sphere of private bliss

Confin'd, all-pow'rful pray'r the gen'ral good
In the dread day of danger can secure.
O read, the everliving page explore
Of sacred annals, (for the Lord himself
Hath stamp'd them with the adamantine seal
Of righteous truth) in them recorded stand
The terrors of His overwhelming wrath,
The gracious wonders of unbounded love.
The sons of Israel, though Jehovah's arm
So oft had snatch'd them from the yawning gulph
Of ruin, vile apostates from their God
Revolt, yet ever as the wounded heart
By misery o'erwhelm'd, to Heav'n pours forth
Contrition's undissembled pray'r, again
The Lord of Mercy dissipates the clouds
Of dark distress, and with the genial beams
Of His blest favor sooths the suff'ring soul.
E'en Nature's self obeys the potent voice
Of supplication, from her wonted course
Turning miraculous: The refluent waves
Forget to flow, and stand on either side
Like solid walls: Lo! from the stony rock
In copious streams the living waters gush
To slake the parching thirst: When famine reigns
Through the dread wilderness, Heav'n opens wide
Its sacred doors, and from above rains down
Cœlestial food.—Why need the muse recount,
How when triumphant Joshua pray'd, the sun

And moon, 'till then erratic, in their orbs
Stood motionless, while Israel's sons pursu'd
The routed foe? Or how the suppliant zeal
Of *Judah's pious king prevail'd, what time
Through proud Sennacherib's blaspheming hosts
Th' avenging angel of destruction, arm'd
With dread Jehovah's sword, terrific pass'd,
And mark'd his way in blood?—Let man peruse
The volume of cœlestial truth! Each page
In characters indelible proclaims
Th' unbounded mercy of Creation's Lord.
When stern oppression with her iron rod
Cancels the rights of freedom; through the land
When the offended Majesty of Heav'n
Scatters vindictive bolts; if adverse war,
Pouring forth marshall'd legions, bow the neck
To despotism, or with contagious step
If pestilence and famine spread around
Dire devastation, 'midst these public ills
The voice of true contrition never pours
An unavailing pray'r; to penitence
The gates of mercy ever stand unbarr'd:
Not e'en humility's most secret sigh
Is spurn'd by Him who tries the very reins,
And scans the import of each latent thought

Ye sons of Britain, ye degen'rate sons

* Hezekiah.

Of virtuous sires, in your own annals mark,
How oft, when foreign tyrants 'gainst these shores
Bent their united pow'rs, the guardian arm
Of Heav'n crush'd Albion's foes! How oft, when Rome
By regal terrors arm'd, within this isle
Erected superstition's gloomy throne,
High Heav'n look'd down benignant from above,
Dispell'd dark night, and from the shackled mind
Tore off the yoke! Forgetful what we owe,
Like Israel's contumacious race, from God
Revolting, long have Britain's sons to sin
And foul apostacy their ingrate souls
Resign'd. Will heav'nly Justice ever rest
Neglectful and supine? E'en now the work
Of retribution hath commenc'd: Beyond
The Atlantic deep sounds the terrific blast
Of war; o'er the extensive waves, where late
Commerce her peaceful sails unfurl'd, from whence
To Albion's harbours the rich vessel, fraught
With varied stores, securely shap'd her course,
There now the cannon's thund'ring mouth proclaims
The hostile note: Wide through thy ravag'd plains,
America, those plains where the mild bond
Of amity and love fraternal join'd
United hearts, lo! war's grim fury stalks
Scatt'ring the seeds of ruthless discord.—These,
Eternal Father! these are ministers
Of Thy avenging wrath: Conscious of guilt

We bow submissive to the stroke, and own
The terrors of Thy sentence just: Yet deign,
Whene'er, in true humility, to Thee
Thy people turn repentant, deign from Heav'n
Thy dwelling place, benignant to receive
Their humble pray'rs! O God of Battles, hear!
For at Thy voice old Ocean's turbid waves
Are hush'd in gentle peace; thou Pow'r Supreme,
Calm the wild storms of civil strife; the rage
Of savage enmity, which abrogates
Propinquity's endearing ties, allay!
O may the happy æra soon arrive,
When the rude clangor of discordant arms
Subsiding, mutual love shall re-unite
Our jarring hosts! From that auspicious day,
No more let mad ambition's tow'ring pride
Dissolve the social bond, nor the dark arts
Of factious demagogues, beneath the mask
Of liberty, engender civil hate!
In one indissoluble union join'd,
Hence may thy sons, America, and thine,
Britannia, to remotest times transmit
Their blended honors! Ne'er may either bend
The prostituted knee at the mean shrine
Of servile int'rest, never know a wish,
Save what, with patriotic zeal inspir'd,
Springs from the gen'rous flame of public good!

THE

NATIVITY of our SAVIOUR.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

Nil orturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes. Hor. ad Augustum.
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. Virgil. Ecl. 4. l. 7.

1778.

WHERE's now the muse, which erst in Greece and Rome
Inspir'd the virtuous breast; whether the verse
Taught the mild duties of domestic life;
Or when th' indignant foe in dread array
Marshall'd his num'rous hosts, the patriot strain
Asserted injur'd freedom's cause, call'd forth
Virtue's pure flame, and rais'd th' heroic soul

Triumphant o'er the coward fears of death?
No more, alas! to themes like these the lyre
Is strung: The muse, which nobly soaring, sought
The public good, now to the sordid shrine
Of private int'rest stoops. Satire, design'd
To curb the bold career of shameless vice,
Regardless of its glorious function, throws
Th' envenom'd shaft at random: Calumny
Not justice now directs its flight: Where that,
Or where the prostituted lust of gold,
Point out the mark, though innocence may bleed,
Domestic bliss through life's extended term
To wretchedness become a prey; though worth,
'Till then unsullied, be a public butt
For scorn's fell arrows, still the caitiff wretch,
Foul envy's hireling, with vindictive hand
Scatters the baneful poison.—O how long,
Ye sons of Britain, shall the dignity
Of verse be thus debas'd? Assert your fame;
Nor let the fiend of slander seize the place
For virtue meant! Far other thoughts were thine,
Thrice-honour'd SEATON; by the purest flame
Of true religion fir'd, through ev'ry age
You bade the muse her annual off'ring bring
In honor of Creation's Lord: He, thron'd
On the blest seat of mercy, if the heart
Be pure, vouchsafes all-gracious to accept
The tributary mite.—O then awake,

My soul, in fervent raptures pour the note
Of praise to the Supernal King! And thou,
Cœlestial spirit, thou who deign'st to dwell
In human breast, O animate my verse!
Teach me to sing his love, his wond'rous love,
Who left the realms of everlasting light,
And, lowly visitant on earth, for man
Journey'd through poverty's unshelter'd vale;
For man's apostate race became the son
Of sharp distress, and for them bow'd his head
To the dire pains of th' ignominious cross!

'Twas night, still night; nor moon, nor glimm'ring stars
Shone in th' expanse of Heav'n; wide thro' thy fields,
Judæa, silence reign'd; no sound is heard,
Save where the bleating of the tender flocks
Pierces the gloomy shades; around the folds
The watchful shepherds, types of industry,
Examples of protecting love, attend:
Careful, lest in the dead and lonely hour
Of darkness, the gaunt wolf, by hunger driv'n,
Should leap the fence, and with destructive fangs
Commit dread ravage: They, their eyes unseal'd
By sleep's oppressive lethargy, thus guard
Their fleecy care. Lo! through the sever'd clouds
A tide of splendor bursts; æthereal light,
Surpassing far the lustre of the sun,
What time in plentitude of pow'r he flames

In his meridian height, breaks from the vault
Of Heav'n; such glory from the burning bush
Shot forth, when great Jehovah with the son
Of Amram to hold converse deign'd. On earth
Harrow'd with fear the shepherds prostrate fall.
Cloth'd in cœlestial robe, 'midst the bright rays
An angel from above descending, thus
In accents of mild love dispels their dread:
" Fear not, ye shepherds! From th' Almighty King
" I come not now an instrument of wrath
" And vengeance; nor does my commission'd arm
" Bear the exterminating bolt. Of old,
" When Israel's wayward sons rebellious turn'd
" From the commanded law, and bent the knee
" To molten gold, terrific then appear'd
" Angelic ministers, amidst the tribes
" Scatt'ring discomfiture and wild dismay.
" But hence, far hence be war's alarms! No more
" The trumpet calls to battle; through the world
" No more by contest rent, auspicious peace,
" Tranquillity like that which poets sing
" In magic numbers of the golden age,
" Sheds her diffusive blessings. From the Lord
" Propitious messenger of good I come
" To Juda's pious race. Arise confirm'd;
" Shake off desponding terror! Lo! I bring
" Tidings of comfort and great joy. This day
" In David's city unto you is born

" A Sov'reign King, the Virgin's promis'd Son,
" Mankind's Redeemer: He, whom ancient seers,
" By holy vision fir'd, declar'd should come,
" And from the dreary cave of vanquish'd death
" Rescue man's forfeit soul. To Bethlehem straight
" Your steps direct; there shall ye find the babe,
" From whom these blessings, these predicted joys
" Now spring; nor deem the lowly residence
" Disgraceful to your Prince, him shall ye find,
" Though Heir of Heav'n, within a manger laid."
He said, and suddenly the air resounds
With noise of rushing pinions; from the throne
Of God, through the refulgent concave sweep
Th' angelic host, a multitude immense
Of spirits aërial with dilated wings
Filling the radiant circuit. They in hymns
Of praise to man announce the grand event,
Redemption's dawn: " All glory be on high
" To God, all domination, pow'r supreme,
" Sole empire o'er creation's spacious round!
" May peace on earth, th' indissoluble chain
" Of amity and concord bind the hearts
" Of men, the froward arrogance of pride
" Repress, check passion's fev'rous heat, and bend
" To the mild yoke of Christ the humbled soul!"
Ye sons of men arise; shake off the bonds
Of sin, and with seraphic rapture fir'd
Join in the sacred chorus! Angels sing

The hymn of glory; they who faithful stood,
In their high office clear, firm and unmov'd
In their allegiance, when revolt seduc'd
Th' apostate cherubim; they who oppos'd
Th' embattl'd ranks of vaunting Satan, laud
Jehovah's mercy; and shall ingrate man,
For whom that mercy flow'd, who by foul guilt
Drew down perdition on his rebel head,
And op'd the gates of death, eternal death,
'Till God's own son, unblemish'd victim, gave
Himself a sacrifice, and by his blood
Upon the cross pour'd forth, wash'd out the stains
Of primal sin; shall man, for whom the fount
Of heav'nly goodness living waters gave
To slake the fever of the thirsty soul,
Shall he be silent here, forget the debt,
The proffer'd blessing slight, nor to the Prince
Of Life, the tributary honors, praise,
Homage, and adoration, suppliant bring?
Forbid it gratitude! Let ev'ry tie
Which binds the human breast to acts of love,
And mutual kindness, here be doubly strong!
Man from his brother seeks the just return
For mild benevolence; with lib'ral hand
If he in stern necessity's sharp pinch
Shelters the wand'ring orphan, and averts,
Benignant guardian, poverty's cold blast
From the yet tender blossom, claims he not

The grateful tribute of affection, warm
From th' inmost heart? Shall man from man exact
These offices of love, as his just due
Claim them, as his unalienable right;
And we, who all for benefits beyond
Compare to Christ indebted stand, who owe
To him immortal life, the heritage
Of never-fading bliss, shall we be dumb
In such a theme of mercy? Let him be
Accurs'd, from social intercourse cut off,
Exil'd from men, who with obdurate pride,
Vile ingrate, to his meek Redeemer's shrine,
Th' appointed pledge, the inward sacrifice
Of love and true contrition, dares deny.
Ye vain, deluded sceptics, who, misled
By reason's unsubstantial twilight, plunge
In doubt's profound abyss, whose shallow sense,
Oft as it turns to Nature's simplest works,
Stands puzzled and confounded; yet upborne
By light presumption's wing, into the realms
Of space, unbounded, infinite, ye soar!
Reason's contracted eye, too weak to bear
Th' effulgent blaze of light, too dim to see
The sev'ral links of that stupendous chain
Which Providence hath form'd, on which depends
The beauteous order of exhaustless worlds;
Reason's dim eye, from that which it beholds,
That single link here offer'd to its view,

Imaginary imperfection frames
In the grand whole: thus insolent arraigns
The structure of Redemption's vast machine,
And questions Nature's King.—Hence, airy thoughts,
Visions of the distemper'd brain! Dar'st thou,
Vile reptile, thus to the æthereal vault
Presumptuous soar? Thou child of ignorance,
To the dread throne submissive bow! 'Tis thine
Suppliant to fall, not question the decrees
Of everlasting Wisdom. O adore
That mercy, which hath deign'd thy steps to lead
Through error's labyrinth to the bright path
Of truth and happiness, hath made thee heir
Of immortality's cœlestial crown!—
Why then, exclaims the infidel, (fond slave
To weak imagination's empty dream)
Did not the God of Mercy, if He deign'd
To give His son, in radiant glory send
Redemption's Prince, high 'midst the clouds enthron'd,
With all the ensigns of Jehovah's pow'r,
To flash conviction on the doubting breast?
Why in th' unconscious hour of silent night
To shepherds publish that, which to the world,
The whole extended world, glad tidings brought
Of comfort and eternal joy? Why not
In the full sanhedrim to Juda's seers
Publish the grand event, the gracious birth
Of that great prince, who should from Jesse spring

Sole sov'reign of mankind? And dost thou weigh,
O'erweening captious mortal, Heav'n's decrees
In thy defective scale? Had Christ appear'd
Confest the Son of God, enthron'd in clouds,
In all the brightness of paternal pow'r
Sublime, fear might have seiz'd the conscious breast,
And from it wrung belief: What virtue thus
From terror to believe? Where then had been
The test of faith, if the expanded arm
Of Heav'n, in glory and in pow'r display'd,
Had curb'd the freedom of the human will,
Not left the scope of choice! *Th' Almighty King,
Not always in the splendid scene of pomp
Tremendous, on the sounding tempest rides,
Or sweeping whirlwind; nor in the awful peal
Of echoing thunder is He always heard,
Or seen in lightning's livid flames; but oft,
When ev'ry turbid element is hush'd,
In the still voice of Nature stands confest
The Lord Omnipotent.—Dost thou, vain man,
Think that it derogates from God's dread name
To send Redemption's herald in the shades
Of night to humble shepherds? Rather 'midst
Assembled peers his majesty requires
That such glad tidings in the eye of day
Should to the world be publish'd. Froward pride.

* 19th chap. 1st Book of Kings, 11 and 12 ver.

How weak thy judgment! By terrestrial views
Fondly inspir'd, to honors and to wealth
Thou join'st respect, disdainful looking down
E'en upon sacred virtue's self, if poor.
Hence thus of God thou think'st; presumptuous think'st
Of His unsearchable, unbounded ways
By earth's contracted paths. Shall that Supreme,
That Self-Existent Being, to whose law
Creation bows, to whom, whate'er on earth,
Or in the secret channels of the deep,
Or in the infinite expanse above
Exists, its life and preservation owes,
Shall that High Being in the narrow sphere
Of our affections move, with niggard love
Sole favor to the rich shall He dispense,
Spurning the humble, undissembled pray'r
Of suppliant poverty? Nor judge so mean
Of lowly shepherds! In the tranquil days
Of th' infant world, 'ere yet contagious vice
Rankled within the tainted heart, to tend
The flocks in royalty itself was deem'd
No office of disgrace: E'en Jesse's son
From 'midst the folds to the exalted throne
Of sov'reignty was call'd, the throne from whence
The blessings of salvation should descend.
How fitting then, that the auspicious birth
Of Christ, benignant shepherd of the soul,
Should thus be publish'd! And yet even thus

Deem not Messiah of attesting pow'r,
Of evidence divested came! Explore,
The living oracles, the long-drawn roll
Of ancient records trace, attentive view
Pourtray'd in truth's strong colors ev'ry type
Of him who was to come, the Prince of Peace,
Mankind's triumphant Saviour! In th' archives
Of old vouchsaf'd to the benighted times
Of mental darkness, see we aught of pomp,
The vain parade of wealth, the diadem,
Trappings of earthborn royalty, foretold
In the meek reign of Christ? Rejected, scorn'd,
Despis'd, a man of sorrow and distress,
To all the ills which poverty's chill cold,
Or pow'r of tyrant malice could inflict,
Expos'd a victim, through life's wretched vale
Our blest Redeemer pass'd. Tho' scorn'd, contemn'd,
By signs and wonders manifest, approv'd
Th' anointed King, David's predicted son.—
The great Messiah comes, though not array'd
In dread magnificence, a visitant
Expected by mankind he comes. To th' east
The conscious nations turn; from thence expect
A pow'r should then in splendor rise, should claim
Th' expanded empire of the subject globe.
E'en in the stable's lowly residence,
When in the manger lay the Lord of Life,
Lo! where the Magi from the eastern clime

Led by the shining star, their choicest gifts,
Propitiatory odors, suppliant bring;
And meekly at the infant's blessed feet,
With adoration and with hymns of praise,
Arabia's tributary honors lay.
O with them let us, bending low before
The throne of grace, th' appointed tribute bring,
Th' accepted incense of the grateful heart!
From realms far distant, they, by lively faith
Inspir'd, to Bethlehem came: In wisdom's lore
Though deeply read, skill'd in the potent arts
Of magic, though in Nature's hidden depths,
And dark mysterious operations vers'd,
They suppliant came, and to the Infant God
In mark of reverential homage bow'd.
Shall we in this enlighten'd æra, when
The gloom of mental darkness by the rays
Of truth's bright sun flies scatter'd, when no doubt,
Save what presuming arrogance creates,
Is left; shall we to genial light prefer
Error's inhospitable shades, and heirs
Of paradise, to this contracted spot,
This visionary scene of empty joy,
This theatre of baseless folly, fix
Our grov'ling hopes? Unbounded mercy calls,
From east to west, from north to south proclaims
Tidings of good, salvation's promis'd dawn.
O! if within the breast a thought survive

Which merits wisdom's name, a thought which aims
At real bliss, ye sons of men obey
The sacred call! While Heav'n, in gracious love
Unlimited, yet deigns to grant the hour
Of penitence, awake to life; arrest
The present moment, lest the transient scene
For ever close! Doth opulence invite,
Do earthly honors your attention claim,
Though threat'ning dangers rise on ev'ry side,
In such pursuit no dangers can appal
Your animated soul; through the rough sea
Of peril with undaunted heart ye rush
In quest of the frail momentary prize:
Will ye all this for visionary good
Attempt, nor once beyond the grave extend
The serious thought? There, and there only bloom
Substantial pleasures, and exhaustless bliss.
O then to th' everliving Son of God,
From whose transcendant mercy the lost race
Of Adam, Heav'n and all its treasures claim;
To him, with reverential joy inspir'd,
Fall prostrate, and the heart's meek tribute pay.
Oft as on earth a prince is born, mankind
Exulting shout; to the enraptur'd thought
Imagination's vivid pencil paints
The future hero; forms him all divine,
The state's firm pillar, scourge of warring hosts,
The guard, the father of his native land.

Vain transitory bliss! Fond fancy's god
At last perhaps his country's tyrant proves,
Subverter of its laws, patron of vice,
Insulted virtue's sanguinary foe.
Not such the Prince of Peace: Blessings supreme,
Unlimited, eternal, flow from him.
Time which despotic o'er sublunar things,
Blasts the frail pageantry of mortal pride,
Which will in everlasting ruins whelm
The world's capacious orb, will only tend
To raise the glories of Messiah's reign,
To add new lustre to the realms of light.

He comes not in the pride of martial pomp,
High in triumphal chariot, while around
The poor remains of vanquish'd kingdoms grace
The trophied car; not such as Juda's sons
By empire's flatt'ring dream misled, conceiv'd,
Vindictive monarch over prostrate Rome.
Beyond the confines of this nether world,
At the right hand of the Almighty Sire
Enthron'd he sits; no partial king; to all
Who unfeign'd homage offer he benign
The treasures of his boundless love vouchsafes.
Though by the prophets' holy raptures fir'd
The glowing mind may in rich fancy form
Æthereal bliss, how faint the prospect drawn
From fancy's brightest stores! Eye hath not seen,

Ear hath not heard, nor can the human heart
Those joys conceive, which, blissful heritage,
Christ for his faithful votaries prepares.

No more, thou infidel, with captious breath
To question Heav'n presume! Be ev'ry knee
To Christ in homage bent, be ev'ry heart
In adoration and in fervent pray'r
To Christ pour'd forth! From his all-gracious birth
The day-spring from on high descends: Grim Death,
Stript of his boasted empire, vanquish'd falls:
The cearments of the dank victorious grave
Are burst asunder: Th' adamantine gates
Of paradise unbarr'd: Man's forfeit race,
From the deep gulph of Erebus redeem'd,
To life, to immortality arise.

THE

ASCENSION.

BY

THOMAS HUGHES, M. A.

1780.

HAIL, holy Spirit of God! Of bounteous Heaven
Best gift to man, that erst, in vision clad
Nocturnal or diurnal, didst convey
Things yet mysterious, and to Amos' son
Unfold the future birth of Israel's King.
What time the Godhead, not, as now, remote,
And gather'd from His works, but face to face,
Immediate presence, or through kindred voice
Prophetic, held high converse with mankind.

Gift now denied: though haply now, as then
(Were but the songster fitted to the size
And value of the song) my argument
Might claim thy aid: so should cœlestial theme
Cœlestial song demand, and notes inspir'd.

Long had the ancient foe of God and man,
From Tartarus escap'd, thro' earth's wide bounds
Maintain'd his untam'd empire; so high Heaven
Permitted; that mankind, the sad effects
Of sin experienc'd, might their sins deplore,
Deploring sue for grace, and grace obtain.
Wide was the dismal rout, and horrible
The devastation, which th' accursed fiend
Around him scatter'd, as with sin and death*
Encircled, and their bestial train, he march'd
Through earth, and at each lengthen'd halt set up
Grim idols, trophy sure of vict'ry gain'd.
Nor deem'd he this sufficient: but the fruits
Of victory to secure, around him spread
The shades of thickest night, in which the seeds
Of ignorance and mental slavery
Were sow'd profuse, fit harvest to fit soil.
His march began from Eden; to the plains
Of Babel next he onward held his way;
Whence through a thousand inroads, north and south,

* Vide Milton's Par. Lost. b. 2. l. 1024.

Diverging, east and west, his troops dispers'd
Coeval empire hold:—and still had held,
Had not the promis'd Son of Man, foretold
Of woman's seed to bruise the serpent's head,
Aris'n at length, and in Judea's land
First stemm'd the mighty torrent of their rage.

Great is the mystery of God,* and great
The treasures of His wisdom; to mankind
Known only by their glad effects: so spake
The holy convert Paul——And justly spake:
For how shall human intellect explain
That conflict which the Son of Man ('ere yet
His native Heaven receiv'd him) sore maintain'd
Against his foe. Shall he, who to his aid
Sufficient might have rous'd the host of Heaven,
Singly support the fight? with loss of life
Support? God gave the word, "The Son of Man
Must die." He heard; he bow'd his head, and died.
Three days he lay in death: the third beheld
His resurrection: forty more, on earth
(Mysterious number!) to his chosen few,
Amidst the faithless faithful found,† and call'd

* Epist. to the Coloss. ii. 2. 3.

† Vide Milton's Par. Lost. b. 5. l. 896.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.

On weighty errand, converse meet, as best
Befitted, and glad presence he vouchsaf'd.
For well he knew his Father's will, and scope
Of prophecy, whether in words reveal'd
Or sacred type prefigur'd, that on high
He soon must re-ascend. Much then remain'd
Of consolation, much of counsel, much
Of sacred knowledge; from their faithful guide
Soon sep'rate, to prepare them for the work
Of ministry, and fit their purged sight
To views beyond the ken of mortal eye,
To schemes immense of things, that in their grasp
Held worlds suspended, and proclaim'd aloud
Glad tidings of salvation to mankind.

Due to its promis'd birth, the mystic morn,
Long look'd for, came; when to the sacred mount
Conducted by their faithful leader, march'd
The apostolic few: slow was their step,
And silent, oft as with imploring eye
And conscious of eventful work, they mark'd
His lonely pace; for on deep thought he seem'd
Intent, and purpose high of things unknown
Save only to himself: him had the spirit
Inform'd, the comforter of after days.
Not that regardless of the passing hour,*

* The liberty, here taken, will appear the more excusable when it is known, that in *Wales*, and some other remoter parts of the kingdom.

An hour so big, time hurried on his way
With careless wing, and held his known career.
Stop'd in mid ether, as they roll'd along
The year's eternal circle, God's command
The willing spheres obey'd; nor they alone
Obey'd; but through creation's vital pulse
Darts, quick as lightning's wing, an high arrest.
Cessation meet of lesser labours, meet
To grace th' ascending triumph of a God.

Then first old Ocean through his inmost depths
Knew peace, eternal toil that heretofore
Knew only, and tempestuous tossings high
With wild uproar:* even the brute nature felt
The word, and droop'd the head, or flagg'd the wing.
Meanwhile the thrones of Heaven expectance mute
And mix'd impatience held, while to their hymns
Eternal, of eternal Godhead's praise,
The angels first gave pause, and glad suspense.
Man only walk'd inconscious; so had God
Ordain'd, and him alone unworthy deem'd
(His hands yet stain'd with slaughter) to behold
Heaven's visions, or his favour'd counsels share.

there are popular superstitions, which seem to favour it. The vulgar in these countries will tell you, that birds in particular, are seldom seen to feed or build their nests on Holy Thursday.

* *Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.*—Milton's Par. Lost, b. 2. l. 541.

Mysterious Godhead! to Thy sov'reign will
And ways unsearchable, let humble man
Bow with submission chearful: nor indulge
Vain speculation, why a partial few,
Nor they of great account, but peasant souls
Unletter'd, should be left sole witnesses
Of Christ's Ascension: to man's prejudice
Meet scandal this, in past and present day.
Why not with trumpet's blast, or aught of sound
Terrific, as in Israel once was heard
From Sinai's pregnant summit, gather round
Th' expecting nations, there with solemn pomp,
Invested, cloath'd with majesty and pow'r
Receive th' acknowledg'd Heir of Heaven and Earth.
So should not to the doubtful specious cause
Be left of doubt, nor to the faithless faith
Be wanting: so should faith, confirm'd by sense,
Unshaken stand, and in good works abound.——
——Man thus would reason: by Thy wiser plans
Confuted; not the wisdom of this world.
Enough, that to the willing still remains
Just ground of faith, and from recorded writ
To minds unbiass'd evidence mature.

That evidence explore: those sacred truths
Of Christ's testators, who with guided step
Had measur'd now the plain, whose middle space
Lies 'twixt Jerusalem and Kidron's brook:

Kidron, the hallow'd stream that licks the foot
Of Gethsemane; whose oft-explor'd retreats,
Fraught with the mem'ry of past sorrows, stole
With soft intrusion on the loftier flights
Of Christ's distended thought: for to the left
Was seen the garden, where his midnight prayer
Had oft aspir'd to Heaven. He stopt, he look'd,
And gave to frailty, from the weightier cares
Of Heaven, a tear. So some expiring saint
(If mortal to immortal aught will bear
Of blest similitude) with upturn'd eye
Intent on Heaven, might nathless shed a tear
In memory of his earthly pilgrimage:
While, wrapt in visionary bliss, the soul
Expatiates free, and o'er the frailer part
Triumphant, wings her conquest to the skies.
Such thought our Saviour knew. Nor he alone
Remember'd, what to Peter's mind would oft
Recur: how with upbraidings gentlest voice
His slumbers had been broken. Oft he view'd*
The well-known spot, with half-averted eye
As fearing to be seen: as oft he blush'd
With shame of past offence: for in his ear
The voice still sounded, "Could'st thou not one hour,
Unkind associate, watch? the spirit indeed
Is willing, but alas! the flesh is weak."

* See map of old *Jerusalem* according to *Villalpandus*.

Thus they on Kidron's hallow'd stream. O! stream
For ever bless'd, that in thy shadowy vale
With gentlest murmur glidest; witness oft
To Judah's outrage, from the earlier day
When David with his frighted followers cross'd
Thy passage, bearing in their sacred hands
The wand'ring ark, to when his promis'd son,
In humiliation haply by that flight
Prefigur'd, to thy neighb'ring garden stole,
And pour'd to Heaven his anguish'd soul in prayer.
Oh, tell (for thou canst tell) the conflict sore
He there with Hell's dread pow'rs sustain'd: how oft
He wept th' estate of man, his own how oft,
Condemn'd to suffer for their sins th' extreme
Of bitterest death; while from his opening pores
Issued the bloody sweat, and all the man
Stood in the horrors of his mind confess'd.

Nor deem the act unworthy, captious man,
That of his nature mixt, the frailer half,
By suff'rance of the mightier, once prevail'd:
The manhood o'er the godhead. Monster thou
Of base ingratitude, to cavil thus
With impious slander, and deride the hour
For thee and for thy sins with shame endur'd.
Boast, infidel (if boast thou must) that Christ,
The Son of God, wept womanish tears: but yet
Remember, that his tears extinguish'd not

His faith, or resignation meek——To Thee,
O! Abba, Father (so he pray'd) all things
Are possible: pass from me then this cup——
Yet not my will, but thine, O! God, be done.

Far other spirit, and far happier day
Assum'd its empire now. The hour approach'd,
" *When to the Heaven of Heavens he should ascend
" With victory triumphing through the air
" Over his foes." Of which his soul forewarn'd
(Such virtue there resided) heavenly thoughts
Alone revolv'd; which in succession quick
His way beguiling, on the sacred mount
Of Olivet behold him.

Here pause we. So our general ancestor
Adam, of men first born, paus'd heretofore,
In wonder lost, as to his purged sight
Th' archangel Michael, therefore sent of Heaven,
What of his future race was giv'n to know
Unfolded; chiefly, what him most concern'd,
The great Redeemer's form pourtrayed; his life,
His ignominious death, and, from the grave
Emancipate, his re-ascent to Heaven.—
Our general father paus'd—and silence short
Permitting, thus his joy and wonder spake:

* Vide Milton's Par. Lost. b. 12. l. 451.

" *O! goodness infinite, goodness immense!
" That all this good of evil shall produce
" And evil turn to good; more wonderful
" Than that which by creation first brought forth
" Light out of darkness: full of doubt I stand
" Whether I should repent me now of sin
" By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
" Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring."

Thus he.——And oh! that with united voice
Of grateful praise, we his predestin'd heirs,
The heirs of covenanted grace, would breathe
Like tribute; oft as to our mind recurs,
To him foreshadow'd only, but to us
Confirm'd in past event, the blissful theme.

†Wide was the varied prospect, and to thought
Much moving, which its bosom fair display'd
In lengthen'd landscape to the sacred brow
Of Olivet, that o'er th' extensive whole
Mid-rising, look'd unclouded majesty.
In front, and to the eastern sun oppos'd,
Which o'er the burnish'd pile with tremulous ray
Play'd wanton, rose the temple's awful form,
Vain work of human pride; which he too thought,
So late expell'd, as from the sacred mount

* Milton's Par. Lost. b. 12. l. 469. † See the map referred to in p. 119.

Involv'd (fit emblem of their darken'd minds)
Hatching vain counsels, and with conscious pride
O'er their past works of mischief brooding, sat
Its carnal worshippers; fit instruments
Of evil to themselves, as soon they felt.
From Sion's tow'rs wide spread on either side
The fading landscape lost itself in air:
Save where a mound, with goodliest shape of stone
Sepulchral, shew'd Isaiah with the dead:
Isaiah, hallow'd name, by ages past
Rever'd, and present; harbinger of morn
Prophetic, that on Israel early dawn'd.
Whose sons, solicitous of future reign
By him foretold, with grateful hand had rais'd
This monumental pride. Ah! better far
Had been their work, and of their prophet more
Accepted, if their faith and pious works
Themselves a living monument had shewn
Of mem'ry to his name, then honour'd best,
When honour'd in the prince by him proclaim'd.
Proclaim'd in vain; for they to carnal sense
Devote, would nought but carnal things receive.
No wonder, if the few, of Christ prepar'd
To purer thought, and chos'n his followers,
Yet with unwilling hand remov'd the veil
Of prejudice obscure: nor had as yet
Remov'd at all; for faithful to the text
That presag'd great Messiah's empire, this

Their first and latest care they thus propos'd
In full assembly on the sacred mount.——
——*Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again
The kingdom to thy Israel?——'Tis not meet
For you, replied their Lord, to know the times
And seasons, which Almighty Wisdom knows,
And Pow'r maintains: enough, that on your souls
The spirit of God shall dart with inward ray,
And heavenly light in fullest streams be pour'd.
Then shall ye to remotest people, Jew
Or Gentile, bear my name, and through the world
Proclaim forgiveness of repented sins.

He spake: nor ever word spake more. For now
Behold a wonder! from the yielding earth,
That felt unusual weight†, he sudden rose
Upborn, and steer'd a flight of gentlest wing
His native Heaven to gain; whilst from their eye,
That to its center fixt in mute survey
Pursu'd th' ascending glory, a bright cloud,
Of bidd'n access, his latest presence caught:
By angel forms supported, who in song
Not unperceiv'd, and choral symphony
Through Heaven's wide empyrean loud rejoic'd.

* Acts i. 6, 7 and 8.

† Milton's Par. Lost. b. 1. l. 226.
——— *incumbent on the dusky air*
That felt unusual weight

JERUSALEM DESTROYED.

BY

WILLIAM GIBSON, M. A.

Urbs antiqua ruit! ——————
Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
Corpora, perque domos, et religiosa deorum
Limina! —————— VIRG. lib. 2.

1781.

CANTO I.

SPIRIT of song! whate'er in heav'n thy name,
From whom the immortal lay that lifts to fame;
Thou, who propitious o'er Isaiah's lyre
Shed'st rapt'rous verse, and touch'd'st his lips with fire,
What time the bard to Abraham's race of old
Ills far remote, and future tears foretold;

To me some portion of such influence deign,
Swell my weak voice, and aid the aspiring strain,
Give the full line resounding grace to know,
Its phrase to sparkle, and its thoughts to glow,
With undulating ease to float along,
Free tho' correct, and tho' mellifluous strong:
So, what 'twas his, prophetic, to disclose
Of Heav'n's just wrath, and sinning Salem's woes,
In no unsuited sort may I relate
Sion's last sack, and Israel's final fate.

Thrice had the moon her ample orb supplied,
Since Rome's proud banners wav'd o'er Cedron's side,
By Titus planted; whose unresting arms
Still 'woke Jerusalem with loud alarms,
Whose tribes, oft issuing from her gates in vain,
But swell'd his triumphs, and increas'd her slain.
Low lies her first, as low her central wall,
And e'en her inmost totters to its fall;
That once thrown down, reduced that last retreat,
Full is Heav'n's vengeance, and her woes complete.

But from without what woes hath she to fear,
Whose inward ills might justify despair?——
Torn by intestine broils, her frantic state
Sinks self-consum'd, and seems to tempt its fate.
Faction, foul fiend, her baneful dews distils
O'er every breast, and all with fury fills;

Whilst two insidious chiefs mislead the throng,
Weak to defend, but to deludé them strong.
One from Gelasa, Gorias' offspring came,
From Gischala was one, and John his name;
Ambitious both, and bent, whate'er the way,
Thro' good, thro' bad, to reach unbridled sway.
Of rugged mien the first, morose, and bold,
Brief in discourse, but what he thought he told;
More than by stratagem he ruled by fear,
Or follow'd still, because still deem'd sincere.
The last less stern, deep versed in such disguise
As artifice to ill intents supplies;
Of valour to attach the admiring throng,
And eloquence to give the gloss of right to wrong.
This o'er the temple held supreme command,
That ruled the city with relentless hand,
Whilst each 'gainst each in frequent combats 'rose,
Wasting what strength had foil'd their common foes.

But no! 'tis doom'd! Jerusalem must fall,
Spite of her numerous tribes and triple wall;
That stedfast rock, which was her strength before,
The rock of ages, is her strength no more!
Hence from afar Rome's hov'ring eagles came,
Hence the fierce fires that inly waste her frame,
Keen famine hence, and pest'lence fell that flies
Wide thro' her streets, whilst each that meets it dies.

Yet not alone with ills her streets abound,
Lo! desolate Judæa mourn around——
No jocund peasant, now, at peep of dawn,
Is heard to carol o'er the dewy lawn;
At eve no shepherd from the distant mead
Drives home his flock, or tunes his oaten reed;
Mirthful no more is labour's lowly shed,
Each roof forsaken, every rustic fled!
War, horrid war affrights the peaceful kind
In Salem's rampired walls defence to find.

But ah! what various shapes of woe are there!
What screams of horror cleave the afflicted air!
Parents and wives with mingling anguish run,
These clasp a dying consort, those a son.
There the pale virgin, from her lover torn,
Sits by herself apart, and sighs forlorn;
Here the lone widow, long estranged from joy,
Sees her last solace sever'd with her boy;
Breathless she sinks beside him on the plain,
Blest should she ne'er behold this light again!

Supreme in misery, as in rank, survey
Where Miriam's frenzy sadder scenes display——
Thrice from the east his wonted course begun,
Behind yon western hills had sunk the sun,
Since to her famish'd lips her hand applied
The last scant morsel which her hoard supplied.

Silent she sat within, and o'er her child
Wept—whilst unconscious of her griefs it smiled!
Silent she sat, for they, her train of late,
All, one by one, had bow'd before to fate.
The fourth day came; when now exhaust, and dried,
The babe's sole sustenance her breasts denied;
That babe, whom Heav'n ordain'd e'en yet to live,
And wailing crave—what she had not to give!——
Wrung to the inmost soul, in wild despair,
Up-sprang the dame, and madly tore her hair;
This way and that she flew; then pond'ring stood;
Now shriek'd aloud, now laugh'd in ireful mood.
Anon, her eye-balls fix'd, and savage air,
Some desp'rate purpose in her soul declare,
When snatching up her infant, quickly 'round
Writhing his neck, she dash'd him 'gainst the ground,
Smiling the while—then on the hearth she raised
The faggots high, that, kindling, fiercely blazed;
There, over all, the little corse was laid,
And on her broiling babe the mother prey'd!!——

As when some fearful shape, at dead of night,
Stalks through the silent shade, and scares the sight,
Or seems to stalk, what time in feverish dreams,
With grisly forms the sick man's fancy teems,
Sudden he starts, life's stagnate current chills,
Loud knock his knees, and the faint sweat distils;

So Titus fared, when drawn in colouring true,
Thy horrid banquet, Miriam! met his view.
Skock'd at such fell effects, tho' now each band,
In dread array, but waits his last command,
With onset dire against Antonia's tow'r
To rush, and urge it with united pow'r,
Awhile the fatal word he yet suspends,
And for the captive sage, Josephus, sends.

Him, when Vespasian's warring legions slew
The host he led, and Jotapa o'erthrew,
Hid in a darksome den beneath the ground,
Full many a fathom deep, the victors found,
There leagued with forty more to end his pains
Nor stoop the servile neck to Roman chains.
Forced from that last retreat, what tho' his hands
Bore the rude cincture of inglorious bands,
The worth, and wisdom, which adorn'd his mind,
Broke freely forth, and scorn'd to be confined,
Whilst his keen foresight e'en his conqueror awed,
What time he hail'd him Rome's imperial lord.

Thence to the hour, which proved that foresight true,
When, summon'd to the throne, the chief* withdrew,
Tho' still constrain'd the rattling chain to bear,
Prized were his counsels, and his person dear;

* Vespasian, on whose departure to assume the imperial power the supreme command in Judæa devolved to his son, the gallant Titus.

Then, from his neck the badge of bondage done,
The sire departing left him to his son,
Loved, and revered, with whom remaining still,
He blamed his country's crimes, yet mourn'd her ill.

Him Titus call'd, and thro' the marshall'd bands
Hastening, Josephus in his presence stands,
Who thus received him:—'Save, 'ere all is lost,
'The pride of Palestine, the Orient's boast!
'Haste, save thy Godhead's shrine, thy kindred race,
'Whose fate with rapid wheels rolls on apace!——
'Thee, yet again, whose faithful bosom knows
'The part I pitying take in Salem's woes,
'Friend of my heart, nor less thy country's friend,
'To plead our common cause once more I send.
'Yes! once again, approach yon shaken wall,
'Which, scorn'd this final grace, 'ere eve shall fall.
'And tell the tribes, oft told in vain before,
'Honouring their valour, I their woes deplore;
'Tell them Rome's sons, as best becomes the brave,
'Still lean to mercy, and delight to save;
'Then add, forgetful of their stubborn hate,
'(Thrown down each weapon, and unbarr'd each gate,)
'If to the pow'rs of Rome submiss they bow,
'By Mars I swear, the warrior's holiest vow,
'Each old offence, and all rebellions past
'Forgiv'n, for ever may their nation last,

'Yon tow'rs, unharm'd, still heave their glories high,
'And yon tall pinnacles still pierce the sky——
'Away; to save thy kindred tribes depart,
'And may the God ye worship bend each heart!'

He said, and ceased. The sage, without delay,
Towards the town, unansw'ring, urged his way,
Where o'er the rampires, many a champion press'd,
Whom, in exalted tone, he thus address'd.

'Friends, brethren, fathers, or what dearer name
'The tenderest charities of life might claim,
'By that adjured, and Israel's angry God,
'Who waves above our heads his chast'ning rod,
'Hear me!—awhile with patient ear attend,
Whom messenger of peace the Romans send!
'Those Romans, still, as oft ye've heard before,
'Honouring your valour, who your woes deplore,
'And tho' unknown your God, His hill hold dear,
'Respect His altar, and His rites revere
'Ah! that His chosen seed an equal zeal
'For Sion's sovereign, and His seats would feel!
'Not then as now would ye, immured, survey
'O'er Cedron's brink yon hostile banners play,
'Nor then as now with arms impure, and vile,
'The hallow'd porches of His house defile——
'But vain those arms, and they that wear them vain,
'Pierced thro' their glistering pride shall all be slain!

' The God of Battles, who by turns hath rode
' With various hosts, and in their tents abode,
' All others left, now wars alone for Rome,
' Whilst the awed world, obsequious, owns her doom.
' And only you! shall ye, audacious, 'rise
' Opposed to Him, by whom the light'ning flies?
' Forbear! forbear! the unequal conquest cease,
' Bow down to Heav'n, and heed the words of peace.
' Rome's sons, (so Cæsar spake) as suits the brave,
' Still lean to mercy, and delight to save;
' And, if forgetful of your stubborn hate,
' (Thrown down each weapon, and unbarr'd each gate,)
' Submissive to her pitying pow'rs ye bow,
' By Mars he swore, their warrior's holiest vow,
' Each old offence, and all rebellions past
' Forgiv'n, for ever may your nation last,
' Yon tow'rs, unharm'd, still heave their glories high,
' And yon tall pinnacles still pierce the sky."
He paus'd—along the wall loud hisses ran,
But none replying, he again began:—

' Obdurate race! determined to apply
' To thine own arm, and not on God's rely;
' To save thee when avail'd that feeble arm,
' Or when, entrusted, His not shield from harm?
' In Egypt's land, of old, inthrall'd, and grieved,
' What was it, say, our harrass'd sires relieved?

' Did they, seditious, blow the trump of war,
' Brandish the javelin, or the bow prepare?
' Not so; to Heav'n they breath'd the suppliant sigh,
' And Heav'n, that heard them, deign'd the due reply.

' Then 'twas, their pray'rs whilst Pharaoh's pride withstood,
' His pools turn'd poison, and his Nile ran blood,
' From whose corrupting channel, moist and warm,
' Leap'd forth the frogs, a foul offensive swarm,
' No place was shelter'd from their loathsome tread,
' The festive banquet, nor the bridal bed.
' Anon, destructive, sweeps the burning hail,
' His trees stand branchless, and his furrows fail;
' Whilst, from the east, devouring locusts 'rise,
' To spoil the pittance spared him by the skies——
' But why on each peculiar token dwell
' Of God's deep wrath, or all His judgments tell?
' Enough to add, that Israel's thraldom ceased,
' From Pharaoh's stubborn hand, by Him released.

' In after times, in Babylonian chains,
' Again when Israel to her God complains,
' What pow'r invisible inscribes the wall
' With threats, that e'en Belshazzar's soul appal?
' Or who dissolves, in sympathetic woe,
' Persia's victorious prince, to let her go?
' E'en He; who, ever to His people just,
' Grieves to behold their glory in the dust,

' Bends from His throne to catch their sorrowing cry,
' Throws down each trampling foe, and lifts them high.

' But you, what token of returning love
' Hath Heav'n, relenting, deign'd you from above?
' Or, welcome symptom of your soft'ning doom,
' What sign of lessening favour towards Rome?
' Not one—where'er her awful eagles soar,
' Cow'r the quell'd nations, and aspire no more;
' Or if, like you, some hardier race withstand,
' Heav'n fights the battle, and transfers their land.

' To her such signs of love, of hate to you,
' War, pestilence, and want your tribes pursue.
' And to your sires, as Siloa erst denied,
' What to Assyria's host her springs supplied,
' So, tho' to you she crept a scanty rill,
' From her full stream yon legions draw their fill;
' An added mark, would ye its meaning know,
' Of grace to them, to you of overthrow.

' But oh! be warned! with weapons cast away,
' Some trust in him, and whom he loves display;
' To Cæsar trust; fling wide in peace each gate,
' And save Jerusalem from hov'ring fate!
' Else shall, 'ere eve, now trembling to its fall,
' Sink the last refuge of that inmost wall,

'And up the breach, excluded as a friend,
'In hostile rage array'd, Rome's chief ascend,
'Loosed at whose fatal nod the dogs of war
'Shall scour each street, and spread destruction far.
'Then, to your conqueror, shall ye vainly cry,
'For wives, sires, children—all unspared shall die!
'Those tow'rs, that temple, sink involved in flame,
'And Israel perish—e'en done out her name!'

Here the strong workings of the sage's soul,
In such dread vision rapt, his tongue controul,
Lost is all pow'r of speech, and drench'd in tears,
Pathetic more than speech, his cheek appears;
But neither speech, nor tears, nor both could move
The infatuate crowd, who scoff'd him from above.
When he of Gischala, advancing nigh,
Hurl'd from the rampires height this bold reply:—

'Away, vain talker! to yon tents away,
'Nor to affright these gallant tribes essay!
'Deceiver hence! and hide thy treach'rous head,
'Thou, with false lies, that would'st thy race mislead——
'To puny towns and petty states belongs
'Silent submission to the pow'r that wrongs;
'Such, with the reed, unable to oppose,
'May bend for safety to each blast that blows;
'But not the mighty; like the obdurate oak,
''Tis theirs, unyielding, to resist the stroke;

'And so is't ours; for not this sheltering wall,
'Nor those it shelters, tremble to their fall:
'Why then to Rome bend low the abject knee,
'Or wherefore sue for chains who still are free?
'When interest urges, honour's voice is weak,
'And frail the faith ambition prompts to break,
'By both propell'd would Rome, with tyrant tread,
'Trample our humbled tribes, and rule by dread;
'So was she wont, whilst we her bondage bore,—
'But past those wretched hours to come no more!
'Whate'er the ills that vex our present state,
'Patient we bear, and hope a happier fate.

'But for that, subtle to obtain thine end,
'Thou worst of foes, that would'st be deem'd a friend,
'Twas thine, from earliest times, exact to trace
'The changeful fortunes of our chosen race,
'Would'st thou infer, so oft from perils past
'Redeem'd, that God forsakes His seed at last?
'Or that, in former ills, so oft preserved,
'For Rome our final ruin was reserved?
'A worthier office had thy tongue employ'd,
'Telling what foes our warlike sires destroy'd——
'How Joshua's sword relief to Gibeon brought,
'What time with five confederate kings he fought,
'And triumph'd. Or, when Samuel judged the land,
'From Mispeh issuing 'gainst Philistia's band,

'How Israel's sons push'd home the vigorous war,
'Repell'd the invasive host, and drove them far.
'Or how, in later times, their armies flew,
'When he, the shepherd lad, their giant champion slew.

'These are the deeds yon false one left untold,
'The glorious deeds by Israel done of old——
'And, say, shall we, degenerate, dead to shame,
'By tame surrender soil our fathers' fame?
'Forbid it heav'n!—but no, I mark the fires,
'To high heroic deeds which warm'd our sires,
'Mount to your eyes, and, in no powerless voice,
'Plead all for arms, and vindicate my choice.'

Who that has heard the boist'rous billows roar,
Dash'd by rude storms against some craggy shore,
May best conceive the deaf'ning shouts, that broke
From the mad throng, when John no longer spoke.
From side to side, in wild commotion driv'n,
Loud mount their angry threats, and shake e'en heav'n,
High o'er their heads their bickering blades they wield,
Curse the false friend, and clamour for the field.

Urged to excess, the while, by patriot zeal,
Which, some pretending, some intensely feel,
One from the wall a rocky fragment rent,
And from a sling, with whirling fury sent

Full at the sage—smit with the sudden blow
The blood gush'd spouting from his wounded brow!
With arms thrown wide in air, convulsive, 'round
He wheel'd, then senseless sunk upon the ground.—
Him, on their shields, in seeming death, upborne,
Back to their camp, the friendly Romans mourn,
Whilst from the walls behind, augmenting, 'rise
Triumphant clamours, and insulting cries.

Ah! blind to fate, and ign'rant to foreknow
How soon the transient joy shall turn to woe!—
'Advance! advance!' Rome's angry leader cried,
(Grasping the glittering hilt which grac'd his side)
'Advance! advance!—thus doubly dared, we go,
'At once, to avenge a friend and crush a foe!
'Each to his post, and all, if valour e'er
'Nerved their stout arms, or sped a Roman spear,
'On her and victory now, conjointly, call,
'Bursting, like heav'n's own vengeance, on yon wall;
'Yon sole defence, o'er which, in bold scalade,
'Whoe'er mounts first, or braves the breach once made,
'Besides the honours of the accustom'd crown,
'Be his advancement, riches, and renown;
'These if he live; more glorious, if he die,
'The kindred Gods shall catch him to the sky,
'Above the stars insphered shall shine his name,
'And ages yet unborn revere his fame!'

This said, he ceased, and at their leader's close
A general shout from all around him 'rose;
The din, wide-echoing, smote old Ephraim's head,
And Jordan trembled in his distant ded.

CANTO II.

AND now the Chief with sparkling eyes survey'd
His valorous host in order due array'd;
Active with graceful dignity he mov'd
From rank to rank, examin'd, and approv'd;
This way and that glanc'd swift; now here, now there,
The van repress'd, or check'd the eager rear,
What time, obsequious to his high command,
Each war-taught veteran watch'd his waving hand.

Nor were, Jerusalem, thy menac'd pow'rs
Remiss the while, or slumbering in their tow'rs.
The factious Chiefs, alarm'd, once more unite,
Consult conjoin'd, and plan the common fight.
These, from the gates by Gorias' offspring led,
Before Antonia's base their battle spread;
Those on the heights behind, in John's command,
To cover and enforce their efforts stand.

Anon, (dire omens mark'd the eventful hour,)
From Olivet Rome's thundering legions pour,

Whose sweepy shock Judæa's bands receive
Retiring, yet as soon their ground retrieve.—
Then thro' the troubled air, on sounding wing,
Speeds the barb'd spear, swords clash, and bucklers ring;
Rank strives with rank, and, aim'd with hostile hate,
Thick fall their blows, whilst every blow is fate:
Fierce thro' the mingled field the battle burns,
They threat, meet, grapple, fight, and fall by turns.

Meantime apart, impatient to engage,
Each seeking each, the adverse leaders rage;
Swift as the lightning's flash here Titus glides,
As fatal there the son of Gorias rides;
With frustrate ire inflam'd both scour the plain,
And mark their different routes by mountain heaps of slain.
So oft, destructive, thro' the opposing grove,
With heightening wrath, autumnal tempests move,
The beech, the elm, the oak himself gives way,
And, prostrate all on earth, heaven's rage display.

Conquest the while, high poized in trophied car,
Hangs o'er the dubious field, and views the war;
To neither host the impartial pow'r inclines,
But to the sword's award her wreath assigns.
With varying fortunes, hence, full long 'twas fought,
Nor either won, what both so bravely sought.
Nor e'er had won, but that the incumbent weight
Of heaven's due vengeance sunk the scale of fate.——

Then 'twas, the wing by Cerealis led,
A veteran troop, and worthy of their head,
With more than mortal prowess urg'd the band,
Where James, the heir of Sosas, held command.
He, train'd to arms in Idumæan fields,
To none in courage or in conduct yields;
Less bless'd by fortune; for as now the foe
Furious push'd on, and panted to o'erthrow,
The Roman chieftain, singling from the rest,
Mark'd by his brighter mail and ampler crest,
'Gainst him the Edomite his march oppos'd,
And, with resounding shock, the champions clos'd.

Whate'er of vigour, firmness, and address
Become the brave, the encount'ring chiefs express.
They charge, they thrust; they struggle, they retreat;
Again they menace, and again they meet;
Now each, with wary view, observes his foe,
Cautious comes on, and plans his future blow;
Now, quick as thought, their strokes successive fall,
Now, quick as thought, they shun, or shield them all;
The rapid movement cheats the dazzled eyes,
And from the uninjur'd mail the gleaming falchion flies.
So from the surface of some glassy stream,
Smit by the splendors of the noontide beam,
In bright reflection back the obstructed rays
Glance, and, diverging, innocently blaze.

Thus, long conflicting, every nerve they strain
With fruitless valour, and with skill in vain;
When he of Edom, rising to the blow,
With congregated force assail'd his foe;
Full at the Roman's helm he aim'd his stroke,
The helm sustain'd it, but the falchion broke;
Scattering, its fragments pierce the yielding sand,
The harmless hilt still mocks the warrior's hand;
For whom, disarm'd, defenceless, what remains
But calm submission, and immediate chains?
Yet no; relenting, Fortune sends relief,
And interposing succours save their chief.

Too transient smile! dismay'd his squadrons yield,
And, in confusion wheeling, quit the field;
From troop to troop the coward panic spread,
Contagious ill! and Israel's battle fled:
Fled like the timorous flocks, that, flying, hear
The foe they flee from threat'ning in their rear;
Heaps over heaps they fall, with frustrate haste,
Whilst havoc's ravening tooth the last lays waste.

Clos'd now is every gate, and, from on high,
Stones, javelins, darts, with aimless fury fly;
Yet not in vain; for, gash'd with many a wound,
Many a brave Roman strews the ensanguin'd ground;
These, rack'd with pangs, draw long their ling'ring breath,
Those, thro' some luckier pass, find instant death.

Dauntless the while, amidst the turbid scene
Cæsar moves on, unruffled, and serene;
To expedite success his cares employ'd,
And save his host, whom sore the foe annoy'd.

Within his camp an ample pile there stood,
By cunning artists fram'd with ribs of wood;
Stripp'd from the slaughter'd herd, innumerous hides,
Still raw and bleeding, fenc'd its arching sides,
Of use alike, repulsive, to withstand
The pointed javelin, and the flaming brand.
Vast tho' its bulk, yet light, at once, and strong,
With ease, by whom it hid, 'twas borne along.
For this he sends; and straight the allotted crew
Waft the wide shelter to its station due;
Where, bound by secret chains, from forth the shade
His frowning front the fatal ram betray'd.

As when heav'n's vengeance on the whirlwind rides,
Or, arm'd with thunder, smites the mountain's sides,
Shook from its airy height, the o'erhanging brow
Breaks, and rolls headlong to the vale below,
Wide scattering from its base the cattle fly,
Warn'd by the distant roar, or loit'ring die;
E'en so, Jerusalem, thy towering wall,
Smote by the assailing ram, is doom'd to fall!——
And lo! e'en now, her battlements around
Tremble, they bow, they hurry to the ground;

The hostile herd below, as sways their fate,
Foreseeing, fly, or sink beneath their weight.

Fir'd with success, the foe again assails;
Once more the monster storms, once more prevails;
The shatter'd wall no longer braves the shock,
But, with dire crush, down thund'ring from the rock,
Tumbles.—Within, despairing shrieks and cries
Ascend; without, shrill shouts of triumph 'rise;
Along the air the mingling clamours roll,
And heav'n's high arch resounds from pole to pole.

Ah, what a chasm yon yawning works disclose!
How wide an inlet to intrusive foes!
Yet not defenceless; 'cross the arduous way,
Loose, rugged, steep, thick rang'd in deep array,
Each with his beamy falchion in his hand,
Amid the breach, opposing warriors stand;
Next whom, more inward, arm'd with javelins keen,
A second troop, as thickly set, are seen;
High over which, behind, in many a row,
Selected archers, station'd, awe the foe.

But not Sabinus; he, whilst all remain
Each in his place, as root-bound to the plain,
Exclaims, 'The meed, the promis'd meed be mine,
'The mural honour, or the rank divine!
'Nor mine alone; partakers in the deed,
'My brave associates, share with me the meed!

'Together mount we to yon heights of fame,
'And force from fate itself a deathless name!'
He said, and onward rushing, from behind,
Forth sprang a nobler few, of death-disdaining mind.

Compact they move; and now the ruins reach,
Now, step by step, toil up the encumber'd breach;
The sword (to ward or wound) their right hands wield,
Their left, aloft in air, knit shield to shield,
Beneath whose spreading shade they firm advance,
Nor heed the arrowy sleet, nor driving lance.

Yet both beat fierce;—but hark! with rival hate,
The assailing, and assail'd, distribute fate;
Midway the ascent, the hostile bands engage,
Antonia's tow'r re-bellowing to their rage.
They strive, they yield; again their prowess ply,
Again give back, bleed, tumble, gasp, and die.
High o'er the rest, the comet of the war,
Sabinus flames, terrific e'en from far;
His bright example every friend inspires,
The foe views trembling, and appall'd retires;
Yet like some wave retires, which by its shore
Beat back, returns more furious than before,
The whelming waters farther urge their course,
And wider desolation marks their force.

Swept from the steep, e'en now the pride of Rome,
Whirl'd to the depths below, had met their doom,

But that the undaunted chief, with prompt resort,
Mounting amain, the needful succours brought.—
Fresh springs the strife; again the hosts engage,
And the fight kindles into tenfold rage.
Thick, from above, the hissing arrows fly,
And angry javelins howl along the sky;
Safe thro' the tempest, like some fabled God,
Titus moves on, as fate obey'd his nod.

Not so Sabinus; 'midst the hostile throng
Plung'd, the keen warrior ireful strides along;
Before his dreaded march the foe divide,
Or, heaps on heaps, sink lifeless by his side;
His daring deeds Rome's distanced heroes view,
Yet emulously brave his track pursue.

'Tis past! the splendor of his course is past!
Struck from his dazzling orb he drops at last!
Wing'd with revenge the fatal javelin flies,
Cleft is his yielding casque, he falls, he dies!
But not his glory—Guardian of his fame,
The Muse records—and shall record his name!

As sudden squalls that quench the feeble fire,
Feed the strong flame, and fan its ardors higher,
So burns each Roman breast with hostile hate,
Not damp'd, but heighten'd by their hero's fate.—
Valour, to frenzy mounting, foams around,
And with obstructive carnage piles the ground,

Whilst, victims to Sabinus' shade decreed,
Whole hecatombs of Israel's champions bleed.

Alexas, first of note; an ill-clos'd joint,
Beneath the arm, let in the javelin's point;
From Fronto's sinewy grasp the weapon sent,
Thro' all his breast, and every heartstring rent,
The bloody barb appear'd on th' other side,
Subdu'd the chieftain sunk, and, groaning, died.
Gyptheus next him; wing'd from a vulgar bow,
A casual arrow laid the leader low;
Pierc'd thro' the throat, he, writhing, spurn'd the ground,
Whilst the warm life sprang, bubbling, from the wound;
With many a warrior more, whose luckless name,
Lapp'd in the mists of age, is lost to fame.

Not he of Gischala, with rapid stride,
Rushing from rear to van, from side to side,
Nor all his courage, nor exerted skill,
Could change the purport of th' eternal will.—
Rome's favour'd pow'rs prevail; the pass they gain,
And John's thinn'd troops resist no more in vain;
Scarce he himself survives that slaught'rous hour,
Dislodg'd, and driv'n beyond Antonia's tow'r,
Whose strength receives, in part, the conqu'ring foe,
Before God's hallow'd house, whilst Israel form below.

CANTO III.

NOW was the sun beneath the Tyrian deep
Gone down, 'twas dark, and nature seem'd to sleep;
Worn with continual toils and rude alarms,
The wearied Roman slumber'd on his arms;
Jerusalem herself, in short repose,
'Midst soothing dreams, awhile, escap'd her woes.

Titus still 'woke; amid the chosen few,
To dead of night the deep debate he drew;
For some there were, whose overweening pride
Forgot that strength with tenderness allied,
The laurel interweaving with the rose,
Shed worthiest honours round the hero's brows:
Such to fierce counsels urg'd his generous mind,
Still prone to pity, and to spare inclin'd;
Yet such prevail'd not:—'Shall,' cry'd he, 'the brave,
'T' o'ercome delighting, not delight to save?
'Shall they the ear to ruthless rage resign,
'Deaf to compassion's eloquence divine?—

'Relentless fierceness suits the savage throng;
'Natures less rugged to mankind belong.

'But say, compassion's gentle plea must fail,
'Still might the charms of elegance prevail.—
'Jerusalem beams bright, in every part,
'With gems of genius and rich works of art;
'Her temple chief, whose dome, aloft display'd,
'Sheds o'er this darkling hour a deeper shade;
'Whose hallow'd isles among, in mute amaze,
'The lingering visitant with awe surveys
'The towering columns 'rise in length'ning rows,
'Smoother than ice, and pure as Scythian snows,
'The polish'd splendors of the spacious floors,
'The lofty roofs, and richly-fretted doors,
'Where silver vines their mimic leaves unfold,
'And pendent clusters glow, emboss'd in gold.
'With these we war not, but at once revere
'The shrine, and stranger God who hovers there.

'Be then, at earliest dawn, some herald sent
'To bid, once more, this stubborn race relent;
'To say, their town, their temple are our care;
'For Rome, that knows to conquer, knows to spare.'

So Cæsar spake, yet scarce had reach'd the close,
'Ere, from without, the sudden uproar 'rose
Of stern attack, the dubious bray of fight
Gathering new horrors from the gloom of night.

'To arms! to arms!' exclaims, in breathless haste,
One from his watch, 'the assailing foe lays waste
'The slumbering bands'—'To arms! to arms!' replies
Each chief, alarm'd, whilst forth his falchion flies;
All, quick dispersing, t'wards the conflict sped,
The din grew deeper, and the tumult spread.

Now reigns confusion round, whilst eyeless night
The brave misleads, and mocks the pow'r of might;
The baffled warrior deals his angry blows
On the waste air, or but by chance o'erthrows;
Foe misses foe, and friend mistaking friend,
Those pant for contest, these deceived contend;
Some, 'midst conflicting crowds, resign their breath,
Some fly the fight, and, flying, rush on death;
Promiscuous slaughter heaps the field with slain,
And seas of blood roll reeking o'er the plain.

As when, impetuous, thro' the darken'd heav'n
Two adverse clouds, by warring tempests driv'n,
Meet in mid air, immixt, with mutual rage,
In fierce ferment their nitrous pow'rs engage;
Keen shoots the lurid flash, the thunder rends,
And down, in foaming floods, the rain descends,
Spent with the exhausting show'r the strife is o'er,
The thunders cease, the light'nings flash no more.
So ceas'd the storm of arms; yet not for long
Subsides its rage, or rests the exhausted throng,

With fresh engender'd fires the tempest burns,
And with new rage the hostile strife returns.

Sidelong the seat of combat, towering high,
Rear'd on proud arches 'rose a gallery,
Thro' which the guard, whilst Rome still held the pow'r,
Pass'd to the temple from Antonia's tow'r,
Now, t'wards its north extreme, in ruins laid,
Lest thence the invading foe again invade:
Part yet remains; o'er which, conceal'd by night,
And favour'd by the deaf'ning din of fight,
A vent'rous party, by Artorius led,
Climbing, unnotic'd, t'wards the temple sped;
And now well nigh had reach'd, when sudden, 'round
Bright-bursting flames their frustrate march confound,
Whether some envious star o'er-ruled the deed,
Or heav'n to other brows the palm decreed.

Appall'd they stop, and view, in dread amaze,
Above, behind, before, the entangling blaze;
No pass admits them, no retreat is left,
All chance of flight, and every hope bereft;
Near, and more near, the approaching ardors glow,
Whilst dreadful is the depth which lies below.

The ambitious flames, meanwhile, aspiring high,
With crackling fury rush towards the sky;
The dire refulgence darts athwart the night,
And robes each object 'round in reddest light.

Now stand the fortunes of the fight reveal'd,
And all those horrors night 'till now conceal'd,
Whilst those below the luckless band perceive
Aloft, and mourn, unable to relieve.

Lucius would more. He with Artorius bred,
With him his life from infancy had led;
Equal their birth, alike their thirst of fame,
Their thoughts congenial, their pursuits the same,
Friendship in both, by habit first begun,
Confirm'd by reason, knit their hearts in one.
Yet as cold mists at times o'ershade the day,
Rais'd by the fervors of the solar ray,
E'en so capricious clouds still interpose
To damp the breast, where warmest friendship glows;
E'en so had Lucius' bosom felt, of late,
Its wonted ardors chill'd to seeming hate,
Yet only seeming; for when now his eyes,
High 'midst the flames, perceiv'd, with wild surprize,
Artorius stand, again his love return'd,
Again his breast with fondest friendship burn'd.—
Swift o'er the plain he sped with winged pace,
An instant brought him to the building's base;
Thence thus—'Artorius, ah! my friend! my friend!
'Straight to these arms, thy Lucius' arms, descend!
'Lo! the keen flames, quick-gathering, haste to close,
'And hark! the clamours of advancing foes;

'No other way is left to fly from fate,
'Pause not, but spring—anon, and 'tis too late!
'Fear not the peril of that lofty wall,
'These arms—this faithful breast—shall break thy fall.'
He sprang—down dashing from so vast a height,
Lucius sinks crush'd beneath the augmented weight;
Nor saves his friend—one quivering mass they lie,
And undistinguishably blended die.

Titus, befriended by the bursting light,
Collects his pow'rs, meantime, and heads the fight;
His pow'rs, exasperate at their comrades' fate,
Charge with fresh fury and vindictive hate;
Shock'd and disorder'd, Israel's tribes retreat,
Whilst Rome's flush'd bands push home the dire defeat;
Not e'en Jehovah's shrine o'erawes their rage,
Nor e'en their chief's commands their heat assuage,
Alike whose gesture and whose voice in vain
Waves to retreat, and warns them to refrain.
For, satiate now, the conqueror's ire subsides,
And thro' his breast again soft pity glides;
With grief he views the desolating fire
Glare fiercely 'round, and wider shoot, and higher,
Anxious its spreading fury to restrain,
And save, would heav'n allow, the threaten'd fane.

But heav'n allows not!—fallen from on high,
In fiery heaps beneath the ruins lie;

Whence, whether fate or frenzy urg'd his hand,
One, catching up in haste a blazing brand,
Back o'er the field towards the temple flew,
And thro' a lofty arch the flaming mischief threw.

Soon from within, by sullen wreaths of smoke
Announced at first, the dusky volumes broke;
Bright'ning anon they curl from spire to spire,
And wrap at length the roofs in keenest fire.
Then might be heard within the shrieks of fear,
The shouts of rage, the yellings of despair;
Priests, people, soldiers, all confusedly fly,
Or, stumbling thro' their speed, o'ertrampled die.

Now storm the foe without, with uncheck'd force,
Dishearten'd Israel stems no more their course;
Now, as when Ocean bursts some bounding shore,
In breaks the hostile tide with hideous roar,
Outrageous rolls along with sweepy sway,
Whilst whatsoe'er withstands, is borne away.

And lo! obstructive bars oppose in vain,
They pierce the inmost centre of the fane,
The sanctuary's holiest depths explore,
Rending that hallow'd veil, which shades the sacred door—
Heav'ns! what's within? or why, in dread amaze,
Stand ye thus mute, and unadvancing gaze?

Above, around, light pinions seem to play,
And whispering Angels mount unseen away;
From side to side quick-glimmering splendors fly,
Soft effluence of departing Deity——
Bristles their hair, life's refluent current chills,
And reverential awe each bosom fills.

'Tis past—Revenge, athirst for hostile blood,
(Hand lock'd in hand with whom grim Rapine stood,)
Waved them away—each pious doubt decays,
And the dire summons every breast obeys.

Havoc ensues; the crowded aisles along
She gluts her falchion 'mongst the imploring throng;
The young, the old, the offspring, and the sire,
Drop undistinguish'd, and in heaps expire;
Religion's self in vain for pity pleads,
The reverend priest upon his altar bleeds;
Adown the pavement smokes the crimson flood,
And who escapes the sword, sinks drown'd in blood;
From vault to vault disastrous echoes groan,
And sweats of horror burst from every stone.

Not Cerealis, nor whoe'er beside
Was sent, could check the desolating tide;
Not Cæsar's self—wide, and more wide it spread,
Death's course retarded only by the dead.

The busy flames meanwhile, above, below,
Around, without, within, intensely glow;
Now here, now there, they clasp, with fatal fold,
The growth of Lebanon, or Ophir's gold;
Now thro' the fretted frieze insidious shine,
Now glare destructive thro' the mantling vine;
Those cleave the o'er-arching roofs, these rive the wall,
Betray'd by these the baseless pillars fall;
Then, down the vast rotund, with horrible roar,
Sinks, as heav'n rent, and nature were no more!——

The work of ages; art's unequall'd boast;
The faultless wonder of each farthest coast;
The Gentiles' envy; Israel's hallow'd pride,
Where e'en Omnipotence was wont t' abide,
Is fall'n!—E'en she, who seem'd to prop the skies,
Fall'n! and on earth a groveling ruin lies;
The sacred glories of her gorgeous dome
Sunk to the obscene office of a tomb!

Nor stops destruction here—woes press on woes,
Jerusalem not half their extent knows;
A troublous sea they stretch without a shore,
Where the wreck'd vessel sinks to rise no more.
Alas! tho' oft admonish'd of her doom,
E'en now she deems not that her hour is come;
Still on aerial hopes up-buoys her mind,
Still trusts, deceived, some saving help to find!

But hark! Rome's legions rush, with fated rage,
Fell thro' her streets, and spare nor sex nor age;
Lo! where aghast the affrighted natives fly,
Lo! where, cut down, in countless crowds they die.
Some to aspiring roofs, and tow'rs sublime,
Or rifted walls remote, escaping climb;
Others to secret nooks for safety run,
Or dens, and caves, unconscious of the sun;
In vain; nor height, nor depth, nor tow'r, nor cave,
Can screen from fate, nor from the Roman save——
Dragg'd from that dim retreat, her looks how wild!
Close, and more close, yon mother clasps her child;
The unpitying spear at once her babe, and breast,
Piercing, together see they sink to rest!

Relentless Slaughter!—but behold where Flame
Pursues her, active to assert her claim!
From street to street the greedy fury glares,
Devouring all her gentler partner spares;
Low now on earth she skims; now, mounting high,
Rolls o'er each roof; now, impious, blasts the sky;
Rapine, and Violence, her ways prepare,
And hoarse-toned Ruin bellows in her rear.

New clamours cleave the air; new cries ascend;
What shouting troops are yon, that this way bend?
Roman their arms attest them; 'midst the throng,
March there not two in hostile helms along?

Leaders perchance of Israel's luckless war,
Pursued in flight, and hither forced from far——
Near they approach; their different aspects mark,
His fierce but sullen, specious his but dark;
Each to the muse familar; John the one,
The chief of Gischila; that Gorias' son;
Born both, Jerusalem! to work thy woe,
Infatuate instruments of overthrow!
Blind, yet seductive!—but the treach'ry past,
Though late, its due reward arrives at last:
More than the miseries of a captive's doom;
More than the embittering insolence of Rome;
More than defeat, disgrace, contempt, and chains,
Shall keen remorse avenge your country's pains,
Whilst in your ears her dying groans resound,
And her blood spilt calls on you from the ground.

Just God!—Ye kingdoms tremble at his rage,
And by due penitence his wrath asswage,
Now, when the nations madly rush to arms,
And the wide world is shook with war's alarms!——
But chiefly you, (if such indeed there be,
In any land, so sold to infamy,)
Who by dark arts, and sanguine counsels, urge
The unforced use of war's infernal scourge,
Heedless, indiff'rent, how your country bleeds,
So her last drop your wild ambition feeds!

The offending city, ah! for thrice three days,
Bows to the sword, or crumbles in the blaze,
That sheathed alone for lack of more to slay,
This fainting but thro' want of food away.

'Tis night's dark noon; the Roman from his toil
Rests, or but wakes to watch his high-heap'd spoil.
Wide where yon ruins strew the blood-stain'd ground,
Silent as death reigns desolation 'round,
Save where from far, in slow-repeated groans,
From time to time, the hollow night-breeze moans,
Or, ever and anon, some fire-sapp'd tow'r
Falling, adds terrors to this awful hour.

Jerusalem! alas! alas! of old
Deaf to whate'er prophetic seers foretold,
Assailing all whom heav'n in mercy sent,
And murdering those that warn'd thee to repent!
Thou, the world's Saviour who suspendedst high,
His works revil'd, and mock'd his agony,
How oft hath God, still gracious, striv'n to bring
Thy devious brood beneath his sheltering wing,
To save thee from the hov'ring eagle's pow'r,
And shield the unequall'd mis'ry of this hour?
But no! thou would'st not!—thence this signal fate!——
Thence art thou fall'n! deserted! desolate!

Obdurate yet! now, where thy temple stood,
Gaunt wolves shall lurk, and nightly howl for food,
Above thine altar roost the bird obscene,
And sliding adders hiss the chinks between,
Wide scattering o'er the waste thy bulwarks lie,
And a dread moral to mankind supply;
'Till, whelm'd at length in time's oblivious flood,
No trace be found where once thy glories stood!

But lo! the dawn; and see! in long array,
Where Rome's victorious legions march away;
Slow up yon western heights behold them wind;
Their leader halts; he lingering looks behind;
Pleased haply still, with self-complacent view,
To scan those fields, where late his laurels grew.

Ah no! as 'round he casts his ranging eyes,
Where, far beneath, yon smoking ruin lies,
And heeds her temple, palaces, and tow'rs,
Boasts of old time, effects of happier hours,
All, all in dust!—his inward heart appears;
To every heart it speaks in trickling tears!——
Soft, generous tears! to man alone, by heav'n,
Characteristic, blest distinction giv'n!——
More than the wreath, which binds the conqueror's brow,
More true renown those trickling tears bestow;

Not all the atchievements of heroic rage,
Like those bright drops, adorn the historic page!

He turns; once more to join the ascending train
Pensive he moves;—they hail their chief again——
Together now they bend t'wards Tyber's shore;
Now lessen to the sight, and now are seen no more.

THE

CALL of the GENTILES.

BY

SPENCER MADAN, M. A.

To the Jew first, and also to the Gentile. ROMANS ii. 10.

1782

SPIRIT of prophecy, mysterious guest!
Thou rose-lip'd herald of the coming day,
Parent of light and truth, all hail! thy pow'r
Was seen, thy early voice, obscure and faint,
Struck the dull organs of this guilty world,
What time, from shapeless, chaos newly form'd,

Creation yet was young! Benignly thou,
(At the dread hour, when Heav'n's eternal King
Smote the triumphant enemy of Eve,
And fix'd him prone in dust) benignly thou,
Ev'n in the moment* of Almighty wrath,
Descending swift upon the seraph-wing
Of inspiration, wafted by the breath
Of God himself, didst lend thy pitying aid,
Thy guidance to the weak extended arm
Of grov'ling man, who erst in darkness lay,
Impervious darkness, ignorance and death!—
And you, ye venerable holy seers!
Isaiah, mighty prophet! and the rest,
A chosen fellowship of saints! on whom
In hallowed beam the mystic influence
Of that descending spirit first was pour'd,
Deign to accept the purpose, not the deed,
If in the transport of impatient zeal
The muse, a hasty messenger, invoke
Your awful names thus rudely; and at once
Speak the big theme that labors in her soul!
O rather hear, immortal spirits! hear,
And patronize the numbers you inspire:
O sanctify the bold ambitious joy,

* It is well worthy of remark (as Bp. Newton has observed) that a consolatory promise of Man's future Redemption *accompanies* the very sentence pronounced against the serpent, in the *first* prophecy that occurs in Holy Writ.—See Genesis iii. 15.

(For sure it is ambition, it is joy
Unspeakable!) to trace the copious stream
Of all-redeeming mercy to its source;
To mark, in retrospect, its early path,
Through the dark mazes of retiring time,
Till the faint eye perceive the thick'ning gloom
Arrest its baffled labor; closing all
In awful and impenetrable night!
But ah! the wearied orb abash'd recoils,
And now returning on the downward stream
Skims the prone surface;—wide and still more wide
The tide of mercy spreads its gath'ring waves,
Still devious, still connected, flowing still,
And still increasing, thro' the vale of years;
While, ever and anon, the fruitful flood
Calls, in its course, some blessing into birth,
Some latent truth, some miracle foretold,
Fast rip'ning into life, at thy command,
Thou God of Prophecy! Thou God of Power!—

Now in the fulness of appointed time
The splendid Sun of Righteousness arose;
Arose—and, with his own prelusive star,
Beam'd a new lustre o'er the conscious east.
All hail, thou rising Glory! hail to Thee,
Light of the World! My Saviour and my God!
Thee, Jesus, thee I sing, admire, adore;
Whether I view Thee, in thy humbler sphere,

Suffus'd each brighter beauty with a cloud
Of dull mortality, suppress'd thy beams,
But not extinguish'd, by the earthly veil;
Or worship Thee, as now, *invisible;*
For now, in awful majesty sublime,
Far above mortal ken, resuming all
Th' intolerable splendor of the Godhead,
Again in light ineffable thou dwell'st,
" Eternal," like thy mansion, " * in the Heav'ns!"—
But whither would the vain presumptuous muse
Pursue her flight? Why tempts her waxen wing
The blaze intense of " purest empyrean?"
Still, still, at distance infinite, remains
The soaring summit! Whither would'st thou climb,
Weak, ignorant intruder? O beware,—
The breath that cannot polish, may defile.—
And sure a Deity, a God on earth,
Omnipotence degraded into man,
May serve to satisfy thy boldest wish,
And foil thy best endeavour!—O descend,
And blush to own thine arrogant attempt!
What! would thy pride affect a higher aim
Than Jesus upon earth! Exhaustless theme
Of adoration, gratitude and love!—
†Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion!
Put on, Jerusalem, thou holy city,

* 2 Cor. v. 1. † Isaiah lii.

Thy garment of rejoicing! Quick ascend
Thy lofty seat, and shake thyself from dust!
Thou too, proud citadel, aspiring dome,
Thou temple of the Living God! Unfold
Thy brazen entrance; lift aloft in air
The fretted portal; bid the burnish'd roof—
—Yet hold, 'tis mockery all!—'tis idle pomp!—
O rather bid the busy hand of toil
Forsake thy growing tow'rs! Bid curious art
Suspend her nicer tool! Rough labor pause,
In solemn sign of worship! Yonder, lo!
Already have thy consecrated walls
Receiv'd the Infant-God! He comes, He comes,
A holy first-born*! (Offering fit for Heav'n!)
And sanctifies thine altar with a smile!
Methinks e'en now, from Mary's happy arms,
I see Him sweetly shed that smile of love;
Itself the Child of Heav'n! Methinks I see
Benevolence and meek complacent joy
Diffuse their mingled lustre o'er His face
Beam in His eye, and blush upon His cheek!
Before these beauties, thrilling thro' the soul,
How fade, how vanish from the mental sight
The boasted glories of thy richer pile,
O Solomon! the prouder arch; the cloud
Of radiant Shechinah; the massive throne;

* Luke ii. 22, 23.

The gems of Ophir, and " Parväim Gold !"
What brighter raptures didst thou, Simeon ! feel
Within thy righteous bosom, when on thee
The new-born Deity cast many a look
Of infant joy, shed more than infant tears,
And stretch'd his little arms to welcome thine ;
When soon encircling in thy fond embrace
The solace of thine age, thy last, best hope,
Thy ready tongue the great event proclaim'd,
And hail'd the promise of thy peaceful end !
O let me ponder on the pious strain,
And breathe anew the rapture of thy soul !
" Lord, I am thankful ! and, in thy good time,
" Depart in peace, according to thy word !
" For lo ! mine eyes, thy servant's eyes, have seen
" Thy saving health, prepar'd before all people :
" A light, ' a day-star * ' to the wand'ring world,
" The Gentile's guidance, and thy people's glory !"
The prophet paus'd—amaze and holy awe
Beat high in Joseph's heart ; and tears display'd
Their silent eloquence from Mary's eye !—
—Turn we awhile from scenes of tender joy
That strike expression dumb—Prepare we now
(And who not shudders to his inmost soul ?)
To mark the hard impenitence, the pride
Of blind, presumptive, self-destroying man !

* 2 Pet. i. 19.

Almighty Providence! And can it be
That mercy ever should descend so low,—
Descend so low—in vain! O grief of heart,
Too sure it hath! and Israel's sullen sons
Defeat thy wish; the proffer'd boon refuse!
Say, men of Judah! what, would nought avail
To dash that opiate bane of prejudice
With some reviving virtue? Could no charm
Potent be found to free from error's film
The clouded eye? None found to sooth the rage
Of bigot-superstition?—See, they fly!
The chosen flock, as with contagion seiz'd,
Fly ruthless from the shepherd's hand—that hand,
Which oft hath led them sporting with delight
To the full pasture and refreshing stream!
O dire ingratitude! Thou parent-sin
Of all beside! Thyself a thousand sins!
Say, were the dews of Heav'n, the sacred tears
Of Christ himself, too sparingly bestow'd,
To melt the wayward hardness of thy heart?
Or was the charmer's voice too faintly heard,
To merit thine attention? O thou adder,
Compound of ill!—as poisonous and as deaf!
But not to Israel's haughty sons alone
Came the glad tidings of a Saviour born;
Not so repuls'd th' Almighty's outstretch'd arm,
Not so confin'd His love! The dove-like form
Of mercy, issuing forth, thro' every clime,

Flies to and fro, to earth's extremest verge,
Speeds her light way, and plies her eager search,
Unwilling to return if chance she find
Whereon to rest her foot! Long time intent
O'er thee, Judæa, self-devoted land!
With many an anxious pause and circling flight
The mystic wanderer hung! Full oft she sought
Thy tow'rs, Jerusalem, thy fated walls,
And wept o'er all the scene! Full oft she call'd
(E'en as a hen collects her callow brood)
And yet ye would not! "O ungrateful race!"
In deep despair the lovely exile cried;
Then shook soft pity from her wings—and fled.—
Happy the few, on whose selected heads
The plenteous day-spring from on high descended
In kindly visitation! Happy they
On whom that show'r of heav'n-born pity fell;
—Nor fell unfruitful! While impassion'd hope,
Firm faith, that wisely builds on reason's rock,
Strong-working, drew them from the crooked path;
Taught them at length with steady eye to bear
The growing light; to hail with grateful joy
Each emanation of those holy truths
That Jesus pour'd upon their temper'd souls!
These, not unaided by supernal grace,
And fraught with confidence and holy zeal,
Sure test of true conversion! these, O Lord,
Were all Thy scanty followers; by Thee

First call'd, first rescued from a world of woe,
To spread salvation into distant climes;
And tell the meanest habitant of earth
" Glad tidings of great joy!"—Much-envied lot
Of ministry like this! Thrice happy state
Of servitude, (if freedom's choicest name
Befit not rather) happier, richer far
Than all that tyranny enthron'd could boast,
Or the proud sceptre of imperial Rome!
Conscious I quit the still-increasing theme
Of praise and wonder! Mute admiring joy
Must paint a scene the muse can never reach!
'Tis not for us, unweeting babblers all,
To trace with fit design the holy group
Forth issuing, for the glorious work prepar'd,
Their cry Salvation!—God himself their guide!
For us suffice it rather, first to haste
In silent joy, like Abraham from his tent,
And welcome their approach;—then quick retire,
Like Lot from Sodom, anxious to be sav'd,
Thankful to hear, and happy to obey!—
'Tis not for us, to watch with prying eye
The secret workings of Almighty Power;
To tell how Heav'n's diffusive love prevail'd
With gradual effort o'er the conscious soul;
Or struck, invisible, with sudden ray
Of purest knowledge, and regen'rate joy,
Th' *unconscious* Heathen; 'till at once arouz'd

His ev'ry sense and ev'ry glowing thought
Start from its lethargy, and spring to life!
Suffice it, that we know the mighty cause,
And breathe unceasing songs of gratitude
To him, whose blessing far and wide display'd
The rich effusion, till one vast embrace
Encircled all creation!—Gracious Heaven!
O not in vain be these thy mercies shewn
To any child of man! Remember, Lord,
And save the creature of Thy plastic hand,
Whether Thou view'st him wand'ring on the waste
Of Polar Zembla, continent of ice!
Or breathing rude idolatry and vows
Of prostrate adoration at the shrine
Of Thibet's hapless Lama! Wretched being,
Less free, less happy, less a God than e'en
His vilest votary!—Yet not alone
To the swart savage of the barb'rous East,
The beaded Hottentot, or naked slave
Who toils, untutor'd, in the guilty mine,
Reveal thy saving arm! But turn, O turn
The blinder Infidel, of every name,
Or gross Mahometan, or stubborn Jew,
Or desperate Atheist, who mocks thy pow'rs
With purpos'd insult!—Turn them, Lord, and save
And win them to Thyself! O quickly bring
To * Sharon's fold and Achor's happy vale

* Isaiah lxv. 10.

Thy full united flock!—And if the muse,
Impatient for thy glory, still may breathe
One added prayer, O bless the pious zeal,
And crown with glad success the lab'ring sons
Of that best charity, whose annual mite
Sends forth Thy gospel to the distant isles!
So shall the nations, rescued myriads! hear,
And own Thy mercy over all Thy works!
So from each corner of th' enlighten'd earth
Incessant peals of universal joy
Shall hail Thee, Heavenly Father, God of All!

HOPE.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

———————*Vitam*
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore, semper ait.

TIBULLUS, Lib. II. Eleg. 6.

1783.

I.

HENCE, the light numbers of the venal lay!—
Numbers, which wealth, or rank, alone inspire;
Hence too the strain, which, with voluptuous sway,
Lights in the breast the flame of loose desire!
No trivial subject now invokes the muse,
Some hero's martial prowess to rehearse;
Or, urg'd by interest's contracted views,
To bring the tribute of obsequious verse.
Nor here shall satire, swoln with envious rage,
Vent its malignant gall, and stain the purer page.

II.

Be such unhallow'd strains to those confin'd,
To those alone, whose adulating lays,
(Reflecting mirrors of the servile mind)
As fortune points, award the wreath of praise!
Let such, the nobler objects of the soul
Renounce, the rays of virtue's fire disclaim!
Let them, by pointed wit, the world control,
And seize the prize of opulence and fame!
Poor is the prize, which wealth and fame impart,
While scrutinizing conscience rends the inmost heart.

III.

Far hence be banish'd such licentious strains!
A grander theme awakes the poet's fire;
A theme, whose purer argument disdains
The low suggestions earth-born cares inspire.
To paint seraphick Hope's benignant pow'r,
The youthful muse aspires on trembling wing:
Hope, which can, e'en in sorrow's gloomy hour,
Th' assuaging balm of consolation bring:
Dispel the clouds which darken all the view,
And in the languid breast th' exhausted strength renew.

IV.

High on a rock, whose elevated brow
Frowns o'er the deep, the goddess takes her stand;
From her blanch'd robes, which, pure as ether, flow,
The rays of animating light expand;

And while around the cliff's exalted pile,
The turbid waves in angry phalanx form,
She views, with resignation's placid smile,
Th' accumulated horrors of the storm.
Tho' seas on seas in mingled fury roll,
Firm, and unshaken, rests the purpose of her soul.

V.

O say, throughout life's complicated maze,
Where winding paths the dubious step beguile,
Where rankling envy, foe of well-earn'd praise,
In ambush lies, and plans th' insidious wile;
Tho' dangers threat, in direst form array'd,
Whence draws the mind unconquerable force?
Whence, 'midst opposing terrors undismay'd,
Holds she the tenor of her destin'd course?
Hope smooths the way, levels the rugged height,
And thro' the thwarting shades dispenses genial light.

VI.

Mark, where the exiled wretch, the toiling slave,
(So dooms the mandate of despotick pow'r)
Imprison'd deep within the gloomy cave,
Digs from earth's greedy womb the sordid ore.
Thro' the wide labyrinth of drear despair,
Damp vapors blast the wholesome breath of day;
Around impervious darkness reigns, save where
The dim lamp sheds its solitary ray;

And, O distracting thought! no friend appears,
To calm the wounded breast, and sooth its poignant fears.

VII.

Yet e'en the wretch, to these dark caverns driv'n,
To solitude, and daily toil, consign'd,
Exil'd from ev'ry benefit of Heav'n,
Still feels a ray of comfort in his mind.—
Oft as remembrance to the soul conveys
The long-lost blessings of a happier fate;
Oft as remembrance to the soul pourtrays,
What charms on friendship, what on freedom wait;
Hope chears the view with low'ring clouds o'ercast,
Points to the future scenes, and cancels all the past.

VIII.

Hark! The deep thunder rends the trembling pole;
The livid light'ning darts athwart the clouds;
White breaks the surge, and dread the billows roll,
While the winds whistle thro' the shiver'd shrouds.
Prest by the horror of impending woes,
With folded arms, behold the sailor stand!
O'er the wild waves his straining eye he throws,
In eager search of hospitable land.
In vain he looks around—no land is nigh—
No friendly port, alas! relieves the anxious eye.

IX.

Anon his comrades call.—Rouz'd at th' alarm,
He starts, and joins the persevering crew;
Puts forth the vigor of his manly arm,
And braces ev'ry languid nerve anew.
Vain all the schemes, which fertile art provides;
Nor art, nor labor, can destruction check:
Triumphant o'er the found'ring vessel's sides,
The chaf'd sea breaks, and whelms the crouded deck.
*Some few escape; they, to Heav'n's will resign'd,
Seize the light trembling boat, and trust the stormy wind.

X.

Thro' the swoln billows of th' Atlantick deep
They drive, obedient to the current's force;
And while around them threat'ning tempests sweep,
Nor chart, nor compass, guide their perilous course.
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
From the moon's shrouded orb no lustre darts;
No glimm'ring star, with tutelary light,
To the strain'd eye its wonted aid imparts.
Chill cold benumbs the limbs:—With rapid pace,
Convulsive famine stalks, and writhes the haggard face.

* See Captain Inglefield's narrative of the loss of the Centaur.

XI.

E'en thus, though death, in varied form, assail,
Night after night, they stem the foaming waves:
Chear'd by the the jocund song, and festive tale,
The dauntless spirit ev'ry danger braves.
Dear are the relatives of social life,
Dear is Britannia's long-relinquish'd soil;
But dearer far, the claims of son and wife;
For them they brave th' extremity of toil.
These strong ideas flatt'ring Hope suggest,
Confirm the slacken'd nerves, and fire the drooping breast.

XII.

Turn to yon wretch! Deep in his wounded frame
Despair hath fix'd her agonizing dart;
Indignant pride, reluctant, timid shame,
Alternate seize, and rend the throbbing heart.
He, when revolving years had stamp'd him man,
When call'd the ampler stage of life to tread,
With ev'ry pleasing hope his course began,
And choicest blessings crown'd his favor'd head.
Smooth glides the bark, fann'd by the buoyant gale:—
Voluptuous zephyrs breathe, and swell the wanton sail.

XIII.

At length, (sure end of riot's giddy round)
Adversity begins her iron reign;
Wide o'er the scene so late with pleasures crown'd,
Grim penury leads forth her ruthless train.

Around the ministers of vengeance throng;
Contempt, and want, exert remorseless pow'r.—
Where's now the soothing strain, and chearful song?
Where now the troop which hail'd his blissful hour?
All fled, like unsubstantial shadows fled,
What time the sun in clouds hides his effulgent head.

XIV.

Abandon'd, and forlorn he stands; bereft
Of all the relatives which man holds dear:
Not e'en a ray of consolation left,
Calamity's disastrous path to chear.
O whither can he turn?—To life's past scene,
Rich with the bounties of benignant fate?
Anon the present horrors intervene,
And doubly aggravate the galling weight.
Before him, a dark, dreary prospect lies;
Dangers on dangers croud, terrors on terrors rise.

XV.

Frantick with grief, he grasps the fatal steel,
(Despondency's last refuge here below)
And, deaf to injur'd Nature's strong appeal,
Now meditates the liberating blow.—
But soft! What voice is that, whose potent claim
Arrests the ear, with more than mortal sway?—
In the dire crisis of despair, and shame,
Athwart the clouds, Hope darts a genial ray;

Hope calls, and at her animating word,
The outstretch'd arm is check'd, and drops the pointed sword.

XVI.

Alike, in all the scenes of life's wide stage,
In all, directing goddess, Hope presides:
Whate'er pursuits the active mind engage,
She moves each spring, and ev'ry passion guides.
Whether, by sordid avarice inspir'd,
Treasure on treasure we insatiate heap;
Or, by ambition's brighter glories fir'd,
We climb fame's perilous and craggy steep;
Thy spirit, Hope, in the rapt bosom swells;
Anticipates the bliss, and ev'ry fear dispels.

XVII.

And yet, alas! how fugitive, how vain
The phantom, which deluded man pursues!
How quickly past is pleasure's airy reign,
And mad ambition's elevated views!
Speak ye, who in the dissipated round
Of luxury, and festive riot, glide:
Speak ye, whom fortune's lavish hand hath crown'd,
With the gay pomp of wealth, and tow'ring pride!
Can opulence, can pomp's exalted state,
Or pleasure's festive song, arrest the arm of fate?

XVIII.

Whate'er or opulence, or rank, can boast,
Is limited to life's contracted span;
Pass but a few, few fleeting years, at most,
Lo! Death subverts the visionary plan.
But Hope, the brightest minister of Heav'n,
Rests on religion's adamantine base;
To her a delegated pow'r is giv'n,
Empire, uncircumscrib'd by local space.
Beyond earth's bounds, she soars on outstretch'd wing:
Wrests from the grave its victory, from death his sting.

XIX.

Ingrate apostacy, and foul revolt,
Apostacy from God's supreme command,
Draws down on man the desolating bolt,
And arms with terror Heav'n's avenging hand.
Exil'd from Paradise, that happy seat
Where spring eternal crown'd the teeming soil,
The guilty pair, with ling'ring step, retreat,
Heirs now of misery, and ceaseless toil.
Behind them, o'er their forfeit bow'rs display'd,
Wide thro' the troubled air, flames the the cherubick blade.

XX.

O how can ye, immortal as ye were,
To whom the earth spontaneous treasures gave,
Sustain the galling weight of toil and care!
How silence the dread horrors of the grave?

Lo! in the midst of Heav'n's predicted wrath,
Mercy vouchsafes to send a guiding ray;
Illuminates the long and dreary path,
And sooths the labor of the toilsome day.
The grand seducer falls;—Man's exil'd race,
From Satan's bonds absolv'd, resume their forfeit place.

XXI.

As the lone pilgrim, whom the shades of night
O'ertake, when near some pathless forest's side;
As he, if chance he spy a distant light,
Braves ev'ry fear, and hails th' auspicious guide:
Thus Adam, by the star of mercy led,
Undaunted quits his interdicted bow'rs;
Tho' doom'd the paths of wretchedness to tread,
The star of mercy sooths the lonely hours.
Tho' death be doom'd, the animated heart,
By Heav'n's blest promise rais'd, smiles at the mortal dart.

XXII.

Hence, 'midst the mazes of each future age,
When mystic prophecies inform'd mankind,
Hope's lenient aid could ev'ry ill assuage,
Relieve the faint, confirm the dubious mind.
Tho' kings lead forth their hosts in stern array,
Tho' war her train of vengeful furies wake;
No perils can religion's sons dismay,
No menace virtue's dauntless spirit shake.

Firm rests the soul, amidst the dungeon's gloom;
E'en unappall'd in death, defies the tyrant's doom.

XXIII.

Contemplate Job! On his devoted head
Satan exhausts misfortune's baneful train;
Around the ministers of rapine spread,
And desolation blasts the fertile plain.
Sudden th' impetuous whirlwind sweeps along,
Wresting the lordly mansion from its base;
And, 'midst the chorus of the genial song,
In ruin whelms the father's wretched race.
View him thus fall'n! "Fall'n from his high estate!"
The mark of pointed scorn, the outcast prey of fate!

XXIV.

Nor yet alone, howe'er severe the stroke,
External ills the troubled spirits press:
The weight of poverty's disastrous yoke,
Contempt, and destitution's bleak distress:
On the cold ground the bleeding suff'rer lies,
Victim of fell disease, and writhing pain;
From limb to limb the wasting fever flies,
Shoots thro' the nerve, and racks the throbbing vein.
View him thus fall'n! in life's first wishes crost;
Each blessing from him snatch'd, and ev'ry comfort lost!

XXV.

Friendship, which should, with sympathetic aid,
With social converse, lighten mis'ry's weight:
Friendship throws double gloom on ev'ry shade,
And sharper points the shafts of adverse fate.
E'en she, by rites of holy marriage bound,
Calamity's sore burthen to remove;
To sooth and mitigate the rankling wound,
By the soft blandishments of faithful love;
E'en she, dire fate! bids him Heav'n's King defy:
Bids him all feälty abjure, curse God, and die.

XXVI.

In complicated woe o'erwhelm'd at length,
Patience no more the oppressive load sustains;
The soul, bereft of Nature's fost'ring strength,
Questions Heav'n's will, and God's award arraigns.
" Perish the day, perish the fatal hour,"
He cries, " when first these eyes beheld the light!
" From that untimely moment, Satan's pow'r
" Hath curs'd each dawning day, each closing night.
" Hear me, O death! this weary soul release!—
" 'Tis thine, and thine alone, to shed the balm of peace.—

XXVII.

" But hence, despair! Hence, with thy rueful train!
" Be ev'ry froward murmur hence suppress!
" Man still, though doom'd affliction to sustain,
" Heav'n's first, and dearest object, sands confest.

" I feel, (awaken'd Job exclaims) I feel
" My lab'ring breast with new-born comfort glow.—
" Religion makes her eloquent appeal,
" And counteracts misfortune's sharpest woe.
" Her better hopes, o'er the dark pow'rs of death
" Triumphant, animate the sick and fainting breath.

XXVIII.

" My blest Redeemer lives.—In that last day,
" When, 'like the baseless fabric of a dream,'
" Earth's unsubstantial glories pass away,
" He then shall stand, acknowledg'd Lord supreme.
" My blest Redeemer lives.—Tho' death this head
" Consign, a victim to the silent tomb;
" Tho' worms around my lifeless body spread,
" Tho' noisome worms these mould'ring limbs consume.
" Triumphant still o'er Satan's pow'r I rise,
" My God, my God appears, and wakes these languid eyes."

XXIX.

Could Hope, e'en in that dark and distant age,
The anguish of the tortur'd breast compose?
Disease in all its threat'ning forms assuage,
And minister the balm of soft repose?
Could Hope, so long before that day appear'd,
The æra of redemption to mankind,
When truth's bright beams the realms of darkness cheer'd,
And purg'd the mists of error from the mind;

Could she, e'en then, exalt the drooping soul,
Confirm it's trembling pow'rs, and every ill controul?

XXX.

And shall we now, now while celestial light
Pours forth the lustre of unclouded day,
Still slumber in the darksome vale of night,
Nor wake to greet the evangelic ray?
Shall we, tho' mercy to man's guilty race
Glad tidings of felicity announce;
Shall we, attach'd to life's contracted space,
Salvation's proffer'd heritage renounce?
Tho' heirs of Heav'n, sink in th' oblivious grave,
Like the prone, grov'ling beast, instinct's obsequious slave?

XXXI.

Awake, ye sons of men! The hallow'd word
Contemplate, stamp'd with truth's immortal seal!
Mark, where the faithful servants of their Lord,
Thro' the wide world Heav'n's high behests reveal!—
Calamities from ev'ry quarter press;
Ten thousand perils darken all the view;
Contempt, indignant hatred, sore distress,
And friendless indigence, their steps pursue.
Stern persecution's arm, by pow'r maintain'd,
The ruthless sword uplifts, with martyrs' blood distain'd,

XXXII.

Firm amidst legions of surrounding foes,
With unremitted zeal, they hold their course:
Undaunted 'midst oppression's varied woes,
Defy authority's vindictive force.
In vain the furious bigot threats; in vain
The sophist weaves the net of subtle art:
The tyrant, 'midst his adulating train,
Feels terror shake his agonizing heart;
E'en on his throne he trembles; guilt and shame
Fix deep their barbed shafts, and rend his coward frame.

XXXIII.

Behold the path which leads to endless life!
In this the martyr trod, all pow'r withstood;
Brav'd ev'ry danger in the mortal strife,
And ratify'd his faith with sacred blood.—
At length, oppression's sanguinary hand
No more o'er christians holds vindictive sway;
No more the ruthless tyrant's fell command
Consigns to death his unresisting prey.
Yet e'en to us, from all these terrors freed,
Still the same Hope is giv'n, the same reward decreed.

XXXIV.

Hail, thou pure inmate of the human breast!
Thou delegated guide of man, all hail!
The brightest minister of joy and rest,
And fairest flow'r in life's bewilder'd vale!

O to thy suppliant's pray'r (such Heav'n design'd
Thy office) to his pray'r propitious bend!
Confirm and animate the trembling mind!
On thee he calls, man's first and firmest friend.
Thy beams, amidst the horrors of despair,
Disperse the gath'ring mists, and purge the grosser air.

XXXV.

Or, should the mild award of fate assign
The pomp, and dignity of earthly state;
Should fortune, in one long unbroken line,
Bid pleasure on her fav'rite child await:
When wealth corrupts the alienated sense,
Or pleasure's bonds enthral the torpid soul,
O then thy salutary strength dispense!
The fascinating blandishment controul!
Be thine the hallow'd task, immortal guide,
To check vain arrogance, and curb o'erweening pride.

XXXVI.

Approach, in all thy radiant charms array'd;
The blooming charms of never-fading youth!
To the mind's eye, in purest light pourtray'd,
Hold up the tablature of living truth!
And when the soul, the slave of low desire,
Courts the fleet visions of voluptuous mirth,
Teach it, from bondage rescued, to aspire
Beyond the narrow boundaries of earth,

To those bright realms, where, free from all alloy,
Exhaustless comfort springs, and everlasting joy.

XXXVII.

The world, in all its boasted grandeur proud,
In all its stores of dazzling splendor bright,
Is but a transient, unsubstantial cloud,
Which the sun skirts with momentary light:
Anon, th' assailing winds impetuous rise,
Black low'rs the tempest in the sullen sky;
Before the driving blast the vision dies,
And all the vivid tints of splendor fly:
Pass but a moment, ev'ry ray is gone;
Nor e'en a vestige left, where the bright glories shone.

XXXVIII.

And shall we, for this visionary gleam,
Degen'rate swerve from Heav'n's immortal plan?
Give up, for vanity's light airy dream,
The nobler heritage reserv'd for man?
Tho' rocks their cragged heads in ambush hide,
Tho' storms and tempests sweep the angry main;
While Hope's fair star shines forth auspicious guide,
E'en tempests, storms, and rocks, oppose in vain.
Safe, 'midst the ocean's iterated force,
The sacred vessel shapes her Heav'n directed course.

CREATION.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno cum corpore miscet.

VIRGIL, Æneid, lib. VI. l. 726.

1784.

HAIL, everlasting Pow'r! Thou, at whose word,
From the drear womb of indigested night,
Creation rose, all hail! To Thee the muse,
Though weak her lyre, and faint the trembling chords,
This humble off'ring brings, conscious that Thou,
Unerring searcher of the inmost soul,
To the loud orisons of froward pride,
The still small voice of gratitude preferr'st.

What though the sons of pleasure, listless slaves
To fashion's arbitrary law, all strains
Deride, save those which sooth voluptuous lust,
Or fix fell satire's barb in the chaste breast
Of bleeding innocence; the sacred muse,
On nobler subjects bent, such themes disclaims.
If as she pours the verse, and vindicates
The ways of Providence, a ray of light
Dart on th' unconscious breast, if only one,
Whom error hath seduc'd, or the dark arts
Of subtle infidelity ensnar'd;
If one alone, aw'd by the moral truth,
Feel strong conviction from the clouded sense
Dispel the gloom, the muse's wish is crown'd.
Far dearer to the mind the rich reward,
Those pure sensations, which from conscience spring,
Than all the plaudits of a giddy world,
And all the gifts, which lavish opulence
Can on it's supple parasites bestow.

O say, amidst the varied themes, from which,
Roaming on fancy's wing, the fertile bard
Culls the fair flow'rs of poetry, say which
Can vie with that, whose nobler argument,
Spurning the narrow boundaries of earth,
To Heav'n exalts the comprehensive soul?
Such, Milton, were thy hallow'd strains, sublime,
Immortal bard; thou, in a looser age,

When dissolute indecency, maintain'd
By regal patronage, usurp'd the place
Of wit, thou dar'dst to break the shackling bonds
Of flippant rhyme. The muse, at thy command,
Resum'd her wrested throne; became again
What she had erst appear'd in Greece and Rome,
When genius sprung from freedom's fost'ring arms,
In virtue, in religion's purer paths,
The delegated minister of man.
Such the strains, SEATON, which thy watchful zeal,
Shielding religion to remotest times,
In honour of Jehovah's injur'd name
Bade flow from year to year.—Wake then, my soul!
In adoration wake! Let ev'ry sense
Feel the strong impulse; let them all call forth
Their blended pow'rs, and chaunt the praise of Him,
To whom in Heav'n above, on earth beneath,
To whom, e'en in the undiscover'd depths
Of the wide sea, subjected nature bows.

Whither can the eye stretch, and not behold
The wonders of eternal Wisdom? Where
The mind, beyond the sense's grosser sphere
Dilated, dart its penetrating thoughts,
And not discern a God's pervading pow'r!

To Heav'n exalt thine eye! Lo! where the sun
Emerging from the east, now faintly pours

Through the streak'd atmosphere his glimm'ring rays:
Anon, like the flush'd giant, whose firm limbs,
By wine refresh'd, feel renovated strength,
To the meridian point sublime he winds
His rapid march; and there, full-orb'd, array'd
In majesty unclouded, darts on earth
Effulgent beams. Hence down the slope of Heav'n
Precipitate he hastens, till at length,
Glancing mild lustre on the western wave,
He sinks in night's embrace. Nor even then,
Chearless is this terrestrial globe. Though lost
The bright effulgence of the golden sun,
Darkness profound shrouds not the face of things.
The silver moon, erratic in her course,
Yet ever constant satellite of earth,
Supplies a brother's place. With borrow'd light
From her pale orb she flings a softer gleam,
And cheers the brow of night. Thro' th' arch of Heav'n
Dispers'd, five other planets round the sun,
That vivid centre to which all converge,
Revolve harmonious. And from ev'ry part
Of yon ethereal vault, a countless host
Of stars, which twinkle through the gloomy void,
Dispense their trembling light; o'er herb and tree,
And o'er the surface of the gleamy main,
Diffusing influence mild. Stars which perhaps
In other systems form resplendent suns,
Round whom, by gravitation's pow'r restrain'd,

Attendant planets roll. Perhaps there are*
(For who can circumscribe Omnipotence?)
Stars from whose distant orbs, to mortal eye,
Though aided by the astronomic glass,
No ray hath travell'd yet.—But who ordain'd
These radiant bodies? Who from chaos call'd
The regent of the day? From the eastern goal,
Through Heav'n's wide circuit, in diurnal round
Who bade him take his never-erring course?
Who form'd the planets? Onward once impell'd,
What potent arm arrests them? Whence the laws
By which they to the centre gravitate,
Still devious, yet irregularly true?
Who from th' abyss of darkness call'd the stars,
Myriads of burning lamps, which, while dun night
Invests the dreary globe, with tremulous gems
Spangle the sable canopy of Heav'n?
Trace we not here the wonder-working pow'r
Of an Almighty arm? Trace we not here
Consummate Wisdom's marks? Can chance create,
Or having form'd, can indigested chance,
Unerring in their proper orbits, keep
These won'drous bodies? Globes, with which compar'd
This earthly ball is as a grain of sand
Upon the sea-worn beach. Or shall we say,
(So some, borne on presumption's airy wing,

* See this idea suggested by Huygens.

Resolve the question) matter is uncreate,
Eternal, from itself alone exists;
And thus existing, the mixt atoms form'd
This universal frame?—Prepost'rous thought!
Sceptic, say matter were, e'en as thou think'st,
Existent of itself, could it produce
Consummate symmetry? Could the mixt seeds
Of jarring atoms, by the wayward cast
Of chance, their several pow'rs in union blend,
And hence, in nice arrangement marshall'd, form
Stupendous systems? Systems in the whole,
As far as human thought can stretch, compleat?
Behold yon fabric! Its component parts
Scan with an artist's scrutinizing eye!
Then say, from whence the beauteous structure rose,
Whence this harmonious order! Conscious here,
That industry, by previous art dispos'd,
Rang'd the materials, and the fabric form'd,
You praise the architect's directing skill,
Vain, shallow fool! E'en in the smallest works
Of human art, thou see'st design, and own'st
The happy efforts of an active hand:
Yet in the greater works of Nature, works
Which should, with awe and veneration, strike
The conscious breast, and from the soul extort
Profoundest homage, here no plan is found;
No traces here thou see'st, which indicate
The guidance of presiding sense. By chance,

Compleat as the stupendous structure is,
The whole was order'd and arrang'd. By chance,
Harmonious as its operations are,
Its complex operations, still in its course
By listless chance the vast machine is kept.

But hence these arrogant conceits, which wrest
The sceptre from Jehovah's sacred grasp,
And to an unsubstantial phantom give
The attributes of Heav'n! Hence vain conceits,
Back to the Prince of darkness; him ye suit,
And him alone, who by ambition fir'd,
And swoln by contumacious pride, disdain'd
Subjection; from his adamantine throne,
Leagu'd with apostate angels, strove to hurl
Creation's ever-living King! Shall man,
By froward curiosity impell'd,
Arraign the mystic schemes of Heav'n? Shall he,
Whose scanty knowledge cannot tell from whence
The germinating blade extrudes its shoot,
On vague conjecture raise the giant pile
Of infidelity? Hence vain conceits!
Ill suit that being such aspiring thoughts,
Who lives but on the mercies of his God.
Conscious that all the good he now receives
Flows from th' Almighty's gracious hand, that all
His eager wishes pant for must descend
From the same all-providing source, be his

Submissive adoration! If the Heav'ns
Proclaim the greatness of their Lord, if sun
And moon, and hosts of glitt'ring stars, which deck
The infinite expanse, attest the pow'r,
The pow'r immense, which fram'd, and rules their orbs,
Not less unquestionable are the marks
Of his unbounded goodness here on earth.
Whate'er dependant mortals need, whate'er
Of comfort, use, or ornament, in life,
Their wants require, He like a father gives,
Nor gives with niggard hand. What to the eye,
Or taste, can minister delight, his care
For man provides. From her prolific womb
The teaming earth abundance pours: He speaks,
And lo! obedient to th' inspiring voice,
Luxuriant verdure crowns the smiling plain.
Here, sweet arrangement, variegated flow'rs
Their dewy beauties to the orient sun
Unfold, and with their aromatic breath
Perfume the passing winds. Some too there are,
Which, fair and seemly in external form,
Charm the admiring eye; tasted they chill
The vital current, and with rapid sweep
Arrest the functions of the tainted heart.
Nor yet with froward charge deem Nature vain!
From noxious herbs, and many a pois'nous flow'r,
The bee extracts the liquid dew, and thence,
Within the chambers of her waxen cell

Stows the rich harvest of compounded sweets.
Thus from th' infectious shoot experience culls
Benignant aid. Hence, when convulsive pangs
Writhe the distorted limbs, and, oft invok'd,
Sleep flies the suff'rer's couch, the rending pain
Is lull'd; o'er the tir'd senses gently steals
Refreshing slumber. Hence the sluggish blood,
When morbid humors taint the bloated frame,
Corrected rolls a purer tide. And thus,
*The noxious root, produce of western isles,
Though mortal poison, the contagious juice
Extracted, ministers sustaining food.
At Heav'n's creative word, the lowly shrub,
And tow'ring tree arise. In lordly state
The cedar rears his elevated head,
And hides the honors of his trembling brow
E'en in the azure clouds. The regal oak,
Deep in the earth infix'd his tortuous root,
With outstretch'd arms to fainting herds and flocks
Dispenses grateful umbrage: While around
His limbs, in many a wild fantastic wreath,
The social ivy creeps, in awful pomp
He stands, and claims the forest for his own.
The mantling vine, delicious source of joy
To man's dejected spirit, bends beneath
The rich cœrulean weight; with raptur'd eye

* The Cassada.

Th' exulting swain beholds the cluster'd branch,
The happy presage of autumnal wealth.
And lest the sun, though vivid source of light,
Should, like a scroll, with unremitted heat
Shrivel the face of Nature, and lay waste
Creation's fairest beauties, from the clouds
The fost'ring show'r descends, and in the lap
Of vegetation genial influence pours.
Hence the scorch'd stem, which, languishing and faint,
Beneath its load exhausted sunk, now feels
Reanimated life. Again erect
Th' invigorated flow'r its leaf expands,
And glistens beauteous in the solar beam.

Nor less within the bowels of the earth,
Those cavities, where no enliv'ning ray
Darts from the orb of light, not less, e'en there,
In characters indelible is stamp'd
The goodness of a bounteous God. Hence man,
E'en from these regions of eternal night,
Draws choicest blessings. When with icy step
Bleak winter marches forth, and chilling blasts
Benumb the torpid limb, from these dark seats
Supplied, man braves the fury of the north,
Nor heeds the ruthless tyrant's icy fang.
Oft too, within the gloomy mine conceal'd,
Exhaustless treasures lie. Here, deep intrench'd,
Lurks the rough diamond; here the various gems,

Which, polish'd by the artist's moulding hand,
Sooth the poor littleness of human pride,
And blaze resplendent on imperial crowns.

But not alone to heav'n and earth confin'd
The dread Creator's pow'r: Him sov'reign Lord
The ocean hails. Through all his azure realms
He tributary homage pays. Nor less
In the great deep, than here on earth appears
The stamp of goodness. That which hath disjoin'd
The various regions of the earth, which seems
To interdict all social intercourse,
Proves the sure means, whence in one common link
The nations of the world are bound. Her sails
Commerce unfurls; by gentle winds impell'd,
O'er the broad bosom of the swelling main
The rich fraught vessel wafts her varied stores.
Thus from the Ganges, where the God of Day,
Ascending o'er the eastern wave, begins
His wonted course; thus from th' Atlantic shore,
Where to his nether goal with swift descent
He whirls his radiant car, Europa's sons
Luxurious treasures of abundance draw.
And thus amidst the ruthless hords, those tribes
Where savage fierceness reigns, and ignorance
In ten-fold darkness binds th' imprison'd soul,
Religion pours her voice: With precept mild
Softens the rude ferocity of arms,

Dispels the gloom, and to the tutor'd sense
Opens the portals of immortal life.
Nor terminates celestial goodness here:
The oozy channels of the sea resign
Their scaly tenants. Through the vast domain,
Whate'er with light fin cuts his liquid way,
And those, who, in testaceous prison bound,
Seem scarce, yet are, most tremblingly, alive;
At Heav'n's command, all minister to man.
The proud leviathan himself, who, stretch'd
Upon the ocean's back, an island seems;
Or in rude gambols his unwieldy bulk
Writhing, deems all the wat'ry realm his own:
E'en he, gigantic as he is, subdued
By man's superior art, a victim falls;
But not unprofitably falls. Though dead,
He garnish not the festive board, or add
Luxurious honor to the rich repast,
Yet still, so provident is Nature's God,
For him the sailor braves the stormy flood:
E'en to the frozen north, where, six long moons,
Inhospitable darkness shrouds the pole;
Where snow eternal caps the mountain's top,
And threat'ning ice, in many a ridgy steep,
Peers o'er the waves indissoluble, there,
Reckless of danger, the bold sailor shapes
His perilous course; in his own element
Advent'rous seeks the giant, nor avoids

Th' unequal conflict: in the trembling boat
Fearless he stands, and launches from his arm
The pointed weapon, conscious what a prize
Awaits the issue of successful toil.

These, everlasting Father, these, nay all
Which in the chambers of the deep reside,
And they, who, on expanded pinions borne,
Traverse the buoyant air; they too who range
The forest, lords of the sequester'd wild,
With those, who, by domestic impulse sway'd
Tenant the verdant mead, at thy decree
To man's arbitrement all bend. Nor here
Need we the subtle sophistry of schools,
Or arguments in the perplexing loom
Of philosophic disquisition fram'd:
" Each step we take will lead us to our God."
O what a debt immense to Him is due,
Who deigns to stoop from His supernal throne,
And gives to man, what man's contracted pow'r
Can't give himself! O what a debt immense
Is due to Him, whose ever-watchful care,
From day to day, from hour to hour, imparts
The first blessings, with a parent's love
Shielding His helpless offspring! The whole life,
In adoration should each moment pass,
Would faintly pay the debt which mortals owe.
What time still night her ebon car ascends,

And the fell thief, by darkness shrouded, plans
Insidious rapine, at his master's door
The faithful servant stretch'd, keeps sleepless watch:
If aught approach, instant with clam'rous throat
He gives th' alarm; and should the plund'rer come,
With eager tooth seizes the caitiff wretch,
Nor quits his prey, though down his mangled limbs
The vital current stream, but bravely seals
With life itself inviolable faith.
Whence this attachment, this intrepid zeal,
Which holds its settled purpose, undismay'd
E'en in the agonizing pangs of death?
From gratitude the gen'rous instinct springs;
Fed at his master's board, and by his hand
Daily with gentle blandishments caress'd,
The duteous animal repays the debt
With pure fidelity. Nor threat, nor force,
Nor danger's direst form his courage shake.
Nay, the fierce tyrant of the secret woods,
Who roams the bleak and desart wild, and lives
By ruthless slaughter, if by man preserv'd,
To his protector firm allegiance pays.
By gratitude's instinctive impulse taught,
He drops his fierceness, smooths his brinded mane,
And, couching harmless at his guardian's feet,
With aspect bland, and many a soften'd smile,
Marks the strong feelings of a mindful heart.

Behold'st thou this, ungrateful man? From them
Whom instinct actuates alone, dost thou
This tributary pledge of love receive,
And yet deny it to your God? Thou dost.
Though pensioner on His disposing will,
Though from His voluntary bounty all
Which forms your happiness you hold, as if
'Twere center'd in yourself, the tenure fix'd
Beyond the pow'r of time or chance, you spurn
The giver; what for comfort and for use
Was meant by Heav'n, you to the sordid claims
Of pride and wanton luxury consign.
Mark! where the grov'ling wretch, at the full feast
Exulting sits. Lo! on the festive board
Abundance smiles. Here, from the perfum'd shores
Of either India brought, rich viands sooth
The pamper'd taste. When languid Nature feels
Satiety, these can the glutton's lust
Renew, and to the sick'ning appetite
A keener sense impart. Here Gallia's grape
In the chas'd goblet sparkles, to the heart
Dispensing levity and mirth. But say,
Whence this abundance, whence these treasures flow,
O'er which th' enamour'd eye in rapture hangs?
From Thee, perennial, only source of good,
Almighty Father, Thy benignant hand
Gave them, exhausted Nature's firm support:
Gave them as blessings, which in life's drear vale

Might comfort strew, and elevate the soul,
In strains of gratitude, to Him who gave.
Yet man, lord of creation's ample range,
Fashion'd by Heav'n's discriminating love
For purposes most noble; though in form,
And apprehension, like a God; still man,
Unconscious of his elevated rank,
Stoops, meanly stoops, from his exalted height,
And with the lowest tribes of nature herds.
From her luxuriant stores doth mercy send
Abundance? The voluptuous glutton view!
He, not content with that which Nature asks,
Nor satisfied, though from each foreign clime
Cull'd with delicious skill, he hath enjoy'd
The choicest viands, still the more he craves;
Nor rests, 'till stimulating drugs revive
The slumb'ring fever; 'till again they whet
The sicken'd taste, and fire the torpid sense,
Though no sensation of sharp thirst he feel,
Yet, still insatiate, for the sparkling cup
He calls, nor rests, until the potent charm
In drowsy bonds have fetter'd ev'ry sense.
Mean time, nor God nor man employ his thoughts;
Intent alone, where wanton riot calls,
And giddy mirth whirls the distemper'd brain
From its due poise, in the intemp'rate bowl
All other cares he whelms. Nor God nor man
Employ his thoughts: Festivity's the god,

At whose alluring shrine the suppliant bends.
And while, 'midst pleasure's fascinating charms,
He drains nectareous draughts, though at his gate
The child of poverty and famine kneel,
Though, with uplifted hands, he faintly crave
The scanty gleanings of the splendid board,
E'en the poor pittance is denied. In vain
He supplicates. His earnest cries are spurn'd
By the proud vassals of their sensual lord;
And he himself, unfriended and forlorn,
With many a stripe, and many a bitter taunt,
As if harsh Nature had disclaim'd him, chac'd
From the licentious mansion.—Abject wretch!
Is this the tribute thou to God return'st?
To Him who on thy favor'd head hath show'r'd
His choicest gifts? And but for whom, thyself
Had been e'en like the outcast, whom thy pride
Spurns from thy threshold? Yet howe'er thou seem'st
'Bove him exalted, though, while famine writhes
His rueful face, and the bleak chilling rain
Drenches his naked limbs, thy happier soul
Revel in plenitude of earthly bliss,
Remember still, one is the common Lord,
Parent of all: His righteous eye on all
Looks down impartial; no distinction knows,
Save that which unaffected virtue makes.

Thou God of Goodness hear thy suppliant's pray'r!

Deep in the living tablet of the heart
Imprint the grateful sense! To Thy behests
Creation bows; through all her fertile range
Subjected bows. When from his mother earth
Thou called'st man to life, the last, but best
Of all Thy works, not in a desart waste
Did'st Thou then place him, nor defenceless leave
The offspring of Thy plastic hand. E'en then
The sun and moon, and all the starry host
Bedeck'd th' ethereal concave. Then for him
The earth had teem'd; from her prolific womb
Had pour'd, whatever to the taste or eye
Could minister delight, herb, flow'r, and fruit,
And flocks and herds in countless tribes. E'en then
For him, with food replete, and circumscrib'd
By Thy restraining arm, the turbid waves
Of ocean roll'd, exhaustless source of wealth.
And lest the congregated waters, bound
In torpid lethargy, should o'er the world
Infectious putrefaction shed, in ebb
And flow perpetual, by the lunar orb
Controul'd, Thou didst appoint their restless course.
Thus through the liquid realms, that vital breath,
Which to the ocean's scaly sons Thou gav'st,
Was foster'd and invigorated. Thus,
By the perturbed motions of the deep,
Enliv'ning breezes purg'd the grosser air,
To the faint globe imparting vivid health,

Nor less, Eternal Father, than at first,
Doth Nature now attest Thy boundless sway,
Thy boundless mercy. As by Thee all things
Were form'd, by Thee the system is maintain'd;
By Thee, that harmony which first attun'd
Creation's floating spheres, is still preserv'd.

If while the mind, in meditation rapt,
Travels through Nature's complicated range,
Some mysteries appear, which the scant line
Of man can't fathom; if there be a point,
Where e'en a Newton feels the glowing thought
Check'd in its deep research, shall mortals dare,
That which they cannot comprehend, arraign?
Dare in those realms, where the arrested eye
Of reason cannot stretch, raise wanton doubts
Of Heav'n's supremacy? Or when they view
What human petulence disorder deems,
Question Eternal Wisdom? Though obscure,
Though intricate the ways of Heav'n may seem,
(To him, who cannot scan the destin'd end,
Such ev'ry dispensation must appear)
A day will come when the pure rays of light
Shall dissipate the gloom; a day will come,
When the contexture of this wond'rous chain,
On which the universal fabric hangs
Suspended, shall in ev'ry part be found
Consummate harmony; and captious doubt,

Aw'd by the radiance of triumphant truth,
Shall into nothing sink. Then in the sight
Of men and angels, manifest, and clear
As the meridian sun's unclouded beam,
Jehovah's attributes shall be display'd.

Let the bold scrutinizing mind, upborne
By metaphysic's buoyant plumes, beyond
This earthly ball takes its aërial flight!
Conjecture on conjecture let it build!!
'Till like the giants, who of old (so sing
Poëtic strains) mountain on mountain pil'd,
The tow'ring thought scale Heav'n!—From such a flight,
(Ill suiting man's contracted sense,) I turn;
In the stupendous orbs above, which Thou,
The great Creator, hast ordain'd, I see
Unquestionable marks of pow'r supreme.
In the rich treasures, which Thy bounteous hand
Hath op'd for man's dependant race, I see
Mercy's bright seal—I see, and I adore.

THE

EXODUS.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.

——— Quæ vos a stirpe parentum
Prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere læto
Accipiet reduces.———

VIRGIL, Æneid, lib. III. 94.

1785.

TYRANTS, attend! Ye, who despotic reign,
Spurn not the muse's monitory strain!
Though wealth on wealth be in your coffers stor'd,
Exhaustless fund to deck the splendid board;
While round your thrones the marshall'd legions stand,
Obsequious slaves to ev'ry fell command:

Though thus, in all the pomp of pow'r elate,
And flush'd with dignity's imperial state,
Ye hear the captive mourn, relentless hear,
Nor give the tribute of a single tear;
See the lost widow, orphan, suppliant kneel,
Nor yet one spark of soft emotion feel;
Suspend awhile ambition's tow'ring schemes,
Pomp's vain parade, and pleasure's baseless dreams!
A moment pause! From the rich scene retire!
Let calm reflection check the loose desire!
That Pow'r who gave, if so His justice doom,
Can, in an instant, ev'ry gift resume.
When the dread terrors of His vengeance wake,
E'en empires to their very center shake:
Hurl'd from the throne, at His resistless call,
Licentious tyrants unlamented fall.
Nor doubt the awful truth. From age to age,
Recorded in the grave historian's page,
Examples stand.—O Thou the muse inspire,
Thou, who alone cans't wake the living fire!
Thy judgments, Everlasting Pow'r, I sing,
What time destruction whelm'd the ruthless king,
Egypt's obdurate Lord, who, swol'n with pride,
The mission of the God of Hosts defied.—
Four centuries had now elaps'd, yet still,
(Such the award of Heav'n's controuling will)
Israel in Egypt sojourns. Hapless tribe!
What words can fully woes like thine describe?

Oppress'd by despotism's vindictive weight,
Thy sons in vain lament their wretched state;
In vain, with streaming eye, and outstretch'd hand,
Turn the fond wish to Canaan's fertile land,
Those plains, to which, with sacred promise fraught,
The shackled slave directs the anxious thonght.
Yet more than bondage, more than all the woes
Which kings, or royal minions, can impose,
The sons of Israel mourn religion's cause,
Heav'n's long-lost rites, and violated laws.
Jehovah's name is heard no more, save where
The slave in secret breathes forbidden pray'r.
Oft, as on festal days, th' Egyptian throng
Ply the loose dance, and swell the choral song;
Or prostrate fall before the bestial shrine,
And crown their mimic gods with rites divine,
By force constrain'd, there Israel's sons attend,
Join the full orgies, at the altars bend;
The suppliant hand to senseless idols raise,
To senseless idols chaunt the note of praise;
Praise, which that Pow'r alone can justly claim,
Who form'd, who rules this universal frame.

Such Israel's state. Few rays now intervene:
Darkness still deeper shrouds the gloomy scene.
Hope, lenient monitress, which could impart
The balm of comfort to the wounded heart;

Hope, which could blunt the edge of ev'ry care,
And triumph o'er the fiends of blank despair,
Chill'd by adversity's malignant shade,
E'en Hope herself foregoes the genial aid.

For lo! A tyrant comes, whose haughty soul
No ties of gentle charity controul,
Imperious Pharaoh. He, by rancour led,
But more by fear alarm'd, by prescient dread,
Lest Israel's tribes, now formidable grown,
Hurl bold defiance at the despot's throne;
Lest, if perchance the blast of war should blow,
They breathe revenge, and join the marshall'd foe.
Hence, with suspicion's restless cares opprest,
He feels new fury shake his troubled breast.
Vengeance at length, for so the tyrant dooms,
Vengeance at length a direr form assumes.
Prompt at the fell decree, th' obsequious band
Spread wide affliction thro' the groaning land.
Toil heap'd on toil, toil with the morn begun,
Nor ended even with the setting sun,
Urges the fetter'd slave. E'en at mid-day,
When the fierce sun darts forth the sultry ray,
Or when the whirlwind sweeps along the sky,
And the parch'd dust distorts the trembling eye,
Though press'd beneath accumulated woes,
The wretch in vain solicits short repose.

O'ercome with unremitted toil, at length,
Nature no more supplies her wonted strength,
And ever and anon as the faint train
Exert the body's languid pow'rs in vain,
With many a stripe, and many a galling sneer,
The savage agents press the ling'ring rear.

Nor doth e'en this stern Pharaoh's wrath assuage:
Again suspicion kindles vengeful rage.
" Vain my attempts (the baffled tyrant cries)
" All pow'r, all threats, the sullen tribe defies.
" Though bondage be their lot, though ev'ry ill
" Which flows from tyranny's resistless will,
" Harrass the toiling slaves, what hope remains?
" Augmented numbers darken Egypt's plains.
" Henceforth exterminating wrath take place,
" 'Till ruin whelm the contumacious race!
" Hence ev'ry male, sprung from the Hebrew line,
" As soon as born, to the deep Nile consign."
He spake. The mercenary bands obey;
Rush thro' the land, and seize their helpless prey.
The yearning mother, with distraction wild,
Clasps to her throbbing breast th' unconscious child;
While the torn heart, with keenest anguish bleeds,
In vain the agonizing parent pleads.
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor e'en thy softer charm,
Sweet innocence, arrests th' uplifted arm.

" Where's now (they cry) the saving hand of Heav'n;
" O where the promise now so firmly giv'n,
" That Israel's sons, redeem'd from Egypt's chains,
" Again should dwell in Canaan's blissful plains?
" That Judah thence, with wealth and empire crown'd,
" Should reign supreme to earth's remotest bound?
" Fir'd by the prospect, while on ev'ry side,
" Adversity pours fourth her sable tide;
" While storms, with unabated fury urge,
" We brave the tempest, stem the foaming surge.
" But now, alas! the animating view,
" Which erst reflected freedom's chearful hue,
" Flies, like a dream, when the dun shades of night
" Vanish before the morning's dawning light.
" In the rapacious flood, day after day,
" Remorseless death receives his infant prey.
" As the majestic oak, which late outspread
" The branching honours of his regal head,
" Scath'd to the center by the livid flame,
" Exhibits now a wither'd, sapless frame;
" The parent thus, each fairer prospect crost,
" Each elevating hope for ever lost,
" In silence droops. That thought, which could assuage
" The ling'ring mis'ries of declining age,
" For ever takes its flight. Deep in the heart
" Despair hath lodg'd the immedicable dart."
And dar'st thou thus, dim-sighted, froward man,
Presumptuous question Heav'n's all-righteous plan?

Dar'st thou, thus diffident, because forlorn,
Arraign the promise with o'erweening scorn?
Henceforth be dumb! Whate'er Jehovah wills,
In its due time, Jehovah's pow'r fulfills.

While Israel mourns, nor sees a ray of light
Break thro' the shades of overwhelming night,
From the dark stream, to whose insatiate bed
All comfort seem'd irrevocably fled,
E'en from the fatal bosom of the Nile,
Returning freedom darts the auspicious smile.
The delegated child, by Heav'n design'd,
To purge the mists of error from the mind,
To counteract the tyrant's lawless sway,
And rescue from his grasp the trembling prey,
Beside the Memphian stream, in sedge enclos'd,
The delegated infant lies expos'd.
Thrice had the silver moon fill'd either horn,
So long the parents, desolate, forlorn,
To privacy's sequester'd shades repair,
And shield their tender pledge with pious care.
Oft as, with glist'ning eye, the parents trace
Their own resemblance in the blooming face,
Or to the future turn the ardent thought,
And form the man, with ev'ry virtue fraught,
Spite of the tyrant's edict, Nature reigns;
Superior still, her sacred pow'r maintains.

Themselves, at length, lest Pharaoh's roaming bands
Should seize the victim with unhallow'd hands,
Their infant take, and, wrapt in verdant sedge,
To Heav'n's protection give the tender pledge.
Nor distant far, observant of the fates,
With wistful look the zealous sister * waits;
Silent she stands, and strains th' attentive eye,
If chance she can propitious aid descry.
Lo! on the instant (for the god of day
Now darted from his orb the torrid ray)
Thermutis † comes. Oft, 'midst the noon-tide heat,
The royal virgin sought this cool retreat;
Accustom'd here, in the refreshing flood,
To check the fervor of the throbbing blood.
And, as she turns her eyes around, she sees,
Where the light oziers tremble in the breeze,
The rushy ark. Straight her attendants bring
The outcast victim of th' unfeeling King.
All wept the infant's fate. Above the rest,
Compassion glow'd in fair Thermutis' breast:
Though well she knew, what ills attend on those
Who dare her father's rigid law oppose,
Humanity prevail'd; her stronger plea
Controuls the purpose of the fell decree.
The charms of innocence, the fond embrace,
The smiles depicted on the artless face,

* Miriam. † The name given by Josephus to Pharaoh's daughter.

The thought of what th' unhappy parents bear,
Doom'd thus to sacrifice their infant heir,
All these at once, in union firm combin'd,
Resistless sway the sympathizing mind.
Nor pity only doth the virgin feel;
Her bosom glows with more substantial zeal.
By Miriam's tutelary hand convey'd,
Th' exulting mother, from the royal maid,
Receives the precious trust. 'Tis hers to guard,
With more than common care, the tender ward.
Nor is it her inhospitable doom,
To fly to privacy's sequester'd gloom,
Or, 'midst the terrors of the watchful foe,
To lead a life of unremitted woe;
And feel, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Suspicion on the harrass'd spirits prey.
To Egypt's court, where tyrant Pharaoh reigns,
(So Heav'n's disposing providence ordains)
She takes her rescued son: secure e'en there,
Fosters her infant with maternal care.
A princess deigns, all dignity forgot,
To counteract the victim's destin'd lot:
Though the first honour of the Memphian throne,
Deigns to adopt a stranger for her own.

Hence Moses*, such the name he now assum'd,
Sav'd from that fate to which he erst was doom'd,

* The word Moses, in the Egyptian language, signifies one who has been drawn out of the water.

Grew rich in grace. From her mysterious stores,
Science to him her copious tribute pours.
She gives, with nice discriminating eye,
To trace the wonders of the spangled sky;
To mark the primary, controuling force,
And ascertain the planets' devious course;
Or, skill'd in magic, by the potent sound,
To call the spirit from the dark profound;
And thence, by incantation's mystic spell,
Recount the past, the coming fates foretell.
Yet here, 'midst learning's scientific cares,
Religion her celestial portion shares.
Oft as the slaves of arbitrary pow'r
To faithful converse give the private hour,
Amram each moment grasps. The zealous sire
Enflames the youthful breast with nobler fire.
Lest, sooth'd by pleasure's fascinating bait,
Allur'd by royalty's resplendent state,
The alien youth desert his country's cause,
And, for a tyrant's, spurn Jehovah's laws,
Before his son th' enraptur'd father lays
The brighter annals of preceding days;
What time the Lord of Hosts, auspicious guide,
Dispell'd all terror, ev'ry want supplied.
" Though dark the scene, though Israel now desponds,
" Press'd by the weight of ignominious bonds,
" Be firm, my child! In conscious virtue bold,
" With steady step the hallow'd purpose hold!

" O let not empire, wealth, or pleasure's charm,
" Lull the fond soul, and ev'ry pow'r disarm!
" He who in Heav'n's supernal King confides,
" That King, whose ruling arm o'er all presides,
" Braves the fierce menace of insulting foes:
" Fearing * his God, no other fear he knows.
" Be this thy adamantine shield; the Lord
" Inviolate will keep His holy word.
" The God, whom happier Israel erst obey'd,
" To whom, e'en now, the fervent vow is paid,
" To whom, though bow'd beneath the weight of care,
" The suppliant slave breathes interdicted pray'r,
" That God accepts the captive's mournful cries,
" And, hearing, will in awful treror rise.
" Far 'bove the narrow ken of human sight,
" And shrouded by impenetrable light,
" Baffling the arrogance of froward man,
" Jehovah executes th' adopted plan.
" Doubt not but He, who erst the promise gave,
" Will, with o'ershadowing arm, His people save;
" Will yet, array'd in terror's direst form,
" O'er Egypt pour the desolating storm.
" E'en in thy self (stupendous, gracious theme!)
" Snatch'd from the bosom of the fatal stream,
" Thus rescued, and with high precedence grac'd,
" Midst Egypt's Lords, the first in honour plac'd.

* Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n' ai point d' autre crainte.
RACINE's Athaliah.

" E'en in thy self, thus wonderfully freed,
" Jehovah's pow'r, Jehovah's mercy read!
" Read and adore! O let the thought controul
" The low suggestions of the pliant soul!
" Though stern authority vindictive frown,
" Arm'd with the terrors of the Memphian crown,
" Be 't thine, to vindicate a nation's cause,
" Assert her rights, and guard her injur'd laws!
" Be 't thine, my son, unmov'd by hostile force,
" To keep religion's consecrated course!
" And O, may Israel's God, propitious guide,
" Thy soul confirm, o'er all thy steps preside!
" May Israel's God thy ev'ry thought befriend!
" To Him, and Him alone, submissive bend."—
Thus spake the anxious parent; deep imprest,
The admonition fir'd the youthful breast;
Taught him to feel religion's purest flame,
And shield Jehovah's violated name.

At length th' elected child, to manhood grown,
Though royalty adopts him for her own,
Though pleasure, pomp, and all the charms which wait
On opulence, or empire's gorgeous state,
Spread their soft blandishments, e'en at the age
When the fierce passions burn with tenfold rage,
When in the bosom dissolute desire
Awakens lust, and lights the wanton fire,

The son of Amram spurns the regal prize;
From the rich scene the zealous hero flies,
And dwells 'mongst Israel's sons. Resign'd he bears
The servile yoke, and ev'ry burthen shares.
Rather than violate Jehovah's trust,
And live the pamper'd slave of sordid lust,
He quits th' Egyptian court, and, undismay'd,
Seeks poverty's inhospitable shade.
There, with the shackled captive doom'd to bow,
The son of Amram durst his faith avow,
And vindicate his God. What time he saw
The savage minister of Pharaoh's law
Insult a slave, with brave resentment warm,
'Gainst the stern lord he rais'd the vengeful arm.
Hence forc'd to fly; for now, with wrath enflam'd,
Pharaoh the bold offender's life proclaim'd;
In shepherd's garb, amidst the Arabian swains,
He tends the flock upon the Midian plains.
As chance, in search of cool refreshing shade,
Far in the desart's winding vale he stray'd,
He came near Horeb's sacred mount. Anon,
Jehovah's Majesty conspicuous shone.
Lo! from a bush, in many a radiant spire,
Shot forth uninterrupted flames of fire:
Though wrapt in flames, entire the bush remains;
Unscorch'd, its wonted verdure yet retains.
Moses approach'd; aw'd by the wond'rous sight,
With dubious step, approach'd the streaming light.

From the bright flames, in all his pow'r confess'd,
The living God his servant thus address'd :—
" No nearer come! within this secret bound,
" Thou tread'st Jehovah's consecrated ground.
" I am thy God; that all-pervading Lord
" Whom Israel's faithful patriarchs erst ador'd;
" The God who now o'er Israel's race presides;
" Whose out-stretch'd arm defends, whose counsel guides.
" Affliction's poignant cry, the heart-felt groan
" Of deep distress, have reach'd th' ethereal throne.
" I come, their guide, their tutelary God,
" T' avenge their cause, and break the tyrant's rod;
" To lead my people forth to those blest plains
" Where freedom dwells, and plenty ever reigns,
" Even to Canaan's fields, that blissful seat,
" By ancient promise doom'd their safe retreat.
" Be thou the herald of the grand design!
" To thee that gracious office I assign.
" Hence to the Memphian court, and there relate
" To Egypt's king the op'ning scheme of fate!
" There, in the name of Him, that Pow'r above,
" From whom all things exist, in whom they move,
" Plead Israel's cause! The tyrant, well I know,
" Will with re-doubled indignation glow;
" Yet fear not thou—dismiss the vain alarm!
" Beneath the umbrage of Jehovah's arm
" Thou shalt unhurt remain. Wide o'er the land,
" In various forms, at my supreme command,

" Dire pestilence shall walk his baleful round,
" And blast with terror the devoted ground.
" Pharaoh at last, who, swoll'n with impious pride,
" All pow'r on earth, all pow'r in heav'n defied,
" Pharaoh at length shall yield.—But, lest thou deem
" Jehovah's presence here an empty dream,
" Conviction now receive.—Throw down thy rod;
" That will evince the ever-living God."
He spake.—The rod, with vital spirit fraught,
Portentous change! a serpent's figure caught.
Anon, the touch all vital strength repress'd;
The rod again its former shape possess'd.
" Take this, (th' Almighty said,) and should distress,
" Should Pharaoh's harsh decrees on Israel press,
" Be this thy confidence, thy sure resource—
" The potent rod will break tyrannic force;
" Will draw down ample vengeance from above,
" Thy words confirm, thy holy mission prove."

Moses, thus warn'd, retires. Yet dubious still,
Though thus reveal'd Jehovah's gracious will,
He trembles at the arduous task; alarm'd,
Lest the weak fault'ring tongue, by fear disarm'd,
Betray the solemn trust. From nature meek,
E'en upon trivial themes unapt to speak;
Whence could he hope, 'midst Egypt's haughty lords,
To sooth the tyrant with persuasive words?

At Horeb's mount (where God vouchsaf'd t' appear,
And converse held with the appointed seer)
Aaron his brother meets: in utt'rance bold,
Him the Almighty destines to unfold
The solemn charge. And first, to Israel's race
They ope the system of celestial grace:
Strength to th' exhausted soul their words dispense,
And arm with faith the fluctuating sense.
Nor brooks th' important business long delay,
Instant to Pharaoh's court they bend their way:
In Pharaoh's presence, with undaunted look,
Invoking heav'n, the sacred herald spoke:—
" Of Hebrew lineage sprung, to thee, O King,
" The high behests of Israel's God we bring.
" His chosen sons, from their own plains expell'd,
" In abject servitude by thee are held.
" Their God commands, that hence they now retire,
" And in the desart wake the altar's fire;
" That there to Him, their Lord, in whom they live,
" They now the tributary homage give.
" Spurn not our words! that Pow'r to whom we bend
" Will, with unerring arms, His sons defend."

" Think not, (the monarch cried,) by vain parade
" Of specious words, my judgments to evade.
" Your God we know not, and his pow'r disclaim;
" Be 't yours to venerate th' ideal name.

" When Pharaoh's breast with indignation glows,
" What mortal arm shall dare his wrath oppose?
" Who dares, a victim falls; swept from the world,
" And to the nether shades of darkness hurl'd.
" Here, for so stands my purpose, fix'd as fate,
" Shall Israel's wayward tribes in bondage wait;
" Until, exhausted by incessant toil,
" Cut off for ever from their native soil,
" They bend obsequious to the Memphian throne;
" Own me their king, and homage me alone."

Proud Pharaoh thus.—When lo! (such heav'n's command,)
Aaron threw down the wonder-working wand.
Straight, to a serpent's figure chang'd, he breathes,
Erects his chest, and rolls his glitt'ring wreaths.
Pharaoh, abash'd, invokes the magic seers—
A serpent every magic rod appears.
But short the triumph, when frail mortals dare
Against th' Almighty wage presumptuous war.
The rod of Aaron, with rapacious force,
Amidst his rivals winds his baneful course;
Nor rests, 'till, buried in the victor's womb,
Each magic serpent meets his fatal doom.
The tyrant king inflexible remains:
Obdurate still, all fealty disdains.

Horror be now the theme.—Destruction wakes:
From her wide urn o'er all the land she shakes

Vindictive pestilence. The Nile no more
With rich abundance laves the fertile shore;
Each lake and pool, and ev'ry tainted flood,
Sway'd by the rod of Moses, teems with blood.
Lo! where, exhausted by the fervent ray,
The listless cattle from their pastures stray,
And seek the well-known stream—alas! in vain;
No draught allays the fever's burning pain.
No more the waters vital pow'r supply;
In countless shoals the scaly tenants die.
Infection spreads, and, from her humid wings,
Wide through the air the mortal poison flings.
Seven days the plague remains. Yet Pharaoh spurns
Th' attested mission, and with rancour burns.
Moses again his potent arm outspread—
From the prolific river's slimy bed
Myriads of frogs arise. In dread array
The legions march, and dim the face of day.
Around the bridal bed, at the rich board,
With luxury's voluptuous treasures stor'd,
E'en in the tyrant's palace, where, so late,
Loose pleasure reign'd in all the pride of state,
*The loath'd intruders swarm. Next from the sand,
Pregnant with life, throughout the guilty land
Infectious vermin rankle. Hosts of flies,
Arm'd with sharp stings, in ev'ry quarter rise,

* Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loath'd intrusion.———MILTON, Par. Lost, b. xii. 177.

Save Goshen's plains; discriminating grace
Shields the blest spot, and fosters Israel's race.

Anon, on flocks and herds, and all the train
Which, form'd for man, tenant the sylvan plain,
Contagion lights. The animated steed
*Loaths the full pasture of the verdant mead:
Cold sweat bedews his limbs, the chest distends,
†And the long sob his inmost bowels rends:
Prostrate he falls, and dies. The faithful steer,
Whose labour oft with plenty crown'd the year,
Enervate droops, and to the shades of death
Unprofitably yields his parting breath.

Nor yet alone 'mong beasts the plague prevails;
Man next the pestilential storm assails.
Ulcers and boils, in one continued sore,
Through the distracted frame contagion pour.
Med'cine in vain its varied pow'r applies;
The noisome pestilence all skill defies.
The magic seers, spite of their boasted art,
E'en to themselves no lenient aid impart.
But still amidst these scenes of dire distress,
On Israel's chosen sons no troubles press.

* ——————————— immemor herbæ
Victor equus.——————— VIRGIL, Georg. lib. iii. 498.

† ——————————— imaque longo
Ilia singultu tendunt.——— VIRGIL, Georg. lib. iii. 506.

Their flocks, unconscious of the baneful change,
Securely through the peaceful valley range;
Untouch'd, their oxen ply th' accustom'd toil,
Break the hard glebe, and renovate the soil.
Themselves, from pestilential fury free,
Bend to their guardian God the suppliant knee.

While thus the kingdom, to its utmost verge,
The terrors of almighty vengeance scourge,
The tyrant shakes with fear; for magic aid,
His firm resource, is now in vain essay'd.
But what can quench ambition's proud desire?
E'en disappointment kindles stronger fire.
Like clouds, which in a moment pass away,
Melting before the sun's meridian ray,
His fears are soon dispell'd. His breast again
Burns with the flame of arrogant disdain.

Anon, the livid streams of lightning glare,
Convulsive thunder rends the conscious air:
From the wide op'ning sky, like iron balls,
Reiterated hail on Egypt falls;
Hail, mix'd with flames; in many a gleaming train,
Shoots the quick fire, and runs along the plain.
Nor tree nor house, so strong the tempest beats,
Nor tree nor house afford secure retreats.
The oak no more, with out-stretch'd arms display'd,
To the faint herd dispenses cooling shade;

The storm hath scath'd his venerable brow,
And sever'd from his trunk the spreading bough.
Transfix'd with poignant grief, the peasant stands;
Sees desolation o'er his blasted lands
Gigantic sweep: Where, but the day before,
Fond fancy treasur'd up the copious store;
Where herb and tree, with rich luxuriance crown'd,
So late bedeck'd the variegated ground;
There now the eye no grateful verdure chears;
On ev'ry side a dreary waste appears.

Moses, at length, for grace and mercy pleads.
The storm is hush'd, a gentle calm succeeds;
But short its date; for, as his fears subside,
The tyrant burns with renovated pride.
Swift as the sever'd waves in union join,
Where the keel form'd the momentary line;
As the faint track, mark'd by the arrow's flight,
Which, in a moment, 'scapes the keenest sight;
So soon his fears subside—mere idle wind,
Which passeth by, nor leaves a trace behind.
As if the God of Israel ne'er had hurl'd
His righteous thunder o'er a guilty world,
Sooth'd by the incense of the flatt'ring herd,
Imperious Pharaoh scorns Jehovah's word.

From the contagious east, all day, all night,
O'er Egypt shedding pestilential blight,

The tempest blows. Scarce had the solar ray,
Through heav'n's expanse, announc'd the orient day,
Like a dark cloud, which, sweeping from the main,
Pours devastation o'er the delug'd plain,
Rapacious locusts wing their flight. Whate'er
The thunder, fire, and hail had deign'd to spare,
The greedy spoilers seize; nor herb, nor flow'r,
Nor stately tree, escape the noxious pow'r.
As where the drifted sands in whirlwinds fly,
Parch'd by the fervor of the torrid sky,
The desart regions, seat of want and woe,
No vestige of prolific influence shew;
Such Egypt is: a solitary wild,
A waste, where genial nature never smil'd.
And, dire completion, with expanded wings,
From her drear cell incumbent darkness springs,
And broods o'er Egypt. Three succeeding days
The shrouded sun withdraws his wonted rays.
In the wide circuit of th' ethereal sphere,
Three tedious nights, nor moon nor stars appear.
The watchful shepherd, while his flock he tends,
Oft tow'rds the eastern goal expectant bends;
Hour after hour o'er the envelop'd lawn
Points the strain'd eye, and chides the tardy dawn;
But chides in vain. From the meridian height,
Though the sun now should dart effulgent light,
(As when through heav'n night's denser vapors roll,)
E'en darkness palpable enshrouds the pole.

Meantime, bewilder'd by the thwarting shade,
From the known pasture flocks and herds had stray'd.
Here, the deep torrent intercepts their way,
And in its gulph involves th' unconscious prey;
There, down the precipice, whose rugged brow
Tremendous frowns upon the vale below,
Whole herds are whelm'd; the glory of the plain,
The boasted treasure of the sylvan swain.
As through the desolate and bleak domains,
Where, six revolving moons, chill darkness reigns,
Pent in the confines of their narrow cell,
Exil'd from life's prime bliss, the chearless natives dwell:
Th' Egyptians thus, by heav'n's severe award,
Of ev'ry social intercourse debarr'd,
And, plung'd in night's impenetrable gloom,
(All toil suspended,) mourn their hapless doom.
The outcast pleads in vain, in vain implores;
Fear bars the known, once hospitable doors.
The venerable sire, whose languid frame
Scarce feels the impulse of the vital flame,
Neglected groans. No lenient friends assuage
The complicated woes of helpless age;
And, spite of nature's iterated cries,
The trembling infant unassisted lies.
Fain would the mother (ev'ry want suppress'd)
Breathe the soft slumber o'er the troubled breast!
Fruitless her zeal.—The deep involving shade
Thwarts the fond wish, and checks maternal aid.

While thus the shades of midnight overwhelm,
E'en to the extremest bound, the impious realm,
The tribes of Israel stand secure.— By day,
Th' unclouded sun emits his wonted ray;
From heav'n's wide arch, the moon and stars, by night,
Shed the mild influence of serener light.

Nine times, in desolation's form array'd,
Jehovah now His judgments had display'd;
Yet all are scorn'd; no judgments can assuage
The stubborn purpose of the despot's rage.
Though scarce a gleam of flatt'ring hope remain,
Though through the land appalling famine reign,
Inflexible in guilt's adopted path,
Indignant Pharaoh spurns Jehovah's wrath.
And shall celestial justice check its plan,
Aw'd by the puny arm of froward man?
Shall vengeance throw th' uplifted bolt aside,
Arrested by the threats of regal pride?
Vain thought! Though late the fatal bolt be sped,
Perdition will o'erwhelm th' offender's head.
That mercy, which so oft had interpos'd
For guilty Egypt, is for ever clos'd.
The storm of direr horror takes her place,
And breaks tremendous on the harden'd race.

'Twas night, and, through the land, oblivious sleep
O'er the exhausted sense began to creep.

In darkness shrouded, from th' ethereal height
Th' exterminating angel takes his flight;
Dread delegate of Israel's injur'd Lord,
In his right hand he bears th' attesting sword,
And smites th' Egyptian realm. Rous'd by the cries,
The groans, which now from ev'ry quarter rise,
Pharaoh starts up alarm'd, and sees, dire sight!
His son consign'd to death's eternal night,
His eldest son, the parent's pleasing care,
Pride of his life, and Egypt's boasted heir.
Unseen the hand which gives the mortal wound,
Life's ebbing current streams upon the ground.
Nor mourn'd the king alone:—through all the land,
Cut off by heav'n's exterminating hand,
E'en from the palace to the rural shed,
Egypt's first born, Jehovah's victims, bled—
First-born of man and beast. Heaps of the slain
Strew ev'ry field, and cover ev'ry plain.
But O! what words can paint the dire affright,
Or match the horrors of the fatal night?
Amidst the judgments, from Jehovah pour'd,
In attestation dread of Israel's Lord,
Though of life's animating joys bereft,
When scarce a gleam of flatt'ring hope was left,
The parent, (in misfortune's darkest hour,
So strong, O Nature! thy sustaining pow'r,)
Blest by the presence of her darling child,
E'en then the parent ev'ry fear beguil'd.

Where now, sad change! where can the suff'rer find
Assuaging comfort to the wounded mind?
For ever lost is he who could allay
Life's varied ills, chase ev'ry care away;
In whom, when fortune smil'd, the parent found
Her happier lot with two-fold blessings crown'd.
Pierc'd with the agonies of dumb despair,
The mother sinks upon her bleeding heir.
Amidst the general carnage of the night,
No terrors on the tribe of Israel light.
Aw'd by the sprinkled blood, which mark'd the place,
(Discriminating sign of heav'nly grace,)
From them, in mercy's milder form array'd,
The angel turns aside the reeking blade.

To what superior arm, O God, save thine,
Can man such desolating pow'r assign?
Or what, save thy benignant, guardian care,
Can, in the midst of public carnage, spare?
Conscious of this, and overwhelm'd with dread,
Lest heavier judgments strike th' offender's head,
The tyrant yields, convenes the rev'rend seers,
And, trembling, thus unfolds his gloomy fears:—
" From Egypt's confines take your destin'd way,
" Pharaoh no more displays tyrannic sway.
" Your God, that God who shakes the Memphian throne,
" Him now Almighty I vouchsafe to own.

" Hence with your flocks and herds, e'en all your train,
" And bends your steps towards th' appointed plain!
" There, as religion's institutes require,
" Upon the altar wake the sacred fire.
" The Deity, in whom your tribes confide,
" Be He your health, your tutelary guide.
" And as to Him ye bend the suppliant knee,
" Amidst your fervent vows, forget not me."

Thus Pharaoh spake, and straight, blest sound to hear,
The note of freedom struck the ravish'd ear.
Rescued from servitude's oppressive chains,
The sons of Israel croud the hated plains;
Eager to leave the tyrant's dire abode,
And once again adore the living God.
Nor with less zeal (this is their last resource)
Th' Egyptians quicken their intended course.
From ev'ry part they come; (so Heav'n's controul
Softens the fierceness of the hostile soul)
They come; and, from their secret stores, produce
Whate'er can tend to ornament or use;
Treasures of gold, and vests of various dye
They bring; and freely Israel's wants supply.
All now compleat, while joy fires ev'ry heart,
From Egypt's realm the num'rous bands depart.
E'en a whole nation moves in long array,
And to the desart take their destin'd way.

Though through the Philistèan kingdom runs
A nearer tract, forewarn'd, that Israel shuns;
Lest loose idolatry's alluring charm,
With softer blandishments, the mind disarm;
Un-nerve the soul, and from the hallow'd law,
In pleasure's form, its better hopes withdraw;
Or lest, by formidable hosts enclos'd,
And inexpert themselves, to war expos'd,
They backward turn, at death's distracting thought,
Preferring life, although with freedom bought.
Hence through the wilderness, as Heav'n decreed,
In long array th' exulting tribes proceed:
And with them (at the prescient hour of death,
So will'd the aged seer's departing breath)
Are carried Joseph's bones. By Heav'n inspir'd,
With freedom's animating prospect fir'd,
The distant time the rev'rend seer foresaw,
When Israel should from Egypt's realm withdraw.

Nor absent is their God. A cloud by day,
Preceding, ascertains th' appointed way;
A pillar of celestial fire by night
Around their tents sheds tutelary light.
At length to Migdol Moses leads the host,
Where the deep stream laves the Arabian coast;
There they encamp.—Meantime the tyrant's breast,
(So soon the dread of judgment is suppress)

Glows with revenge. " Shall Pharaoh then (he cried)
" By Israel rebel tribes be thus defied?
" A dastard host of contumelious slaves
" Spurns my supremacy, my vengeances braves.
" Shall Egypt's King submit, and let foul shame
" Blast the fair honours of his royal name?
" No.—Perish all, victims to Pharaoh's rage,
" Who dare presumptuous war 'gainst Egypt wage.—
" Fortune no more the sanguine hope beguiles;
" Prompt to our wish, the partial goddess smiles.
" Near the deep stream encamp'd, the tribes afford
" An easy prey to Egypt's thirsty sword.
" And shall we, summon'd by benignant fate,
" Though thus dishonour'd, still inactive wait?
" Forbid it shame. Prepare the martial car,
" Range the swift steeds, and pour the tide of war.
" Nought can wipe off the stains of foul disgrace,
" Save the extinction of the sullen race."

Thus spake the tyrant.—All approve the doom;
Gird on the sword, and shake the crested plume.
Revenge inspires the threat'ning band, but more
The keen remembrance of their golden store;
The gifts which they on Israel's sons bestow'd,
The raging breast with tenfold fury goad.
Fir'd by the prospect of unbounded prey,
The marshall'd troops advance in firm array.

Thron'd in his car, stern Pharaoh takes the lead:
E'en now anticipates the glorious deed;
E'en now, in fond imagination lost,
Returns triumphant o'er the routed host.

Through Israel's camp th' alarming tidings spread,
And overwhelm the soul with gloomy dread.
In ev'ry quarter blank despair appears;
Indignant murmurs next bespeak their fears.
" Is this the boasted freedom, this the prize,
" For which from Egypt's tyrant Israel flies?
" In front, the sea displays its foaming surge;
" Behind, the sanguinary legions urge.
" What arm can counteract the fatal blow?
" Who rescue Israel from the vengeful foe?
" Far better fate in bondage to remain,
" And groan beneath oppression's galling chain,
" Than perish thus, whelm'd in the closing flood,
" Or dye the hostile plain with sacred blood."—

And, dar'st thou thus, presumptuous Israel, vent
The bold surmise of peevish discontent?
Dar'st thou, precipitate, that God disown,
Whose judgments aw'd the monarch's tott'ring throne?
That God, who oft, for Israel's tribes, display'd
Th' attesting wonders of supernal aid?
Think'st thou, that He, aw'd by the arm of man,
Will abrogate redemption's gracious plan?

Who rests beneath Jehovah's out-stretch'd wings,
May brave the menace of opposing Kings.

And lo! the sable cloud, (auspicious sign!)
Which kept the foot from error's devious line,
Moves to the rear; and, lest the foe pursue,
With thwarting gloom obscures the baffled view,
Yet still, amidst night's dark and low'ring shades,
The camp of Israel genial light pervades.
Moses towards the sea extends his rod,
The potent symbol of th' inspiring God.
From the bleak east all night the tempest beats:
Backward all night th' arrested sea retreats.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, 'midst the wide flood,
Whose waves, like * crystal walls, collected stood,
Dry land appears. Onward the trepid host
Securely pass, and gain the adverse coast.
Nor linger Pharaoh's bands. Swift o'er the plain,
The chariots roll towards the sever'd main.
And now, anticipating full success,
Through the deep gulph th' imbattled legions press.
Once more the son of Amram suppliant bends,
And o'er the parted waves his rod extends.
By Heav'n impell'd, on Israel's vaunting foes,
With dreadful crash the confluent waters close.
Dread proof what judgments on the impious wait;
Not one escapes exterminating fate.

* Between two crystal walls.—Paradise Lost. Book XII. l. 196.

Thus rescued from the tyrant's out-stretch'd hand,
Around their chief the tribes of Israel stand.
He, Heav'n's avenging delegate confest,
Thus speaks the feelings of a grateful breast.
(And, as to God he pours the strain divine,
In the triumphal song the people join.)

" To Thee, Eternal Pow'r, my voice I raise;
" To Thee, Almighty, swell the note of praise.
" Thou art my strength and rock. To Thee belong
" Th' exalted honors of the public song.
" When the stern foe, flush'd with imperial pride,
" The terrors of celestial wrath defied;
" When, trusting in the arm of human aid,
" 'Gainst Heav'n his swelling banners he display'd;
" As the swift flame, urg'd by the driving blast,
" Burns the light stubble of the desart waste,
" Thus, Lord, Thy vengeance seiz'd th' arrested prey,
" Swept in a moment from the face of day.

" Through Egypt rushing, with tremendous bound,
" The chariots roll'd, and shook the trembling ground.
" High 'midst the rest, like an exalted God,
" In his proud car the crested monarch rode.
" Revenge, revenge, the froward warriors cry,
" While sparks of triumph flash from ev'ry eye.
" E'en now, exulting at the glorious scene,
" The copious harvest of the field they glean.

" For what, when Egypt's martial lords pursue,
" What can preserve the dastard, servile crew?
" Perdition whelm their host, nor leave a trace,
" A single vestige of the rebel race!
" That all may hence the Gods of Egypt own,
" And bow submissive to the Memphian throne.
" Presumptuous threat! Where's now the tyrant's boast?
" O where the triumphs of the crested host?
" Chariots and horse, the flow'r of Pharaoh's pride,
" Lie whelm'd for ever in the closing tide.

" Among the gods, what deity shall dare
" His strength with Thine, Eternal Lord, compare?
" What arm, what potent arm, O Lord, save Thine,
" Can the deep waters of the sea disjoin?
" What pow'r, save Thine, the sever'd waves controul,
" And bid them in their wonted channels roll?
" Thine be the praise.—Nor ends the triumph here:
" Edom's proud dukes now shake with conscious fear.
" The troubled Nile, in whose voracious womb
" Israel's first-born once met their mortal doom,
" Mourns his aspiring hopes for ever fled,
" And tears the tresses from his azure head.
" Where Arnon from thy mountains, Gilead, springs,
" And to the *briny sea its tribute brings,
" Through ev'ry district now, wide spreading fame
" Attests the glories of Jehovah's name.

* The Dead Sea, said to be particularly impregnated with salt.

" Aw'd by the wonders of His vengeful arm,
" Gigantic Moab feels the dread alarm,
" And shrinks from Israel's rescued tribes: at length,
" Owns the frail impotence of human strength.
" E'en now, from Araby, where th' eastern ray
" Sheds on the skirting hills the dawn of day,
" To where the sea, with circumscribing waves,
" The western coast of fertile Egypt laves,
" The Kings of Canaan, through her hundred states,
" Hear the dire summons of impending fates.
" They hear, and tremble lest their wrested throne,
" Transferr'd to Israel, alien monarchs own.

" When o'er th' apostate nations of the world,
" The terrors of Thy wrath, O Lord, are hurl'd,
" Who may abide the storm? What mortal force
" Can check the shaft in its unerring course?
" At Thy dread bidding, from her secret stores,
" Nature her complicated vengeance pours.
" Through the wide portals of the angry sky,
" Exterminating bolts of thunder fly;
" The livid lightning darts along the plain,
" Blasting the labours of th' affrighted swain;
" Or from the bosom of the troubled deep
" The waters rush with unresisted sweep;
" Anon, flocks, herds, and buildings fall a prey,
" By the wide-wasting torrent swept away.

" These, everliving Lord, Thy pow'r attest:
" On them th' Almighty's signet is imprest.
" At Thy behests they rush; at Thy command,
" Scatter perdition o'er a guilty land.
" But far, O far from Israel's happier seat,
" May these Thy judgments, Awful Pow'r, retreat!
" Ever, as now, in mercy's milder form,
" From Israel's sons avert the low'ring storm!

" As the bold * eagle, to th' ethereal height,
" With unreverted eye, directs his flight,
" And on his pinions, far from danger's snares,
" Far from the spoiler's grasp, his callow offspring bears;
" Thus, Lord, when dangers threat, in stern array,
" When adverse pow'rs their warring hosts display,
" Thus shield Thy chosen race! O thus preside!
" Safe thro' the storms of war, Thy rescued people guide!

" And ye, ye tribes, whom Heav'n's parental care
" Hath, in the midst of wrath, vouchsaf'd to spare;
" For whom Jehovah's self vindictive stood,
" And whelm'd the tyrant in the closing flood,
" Deep on the tablet of the heart engrave
" Jehovah's name! His arm alone could save:
" His word alone could bid the waves subside,
" And on the foe recall the sever'd tide.

* Deuteronomy, chap. xxxii. ver. 11.

" The God of Israel breaks your servile chains,
" And points to Canaan's hospitable plains;
" Luxuriant Canaan, where, with lavish hand,
" Spontaneous nature crowns the teeming land.
" If plenty, and the varied joys which wait
" On sacred freedom's independent state,
" If these possessions fire the patriot breast,
" Your God adore! Be faithful, and be blest."

THE

DELUGE.

BY

JOHN ROBERTS, M. A.

1796.

THE Patriarch rescued from the general wreck
Of Nature, and a disobedient world
For foul revolt, and rebel anarchy,
Quick swallow'd in one vast and boundless deep,
I sing.

Say, sophist vain, who doubt'st if God
By wat'ry desolation burst the shell
Of earth's huge convex, why the hoary oak
And rifted pine beneath the caverns deep

Hide their proud heads? on the cloud-piercing hill,
Ossa or Pelion, why has ocean left
His produce, vermeil coral, blanched shell,
And weed? why sleeps the tyrant of the Nile,
Arm'd with thick scales, like serried plates of steel,
In dank Pannonia's marshes?—Was it chance?
Or did the rough conflicting wave unite
What clime, what nature sever'd? These sad wrecks
Shall pensive contemplation's votary trace,
And mark the awful ruin, dire effect
Of guilt and violence. Thy sons, good Seth,
No more to Abel's God their fatlings bring;
Nor temperate shepherds drink the living stream,
Which from its native rock, pure beverage, falls
In artless melody. The verdant board
Nor cress nor berries deck; luxurious art
Usurps the place of chaste simplicity
And innocence primeval. Whence that shout,
Herald of riot's orgies? from yon tent,
Profuse of all the tints gay fancy sheds,
An airy group of fair adventurers pass,
With floating robes, that from the gorgeous sun
Reflect their gallantry. From eastern Nod
This laughing bevy came; anon the lute
And timbrel's dulcet cadence floats around,
Unhallow'd minstrelsy! flowers crown their hair,
Myrtle and rose: fair to the admiring eye
They seem'd, and cast in nature's loveliest mould

Their perfect form; but all was false within,
Corrupt, lascivious; daughters they of Cain,
Outcast from God, degenerate seed of men.

With these the shepherds dalliance held: too soon
By wanton smiles, by mincing delicate airs,
And words, than oil more smooth, estrang'd from God's
Mild service; and that sov'ran homage due
To one Supreme, by rankest vice o'erspread,
And prostitution foul: 'twas dance, 'twas song,
'Twas revel all: the morn, the evening came,
And still 'twas jollity: from smould'ring lust
Connubial love caught inauspicious fire,
And veil'd his sacred mysteries in blood.
Then did rank incest and polygamy,
Unnatural pair, rush forth; a giant brood,
(Such as Typhæus, feign'd of ancient bards,
Or Otus, sprung from Neptune,) deeds atchiev'd
Of puissant prowess and rough hardiment.

Nor could thy form, or gentle eloquence
Like heaven's dew melting on the bladed grass,
Prevail, O Noah. Much of right and wrong,
Of God's tempestuous and devouring wrath,
In vain you preach'd to hearts perversely steel'd
Against conviction: but fierce vengeance now,
Brooking nor intercession nor delay,
Wax'd fiery red. "Quick hence; the ark ascend,

" Thou, with thy sons and daughters, reptile, beast,
" Insect, and bird of every wing, by pairs,
" To propagate their kind." Th' Almighty spake:
For still a remnant of the world to save
Long since he had determin'd. From the hill
Stout timber Noah fell'd, and shap'd the ark
Obedient: huge the vessel's bulk, and built
With spacious entrance; nor was wanting food
For cattle or for man. God gave the word;
The patriarch enter'd, and the gate was clos'd.

White shine the breaking billows, silver foam,
Prognosticating storm; the screaming mew
And rav'nous bittern skim along the brine
Low dropping, or their pinions half inclose
In the dark spray; bright spots of ruddy fire
Flecker the azure vault, with dusky hue
Deep skirted, couriers of the storm—anon
With furious expedition falls the rain
Darting impetuous down; the scowling sky
Darkness invests, deep doleful shade, one night,
Night palpable; save where athwart the gloom
The glaring vollied lightning serv'd to shew
Sad piteous scenes of horror and dismay;
Despairing victims struggling up the elm
Or ragged oak, and in a moment swept
By fury irresistible; some gain
The rock, and thence with haggard look descry

Their wives, their panting children in mid way
Pursu'd, or dash'd against the pointed cliff,
Sad sport of whirlwinds. At Thy stern rebuke,
Lord of the roaring tempest, at Thy voice
The waters swift ascend the rough steep cliff;
And in the bosom of the vale down sink
At once: and hark! the ocean's thundering gate
Has burst its hinge, and on the continent
Disgorg'd its might; while on the winged storm
Terror triumphant rides. The dismal dash
Of wave on wave, loud howling winds, the earth
Rent to her centre by a thousand shocks,
Each shock, a ruin, only sounds the trump
Of elemental war, a pregnant cloud
Dilated, like one dark pavilion hangs,
Dreadful suspense! then bursts with all its rage
Collected: cataracts of smoking rain
Their wild displeasure spend; earth-delving spouts,
Swift hurricanes, hails, blasting vollies, land
Made sea, the sea one wide waste infinite.

Deep groan the heaving caverns: mineral wrath
Sublim'd, with nitrous vapour from beneath
Ascends, and subterraneous thunder shakes
The solid centre of the teeming earth.

The spirit of the waters stalks abroad
Exulting in the storm, and drives the winds

Transverse along heaven's champaign, which 'gin blow
In hardy opposition. He with arm
Gigantic, and grim joy, troubles the deep,
Which rose from earth to heav'n: the lashing surge
Impetuous rolls, and had a ship been there,
Devouring winds had torn the crackling mast
To atoms piecemeal, or had blown it, light
As buoyant gossimer, between the ridge
Of riding waves; an horrible gulph and dark
Yawns ghastly, and at intervals displays
A grave of living horror. Hell her gate
Wide opens; Satan from his flaming throne
Shouting upleaps: Hope on his pale crest sits,
Short visitant! with gloomy joy he sees
The comeliness and beauty of the world
Ravag'd by mutinous and wasting waves.

Full many a cubit deep beneath the surge
Lay Athos, and that peak, which flouts the sky,
Proud Teneriff: earth's massy pillars sunk
With thund'ring crash beneath th' Atlantic deep.
Lost was Niphates; lost the Armenian haunt
Of God, that paragon of nature's wealth,
Fair Paradise; where Eve, espoused late,
Slept upon amaranth's immortal bloom.

Full forty nights and forty days the rain
Fell unremitted: mountains, rivers, rocks

Sunk in contentious waves. Thy ark alone,
O Noah, (so the Sov'ran Architect
Ordain'd,) surviv'd the wreck: nor did that ark
Want sail or steerage, by an hand divine
Guided invisible. Of cypress built
And gopher, buoyant wood, she won her way
Like some rich merchant's vessel, laden deep
With Macao's spicy freightage: naptha sheath'd
The hulk, and close asphaltos, unctuous mass,
From chafing waves, from pungent salt secure.

" Cease, rain !" pronounc'd th' Almighty; the rain ceas'd.
Again the fleecy cloud with orient pearl
Was sown, and glowing sapphire. High the sun
Rode in meridian glory; and the waves
Subsiding, sunk, as if by gentle stealth,
Insensible. On Ararat the ark
Stopt: from whose brow the patriarch sent his dove,
Light courier; she nor green tree found, nor sand
To rest her printless foot, but hied her home
With ruffled breast, and plumage sprent with dew.
What bodes her second embassy? A shoot
Of olive, chearful green, upon her bill
Shines graceful: trembling haste and eager joy
Beam from the eye of Noah, as he greets
The sure criterion of abated flood.
Again she prunes her wing; but not again
To beat her barriers, shall the bird return;

No: in the well-known mead, or grove, a nest
She weaves, and warbles wild her artless notes;
Or drinks ambrosial nectar from the rill.

Now was all Nature drest in freshest green,
Pure from the dregs of grosser earth, which wind
And wave had swept away. Mild Zephyr sheds
Refreshing breezes, which the meadows down
Impress not, as they blow; so brave a world
It seem'd, so passing fair, that the eye hung
Enamour'd of its charms. Thy cautious hand,
Good Patriarch, wide the lattice of the ark
Unfolded, curious dome; upon whose roof
Was etch'd the chronicle of month and day;
While the sun, quivering thro' her sable gate,
Reflects the gleam of thousand golden plumes,
Star-spangled insects, eyes of living fire,
Darting their mingled radiance thro' the gloom.

With mind uprais'd, and firm not hasty step,
The patriarch disembarks: white shone his locks,
The pride of reverend age: and white his beard
As the fresh snow on Rhodope: his look
Was joy, chastis'd by temperance and fear,
Fear, such as wisdom prompts, as angels feel.

Next with his wife came Shem, whose numerous seed
O'er Asia swarm. Amid the blazing mines

Of Coromandel, from the golden stream
Of Ganges to Siberia's northern tract,
Spread the far distant tribes: some pitch their tent
Where the pale crescent bends o'er Mecca's shrine
In Araby; or where the Persian breath'd
To Susa's satraps, and tiara'd kings,
Soft adulation. Some Sumatra fill,
And Borneo cinctur'd by the burning line;
Or drive the furious Tartar, savage clan,
From Pekin's wall. Who knows, but some frail bark
From Corea's amber sea, by thwarting winds
Into the vast Pacific madly driven,
Might light on Califonia's pointed shore;
And give to Mexico her feather'd chiefs,
Long e'er Columbus swept the Atlantic deep?

Who lightly vaults along the verdant plain,
Fresh from the ark? Father of distant tribes,
Illustrious Ham! for him shall Africa
Extend her dreary waste of naked sand;
Him sire of light Ægyptian priests shall hail
Alorus; to his name in Lybia's wild,
Suppos'd Ammonian Jove, shall temples rise
Oracular: from Barca to the Cape,
Where Capricorn descends in feverous fire,
His line shall spread: for him shall Niger foam
With thund'ring torrent, like another Nile,
And with dark billows desolate the land.

Ah land of sorrow! whence in other times
Thy sable warriors to some distant isle
Europa's ships shall waft; to clank the chain
Of servitude, to bow beneath the lash,
And curse the Christian, who from innocent tears
Relentless turns, and weakly deems, that clime,
That colour can debase the free born mind.

In order last, not least in fame, descends
Great Japhet; destin'd in Europa's soil
To lay the seat of many a mighty throne,
Princedom, and royalty. His polish'd sons
Shall lead fair science to the bank, where flows
Ilyssus, classic stream; shall wild flowers strew
In some Ægean isle, where Homer sung;
And draw from Maro's harp sweet melody,
To lull Trinacria's deep. The Gothic swarm
Of Frank, and Vandal, and the blue ey'd host
That skirt the Baltic, Lapland's frozen sons,
And that fair isle, which awes the continent,
And on her hoar cliff nurses Liberty,
Queen of the Sea, Britannia, from his seed
Shall rise.

All these, the progeny, and pride
Of Noah, disembark'd; these faithful found
Among degenerate thousands. Next a group
Of colours motley and fantastical,
Were fil'd in rank grotesque, and snuft the air
With eager appetite: Bird, reptile, beast,

E'en to the imperial monarch of the wood
From the poor pismire. Each his element
Seeks unreluctant: reptiles delve in earth;
The gaudy fluttering insect from the sun
Kindles the gleam of his transparent wing;
The tawny beast explores his sylvan haunt;
And birds exulting, lessen in the sky.

But ah! what vision lights yon sable cloud,
Reflecting from the sun's magnetic beam
Cœlestial radiance? from the silver drops
Of quivering rain, refracted rays of light
Drink life, drink lustre; and in many an hue,
Break from the showery prism! some with a faint
Vibration strike the eye, and mildly sketch
The violet's tint, which hems the fringed arch
Half fading; some with bold vermilion paint
Th' interior side, and twine in radiant spires
Of roseate hue, which fire the kindling sky;
While mellower tints of intermediate light
More soft, as more refracted, crown thy green,
Ætherial spring, with the warm burnish'd gold
Of ruddy autumn: nor unheeded pass
The cone of tender blue, and bolder line
Of deep imperial purple. See, it bends
In bright enchantment! beauty-mingled maze,
How shall shall I right address thee? Bow of God,
Or rather faithful witness in the cloud
Dost thou delighted hear? thy gorgeous train

Sweeps the mid sky, in living lustre clad,
Half circular. O fear not, earth, again
To shed thy green luxuriance, nor to play
Thy artless virgin fancies, wildly free,
As Nature shall direct; for now mild spring
And harvest shall repay the labourer's toil;
Now deep shall blush the purple vintage; low
Shall bend the clust'ring fruit's compliant boughs,
And laughing plenty raise her balmy horn.

Fear not, O earth; contentious waves no more
With bitter blast shall sweep thy gallant sons,
Like trembling leaves, away; thy sure appeal
Is yon bright curve, thy sure protection, God.
Oft shall the bright reflection paint the lap
Of Arcady, where old Penëus curls
His silver wave translucent; there the swain
On sloping lawn, or level down, shall mark
The gaudy phantom melting into air,
Of pasture fresh, and grey unclouded dawn,
Sure presage! oft shall God gladden the groves
Of myrrh, and the sweet wilderness of balm
With showers, and from his gay enamelled bow
Shed humid fruitfulness; some aged spire
Shall rise behind in pensive ivy clad,
And awful silence crown the lovely scene.

Far o'er the horizon of the troubled sea,
What time the storm retires, the bow shall dip

Its woof in skygrain'd tincture, from the back
Of some dun cloud emerging by degrees,
All bright, all vivid: this philosophy,
Deep musing maid, shall oft at eve descry,
And with her crystal prism contract, dilate
Its frangible and particoloured rays,
Thy boon, astronomy's adventrous child,
Sage Newton! this religion's votary
Shall greet with rapture, shall with pray'r pursue;
And to his progeny the cause explain.
" Rejoice my son, and on thy heart pourtray
" Yon mystic characters, that stamp the cloud.
" Once was the world degenerate, once was sunk
" In wasting waters; but by yon fair bow
" The Almighty swore, that not again should man
" Provoke his vengeance to let tempests loose
" Against this goodly earth. Hence in the cloud
" He checks the mass of waters; hence rebukes
" The roaring sea, if haply his proud surge
" High swell impetuous; seals the vast abyss;
" And locks the fountains of the unfathom'd deep."

FAITH.

A

VISION.

BY

CHARLES PHILPOT, M.A.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris. HOR.

1790.

I.

"AH, hapless mortals! doom'd to wind the vale
Of human pilgrimage, with lab'ring feet,
On as ye toil, what varying ills assail!
What terrors throng around! what dangers meet!
The hour that calls to birth awakes to pain.
Yon fair expanse as clouds incessant sweep,
Successive cares th' afflicted soul constrain;
As waves impelling waves deform the deep,

So with the circling years our woes increase,
And in the silent grave we rest alone in peace.

II.

" Hope not to bask in pleasure's genial ray,
Nor catch the mild gleam of contentment bright:
Fear, grief, and pain shall rule life's transient day,
Wrap in rude storms, and close in earliest night."
Such was the strain, that to the closing eye
The partial voice of plaintive sorrow sung,
Touch'd by life's passing prospects which deceive
Man's weak and dazzled gaze, but most the young.
On musing silence follow'd deep repose,
'Twas fancy's magic hour, and mystic sights arose.

III.

Sudden to view sprung life's extended plain,
But far beyond the grasp of mortal eye
Stretch'd the smooth level of the new domain;
A gentle radiance lit the eastern sky.
Amid fresh op'ning scenes, where'er I stray,
Myriads of human beings pass'd along,
By common impulse borne one common way,
Ranks, ages, sexes, mingled in the throng,
Thick as the insect tribes that summer pours,
Thick as the countless sands that strew the soundin shores.

IV.

Forwards with vig'rous zeal I cheerly press'd,
This undiscover'd country to explore;
Fair smil'd each rising prospect, but possest,
The brightest blaze of beauty charm'd no more.
At ev'ry step I mourn'd companions lost,
Their place, their trust, exhaustless crowds supply,
The paths of life by destiny were crost,
The fleeting hour saw millions live and die,
Existence here extend her smiling sway,
There fate wide-wasting reign, and havock and dismay.

V.

With mingled joy and grief I long survey'd
The strange vicissitudes of human life
In conflict blend, like struggling light and shade,
Or April suns and show'rs, in vernal strife.
Some *real* pleasures cheer'd this busy scene;
A thousand *false*, with borrow'd hues and charms,
With voice of Siren, and with angel mien,
To splendid ruin spread their fatal arms.
Tumultuous joys were there, with sport and shout,
And Bacchus' festive crew, and revelry and rout.

VI.

But most the sounds of anguish struck my ear,
Full as they flow'd from ev'ry suff'ring age,
The sigh of sorrow, and the throb of fear,
Despair's fell cry, the burst of maniac rage,

And oft, to rouse and agonize the breast,
Funereal screams, and dying yells dismay'd.
I look'd around, nor dangers instant press'd,
Nor vengeance there th' uplifted arm display'd;
Man, *erring* man, with microscopic eyes
Had trac'd each rising woe and swell'd to giant size.

VII.

Perverse! from life's imparted lot to seize,
Artificer of ill, the deadlier part,
Shrink from the proffer'd boon of precious ease,
And give to agony the trembling heart!—
Hence to thy cost what hostile throngs arose!
Regret, doubt, error, fear's distemper'd brood,
Leagu'd with condensing hosts of cares and woes
Wide o'er the plain their conqu'ring course pursu'd.
Loudly they storm'd, and reason's voice was vain
To calm th' indignant swell, and rebel rage restrain.

VIII.

Mix'd with the throng, amid the gen'ral cry,
'Twas long my boast to turn a deafen'd ear,
View the contagious sight without a sigh,
And hold, where duty led, my fix'd career.—
Yet all too prompt to wake at pity's strain,
Th' unbidden tears at last began to flow,
And still as fancy trac'd the sufferer's pain
I quite forgot his errors in his woe,—

Along my tingling veins th' infection ran,
My struggling bosom heav'd; man sympathized with man.

IX.

At that dread moment, in the changing sky
Thick mantling clouds in sudden eddies roll,
The tempest rages, glancing light'nings fly,
And bursting thunders roar from pole to pole.
Contending elements repos'd at last;
And radiant in the skies a vision shew'd,
Along the smooth aërial track it pass'd,
As on a golden skirted cloud it rode,
Descending slow 'till ev'ry eye cou'd trace
The matchless form divine, and more than human grace.

X.

Pure snowy vests inwrap'd with graceful ease
Her heav'nly figure, loose, not wildly flow'd
Th' ambrosial locks *, disporting with the breeze.
The di'mond's blaze upon her bosom glow'd,
Shap'd in an anchor's allegoric form.
Beauty and majesty's resplendent pride
Her awful face ennoble, and adorn.
Esteem, love, awe our wond'ring minds divide.
Our looks were rev'rent, mix'd with raptures' gaze,
Our bosoms glow'd with joy, our voices murmur'd praise.

* ——————His dewy locks
Distill'd ambrosia. MILTON, Par. Lost, B. 5th.

XI.

Cherubic forms on either side were seen
Waving their orient wings in ambient air,
Methought obedience with submissive mien,
And mild beneficence attended there;
Amid th' ethereal guests I cou'd descry
Repentance, pointing to the realms of light,
With clasped hands, and with uplifted eye;
Attendants these on that fair image bright,
Who graceful rose, and thus in accents bland,
While silence hush'd the air, address'd th' assembled band.

XII.

Her voice was soft, as minds poetic feign,
The melting harmony of rolling spheres,
Yet clear and full, as when the martial strain
Of clang'rous trumpet wakes the village fears.
Like spreading light that in her presence blaz'd,
The temper'd sounds dilating fill'd the air.
" One hand in act to speak she gently rais'd,"
And in the other grasp'd a scroll she bare,
Whose ample superscription we might trace
" The Book of Life is this, and joy to human race."

XIII.

" Mortals," she said, " my warning voice attend,
If present bliss, or future life be dear:
From yon empyreal mansions I descend,
'Tis Faith who comes your anxious doubts to clear.

From my exhaustless fund religion draws
Each solid blessing and each comfort pure;
I teach her doctrines, I enforce her laws,
I bid her mighty fabric stand secure.
From earth to heav'n I point the path alone,
"By faith the just shall live," Faith guards th' eternal throne.

XIV.

"My hallow'd province gives me to unfold
Mysterious truths conceal'd from human eye,
Mortals through me that sov'reign grace behold,
Which deign'd on earth to suffer and to die,
Trace their redemption in a Saviour's blood,
And hail the life eternal in the grave.
Nor less I teach the lesson to be good,
And shew how virtue must combine to save;
I give the tears of sympathy to flow,
While mercy learns to sooth, and charity to glow.

XV.

"Nor deem that in the base extorted zeal
Of trembling proselytes, I take delight,
'Tis not in Faith the rack or chain to deal,
Or rob the mind of one imparted right.
Free as the stream, that gushing from its source,
Pours deep and clear its current o'er the glade,

The human mind; and though I point its course,
With reason, conscience, justice, truth to aid,
Here ends controul; nor mine the tyrant pow'r,
Which shakes the iron scourge and rules the tort'ring* hour.

XVI.

" With awe my heav'n-descended gifts survey,
And pow'r these pond'rous elements to wield.
Who bade yon orb his flaming passage stay
Suspense o'er Ajalon's devoted field?
Who from their wide and deep cemented base
The rugged mass of mountain earth can heave?
Who bade the world of waters change its place,
And in its depths embattled hosts receive,
Or saw the blushing bloom of youth expire,
And call'd on heav'nly aid, and lit the extinguish'd fire?

XVII.

" Amid the storms of life who deigns to wait
With adamantine shield to guard the just?
With watchful eye who marks the track of fate,
And wakes and warns the delegated trust?
Mine is the charge, and mine the solemn part—
I seek the desert gloom of human night,

* ——————When the scourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance. MILTON.

In life's last hours I cheer the drooping heart,
And pour the sainted vision's precious light;
Barriers of worlds their awful secrets yield,
Th' eternal gates wide ope, and heav'n itself's reveal'd.

XVIII.

" Nor hold the deep Tartarean gulphs below,
Where restless vengeance wakes the penal fire,
Aught that to christian eyes I shun to show,
By me the dreary scene and spectre dire
Flash on the sinner's view their livid gleam.
Who points the punishment, explains th' offence?—
I blazon bright conviction's steady beam,
I edge the keenness of awaken'd sense;
To reason's aid this sacred scroll display,
And point the law divine, and duty's binding sway.

XIX.

" Mortals attend! on pow'rs like these rely,
Nor prone to earth ethereal vigour bend;
Taught by my guidance, claim yon kindred sky,
Superior natures! know your proper end—
View well this boasted life, its essence trace;
Compare with future worlds and scenes sublime;
'Tis but an atom pois'd with boundless space,
A moment balanc'd with eternal time;
A fleeting particle of vagrant light
With yon effulgent sun, for human ken too bright.

XX.

" Be wise—be just. Compose that clam'rous strain
Which bursts incessant on th' indignant ear;
Shall man repine that heav'n-permitted pain
Absolves its stated round of duty here?
Man warm'd by hope demand on earth the joys
Which high immortal sp'rits alone can taste,
Presume for HIM yon tributary skies
On earth the boon of purest bliss shall waste;
Seraphic splendors pour on mortal gaze,
And long hierarchal pomp and glory's peerless blaze?

XXI.

" With lips profane celestial cups to press,
To feast the dazzled eye with heav'nly sight,
To wrap the senses in supreme excess—
Your lot forbids, and diff'rent fates invite.
To act—to suffer—each his part assign'd,
With zeal, with confidence, such duty's call.
To life obedient, and to death resign'd,
The bright reward in yon empyreal hall,
The God of Truth has promis'd, and by me
Renews the solemn pact, and binds his just decree.

XXII.

" Then tread th' appointed path in life's career,
Safe in the hands of Heav'n's all-seeing Pow'r;
My presence still your active toils shall cheer,
And bless your morning dawn and evening hour.

Reason with me th' aspiring thought shall guide,
And sacred Truth her gifts divine impart,
Exalted Charity shall here preside,
And sway to gen'rous deeds the melting heart;
With mystic pow'rs descending Grace controul,
Hope point th' eternal bliss, and rapture lift the soul."

XXIII.

She spake, and rising in the space serene,
Yet fondly ling'ring from our sight withdrew;
Declining splendors faintly ting'd the scene,
Like setting radiance of the evening view.
Elisha thus beheld the hoary seer,
As in his sun-bright car aloft he rode,
Saw his proud steeds their radiant passage steer,
And trac'd the golden axle while it glow'd;
Then hail'd with grateful praise by Jordan's wave
The flowing vest he left, the mighty pow'rs he gave.

XXIV.

Nor wanted Gratitude her vot'ries here,
Nor voice of pray'r, nor song of rapt'rous praise,
To sooth with sweetest sound the pious ear,
And mild devotion's gen'rous flame to raise.
Methought on earth 'twas heav'n's commencing reign,
The glorious dawn of beatific day,
So richly flow'd the full seraphic strain,
Such numbers join'd the loud symphonious lay;

While exultation spreads her glitt'ring wing,
And earth and conscious skies with hallow'd pæans ring.

XXV.

On then we pass'd. From ev'ry face content
Beam'd cheeriest smiles: his broad meridian ray
The cloudless orb of heav'n refulgent sent;
Flow'rs, groves, and fountains sprung to cheer our way;
Soft whisp'ring gales their show'ry fragrance flung;
All nature smil'd. With sympathising heart
Long o'er the scene of general bliss I hung;
At length from fancy's magic trance I start,
But not forgot the vision's awful pow'r,
Nor lost the lesson bland, nor unimprov'd the hour.

HUMILITY.

A

NIGHT THOUGHT.

BY

CHARLES PHILPOT, M.A.

1791.

HAIL to thy soothing empire, gentle night!
Welcome for comforts thou alone can'st give!
Thy thickest glooms speak pleasure to my soul;
Thy dread Cimmerian horrors, idly feign'd,
Unfold a bliss that sunshine cannot boast.
I hail thee, friend to science and the muse!
Thou, who gav'st Newton's spirit strength to soar
Yon tracts of heav'n, and "draw empyreal air!"
Wrapt in whose deep and consecrated shade,
Th' ethereal visitant descending, cheer'd

The dark and sorrowing eve of Milton's day.
Nor ceases inspiration; rapt'rous strains
In long succession cheer thy solemn sway:
The lays of Young yet vibrate on the ear,
Man grows immortal in his deathless page,
And day's eternal lustre crowns his night.

Again these scenes rever'd, thy awful reign
To contemplation call and holy song;
Silent, not slow, these midnight moments steal:
Oh, what may better mark their precious flight,
Or kindlier teems with use's golden fruit,
Or blossoms gay with more luxuriant flow'rs
Of rich variety, than that fair theme,
Which from his grave the voice of Seaton breathes,
"And wakes the slumb'ring muse in virtue's cause?"

Thou deep perennial source of purest bliss!
Thou proof of goodness, and the solid stamp
Of blessed piety! Thou hallow'd base
On which the christian virtues love to rest!
How may I hope, amid these circling shades,
Thy matchless worth, Humility, to tell?
How best begin, how end our votive strain?
What though thy gentle nature shrinks from praise,
Like th' humble plant,* that from the casual touch

* A peculiar species of the sensitive. MILLER.

Instinctive droops—yet silence were unjust.
True merit has its claims; those must be paid;
Each honest bard is debtor for th' arrear;
He who withholds a wreath from merit's brow
Deserves no laurel e'er should grace his own.

Then let us rise on contemplation's wing,
And, hov'ring o'er a gay tumultuous world,
With keener glance survey th' extended scene;
See how the virtues, broke from neighb'ring vice,
Form and present themselves to reason's view,
(Angels might glow with transport at the sight,)
And say amid this lovely band, if one
So charm the sense, so win the soften'd heart,
As she, whose downcast eye, and modest cheek
Crimson'd with native blushes, accents mild
As zephyr's breath, and soft suspended step,
Announce, in gentlest guise, Humility.
Luxuriant folds of purest white invest
Her sacred form, sequester'd haunts she seeks,
In musings wrapt, contemplative, not sad,
And oft her head she bows, oft folds her arms,
Submiss, resign'd; yet mark how conscious worth
Cheers the sweet wand'rer o'er the wide-spread scene.

Say, 'mid this train august, this splendid group,
Why should our meek, our lowly virtue charm,
Unobvious, unobtrusive? Whence attach,

As to a centre, hearts, that, whirl'd around
Through life's vast space, the fond attraction feel?
'Tis the deep rev'rence of a sov'reign cause,
A trembling rev'rence prostrate in the dust;
It is self-knowledge lighting up the mind
With keen conviction's penetrating ray,
United, these produce Humility.
Hence when we view her venerable form,
We own her origin; th' ideas run
Swifter than kindled nitre's fatal train,
And in an instant join th' extremes of thought.
Hence most who own fair Reason's sober sway
With transport love; hence through each rolling age
The voice of gratulation and of praise
Hath hail'd her sacred footsteps, and e'en now
The pealing note of admiration tells
That time hath nought diminish'd, nought impair'd
Her native loveliness and genuine worth.

Who has not mark'd around the stately trunk
Of aged oak, in many an envious fold
The noxious ivy creep? So sullen doubt
Fastens on praise, and like the slave of Rome,*
That shar'd the victor's triumph, and repress'd
The spreading exultation, thus her voice
Checks the tumultuous burst of fond applause.
" Who but that sees Humility, must love;"

* Juvenal, Sat. 4, v. 41.

Yet hard the task with certainty to know
Her real presence: Oft Ambition wears
Her sacred garb; detested Av'rice oft;
Nor these alone—in life's extended sphere,
Vices most alien, those whom nature holds
Oppos'd by irreversible decree,
In monstrous league concur; wide spread around
And unsuspected, in her honour'd weeds,
"They levy war, and ravage human kind."

As one who long in winding lab'rinth pent,
Seeks some known clue to guide his weary steps
To busy haunts of men, and cheering day;
Or he who tost in the mid ocean stream
Betakes him to magnetic aid, which points
To th' Arctic pole incessant; so our guide,
(If haply she attend poetic call,)
Reason, with her all-piercing ray, may sweep
These shadowy semblances, that, meteor like,
To toil or danger lead th' erroneous step.

O thou, to whom this midnight gloom is dear,
Who tak'st with me thy solitary stand,
See'st thou those pendent orbs, that o'er yon vault
In radiant circles flame, gilding the brow
Of this wide shadowy night, and yet they roll
Unchang'd, unvarying, in their destin'd course?
So virtue moves within her moral sphere.

The laws immutable on which she acts,
Immutable the conduct which she frames;
And thus to Reason's keen and sober glance
Humility presents her steady form.—
Go mark Ambition, when she wears her dress,
And not a passion sways the struggling mind,
But sudden lights her glowing cheek, or glares
Full in her desp'rate glance, or paler sits
In cold predominance. Fickle she veers
To close observance with each rising gust.
Eye but the track she treads, how slowly now,
Demure she steals, a moment and she starts,
Lash'd like a ling'ring courser into speed,
A second Cataline,* with pace disturb'd,
A second empire, if she could, to ruin.

'Mid these lone scenes, to contemplation dear,
Extend thy aims, seek Reason's aid benign,
For much she loves our virtue; and shall tell
How aptly to each varying state of life
Her mild pacific influence she extends,
Show'ring, with lavish hand and lib'ral heart,
Perennial blessings on her votive train:
True to her post, on noblest cares intent,
To sway the struggling passions, to compress
(As spring the mix'd emotions of the heart)

* Citus modo, modo tardus, incessus. SALLUST.

Dilate, correct, and regulate the whole,
'Till, like some horologe of happier skill,
The mind still running life's diurnal round,
Keeps time and pace, and unity with heav'n.

Reason shall tell how round her sacred form
The virtues love to throng; nor those alone
Severer deem'd, whose sterner empire forms
By rigid discipline the lab'ring heart:
All whom affection greets, whom rapture owns,
Social and friendly virtues, prompt are these
To hail their patroness, and ever there,
Bright in the train, fair Charity is seen.

Sweet benefactress of mankind! methinks
All ranks, all ages emulous would strive
To win and wear thee grateful next their heart!
Then why does fond affection's searching eye
Trace thee so oft 'mid life's obscurest shades?
Man takes the shame, while Reason tells the cause.
The smiles of fortune, like the noon-tide ray,
Dazzle our senses and unnerve our strength.
Faint duty's contest with the impetuous will,
Intent, but vibrates o'er the mind, then dies
Successive, nor is ripen'd into act.
Humility's soft beauties feebly strike
Man's indurated heart; to cold neglect
Indiff'rence strengthens; worst of despots then,

Arm'd with her mace petrific, hatred comes,
And chills each gen'rous feeling of the soul.

Nor deem, ye great, in life's low vale alone
Humility subsists; in highest scenes
She claims to live; inmate of splendid courts,
And uncorrupted in the smile of kings,
She tempers pomp, and on imperial state
Pours softer lustre, dignity, and grace.
Nor you, who through the toils of active life
Lead on to fame, our gentle virtue scorn;
In Reason's sober eye she most adorns
Wit, genius, valour, shrin'd like orient gems
In the broad circle of her valu'd gold.
Oh, 'twere to do her most felonious wrong
To place her by the side of coward vice;
Trace her through ev'ry mode existence owns,
Mark her in ev'ry temp'rature of heav'n;
No abject thought, no mean, no base design
Alters her constant cheek; but inbred worth,
But conscious merit, flush'd with honest zeal,
E'en in the public gaze and face of day,
Supports, confirms, and dignifies her deeds.
As when barbarian arms or civil rage
Shook Roman freedom, sudden from the field
Summon'd, and from the plow, her heroes came,
To grasp th' imperial fasces, to sustain
And save their country—then with transport claim
The rural labour and the village joy.

Yet not to sober Reason dear alone,
Nor grateful only to the moral sense,
Nature herself through ev'ry varying scene,
To contemplation's studious eye presents
Each charm Humility delights to own.
Why should she clothe the universal face
Of this vast orb in virtue's modest bloom?
Why of all colours decking Iris bow,
Single the gentle unassuming green?
Did not th' imperial purple triumph there,
The golden lustre and the scarlet blaze
Redundant, floating in their mystic bounds,
Now pure, now mingling in the mazy twine,
To court with glitt'ring hues the ravish'd sense?
Why 'mid such splendid rage this humble choice?
'Twas that the eye, congenial with the mind,
Shrunk from the lustrous pomp and orient pride,
And from the aching anguish sought repose.

Go view old Ocean, where his ampler reign,
By earth's opposing bulk unbounded, spreads,—
Space lost in space, within whose mighty vast
The wrapt imagination stands control'd—
And mark how Nature o'er the trackless deep
Has pour'd one sober colour's soothing grace,
Distinct from that which robes the smiling land,
Yet humble both, and by that charm endear'd.

Why should the modest dawn, or softer eve,

Or these thy solemn shades, pacific night,
More please us than the brilliant glare of day?
Why, when we quit the city's splendid bounds,
And summer calls us to the rural joy,
Do humble scenes most win our charmed steps?
Amid the gloom of thick o'er-arching groves,
Or where, by venerable age imbrown'd,
Grottos invite, and caves of cool recess,
Or where o'er pebbly bed the sedge-crown'd brook,
Slow stealing, gently murmurs as it flows;
Pleas'd there we wander, left without regret
The gayer beauties of th' extended plain,
Though Flora's vivid pencil paints the scene,
Or Ceres' beauties blossom o'er the land.

Haste to the crowded city; there behold
E'en Art assume this meek submissive dress,
Whether she bids those envy'd domes arise,
That hold a nation's wealth, or spacious halls
Where Commerce views her congregated sons.
Visit Religion in her solemn fanes,
Unfold their portals; tread their long drawn aisles;
Their pillar'd heights, their fretted roofs behold,
Their storied panes that drink the gairish ray,
And give the saint or martyr in its stead;
Pause mid their venerable gloom, and own
Humility herself inhabits there.
Ev'n palaces, where grandeur proudly swells,
And with imperious domination awes

Contiguous dwellings of uncrowned heads,
More simple as they stand, but more impress
The rev'rend majesty that dwells therein.
The eye, averse from ornamental aid,
Turns from the mingled order's loaded show,
Pleas'd with the humbler graces, which unite
Nature's best beauties with the Doric art.

Tell ye, whose sympathizing bosoms feel
The pow'r of music, say what charms you most
In the whole compass of her magic tones?
'Tis not the loud obstrep'rous note, that bursts
With greetings harsh on the susceptive ear;
No, rather ye do love those humble strains,
Such as at close of eve, o'er violet banks,
Favonian breezes waft to ravish'd sense.

While thus I wander o'er poetic ground
Fresh proofs arise, and illustrations spring
Copious, to grace the muse's useful toil.—
But fast the waning night consumes away,
And now th' important bus'ness of the hour
Protracted, not forgotten, last, not least,
Stakes its important claim, and calls our song.
What says Religion? Vain were Nature's plea,
And Reason's prime discourse the babbling note
Of idiot lips, except her awful voice
Confirms and consecrates the general praise.
Fountains of Knowledge, Oracles divine,

Heralds of Truth, what says your blessed voice?
Oh tell me if creation's range presents
Object more grateful to th' All-seeing Eye
Than meek Humility's submissive form.
Hath it not borne through ev'ry pious age
Authentic warranty of grace supreme?
The flames, that glow in bright empyreal climes,
Have riv'n with trackless blaze yon azure vault,
To seize her past'ral gifts. Th' eternal arm
Hath deign'd to snatch Humility from earth,
To mix with angels, and to crown in heav'n:
And still propitious on her earthly steps
Favour celestial smiles. From humble hands
The meanest gift breathes incense; it outweighs
All wealth can give, though holocausts ascend
In fragrant clouds, and sanguinary streams
Roll their redundant tide. Still heav'nly climes,
In visions beatific, deign to meet
Her raptur'd gaze, still cheer the vale of years,
The gloom of mis'ry, and the night of death.

O thou, who lov'st our venerable theme,
Give thy free spirit of inquiry wing.
Lo, hist'ry at thy bidding shall unfold
The treasur'd records of her sacred page.
Live back primeval ages. There behold,
In nature's infancy, the hoary sire
And venerable patriarch. Let thine eye
Trace the long order of enlighten'd seers

Who pierc'd futurity's mysterious veil,
And liv'd the unborn age. They best shall teach
How knowledge, when she highest soars, may take
Humility companion of her flight.
The throne, on its proud eminence, hath held
As pure and humble virtues as have blest
The peaceful cottage. What was he who sway'd
The land of Uz, that to the orient ray
Spread its prolific soil? What Jesse's son?
Tell me where fortune, so profusely kind,
Show'r'd on one favour'd head such vary'd bliss?
In arms more potent who? Whose lenient sway
More sweetly smil'd on science and on art?
Then tell, (and Paynim bards shall aid thy song,)
Whose regal brows Humility intwines
With such unfading wreaths; whose hallow'd lyre,
In rapture's thrilling energy, proclaims
All that Humility delighted owns,
Submission's deep and reverential awe,
Conscience' keen sense, contrition's holy pang,
The burst of gratitude, the glow of zeal,
Hope's soothing aid, and Faith's enlightning sway.
Still onward, christian, bend thy steady glance.
A nobler era marks th' historic line.
Solemn and slow a greater scene unfolds
Tremendous, yet triumphant, where, in tears,
Joy smiling sits and gratitude with woe.
Press the bright track that opens on thy view;
Follow the links of that eternal chain,

Which holds and balances depending worlds.—
Lift up thine eyes to heav'n's anointed king;
Trace his descent; through life's extended sphere
Pursue his humble course, where meekness beams
Ineffable, and goodness sheds around
Infinite blessings; view those fatal scenes
Where, whelm'd by insult, infamy, and guilt,
Amid the pangs of nature, in the gloom
Of lab'ring suns eclips'd, and 'mid the wreck
Of elements, thy meek Redeemer dies.

It were a seraph's voice alone might tell,
While list'ning worlds intranc'd in silence hung,
That humble life; none but inspired lips
Might breathe the deep pathetic strain that paints
A suff'ring Saviour. ———
No wondrous scenes! prone from her wing of flame
Presumption drops, nor higher aim intends
Than wak'd the pious fancy there to lead,
To fix it there, whence beaming o'er the world
Humility to christian eyes unveils
Her perfect form, to call us to the task
Of holiest imitation, to sustain
In mortal suff'rings, to improve our joys,
In death to comfort, and to bless in heav'n.

While yet suspended in the dubious sway
Of darkness and of light, the moment turns,
What may our closing lay persuasive add,
How strengthen duty, or enlighten zeal,

Or waken gratitude, or cherish love?
Friend of our song, associate of our toil,
O thou who bear'st the christian name, attend!
Here pause. Here fix. Thy ampler powers of mind
Collect, concentrate.—From these scenes derive
Strength, comfort, virtue, present, future bliss;
Nor let that blest example, meant thy guide,
Rising with double force on conscious guilt,
In future worlds confront thee and condemn.—
Be wise. Be instant. Who delays is lost.
Time yet is thine; the precious moment seize.
Thy better fortune smiles. Thy path to bliss
With sweetest aid Humility presents,
Like mystic ladder of the patriarch's dream,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies.

Oh while these hallow'd prospects court thy view,
While reason urges, and religion calls,
Tell me, shall doubt suspend th' important choice,
Shall ling'ring duty slacken in her speed?
No, though a world were leagu'd in arms against thee,
Thy steady purpose hold; thy course maintain;
Go boldly on. Amid the storms of life,
The wrecks of fortune, and the frowns of fate,
Think on the promise of that Sov'reign Pow'r,
Who worlds created, and who worlds controls;
Think on the glories of thy future state,
Think on its blest rewards, thy virtue's crown,

Joys of eternal ages, joys that leave
Imagination's lab'ring pow'rs behind,
Beatitude past utt'rance, where the sense
In the keen ecstasy of transport dies,
And hope lies whelm'd in plenitude of bliss,
By angels felt, and bosom'd in the heav'ns.

O blest Humility! O rapt'rous scenes!
What could this voice of praise or suff'rage add,
Though in the rolling thunder's awful sound
It call'd awaken'd universe to hear!—
But fast the shades of night disperse, and light
Peeps from his eastern cloud. What bids the lark
High-tow'ring sing, imposes silence here.
Yet haply night shall not disdain our song,
Nor thou, Humility, this meed refuse.—
Other the claims the busy day demands,
Social or civil toils. To each his state;
Nor from the day's proud glare I shrink, nor shun
Aught it prescribes, to suffer as to do
Prepar'd, before His equal eye, who owns
The single talent and the humble heart.

THE

RESTORATION

OF THE

J E W S;

BY

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M. A.

Of Trinity College.

——*Nec numina sedem*
Destituunt.

CLAUD. Bell. Get. 508.

1794

ARGUMENT.

Invocation:——History of the Jews from the Exodus, under Moses;—and Joshua;—Their general depravation—followed by the Babylonish,—and the Crucifixion—by the Roman Invasion:—Their sufferings during,—and after the siege of Jerusalem (by Titus)—and present condition.——Their fate different from that of Egypt,—Babylon,—Tyre,—and the four successive Monarchies—Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman.——The question examined—whether the prophecies, relating to their Restoration, are to be figuratively,—or literally understood;—and reasons assigned for adopting the strict interpretation.——Their return:—The distinction of tribes superseded by the coming of the Messiah—Conclusion.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

TO that great day when, link'd in holy bond
Fraternal, Idumæa's favour'd tribes
Their Salem shall revisit; from the dust
In prouder state to rear the fallen dome,
And bid th' aspiring pinnacle o'ertop
It's ancient elevation, I attune
Th' ambitious string. Thou, Moses (as of yore
Through Egypt's parting waves with guardian hand
Thou led'st the chosen multitude, what time
His cumber'd wheel along the faithless track
The Memphian urged; while round his troubled host,
Scath'd by Jehovah's terror-flashing eye,
The watery ruin roar'd) thyself a bard,
Inspire the muse, that with prophetic strain
Would hail their second Exodus, and wake
For future years the high triumphant song.

Fain would the poet tell, what oft his ear
Has caught with rapture, how by thee convey'd
Twice twenty summers they their long array
Wound through the intricate and perilous path;

When, 'mid the wildering wastes, the daily cloud
And flame nocturnal mark'd th' uncertain way
Alternate:—Gushing from the riven flint,
In lavish pride, how new-born torrents pour'd
Their liquid health; and, by circumfluous night
Shrouded from glance profane, th' Almighty traced
With his own finger on the two-leaved stone
His double law:—Upon it's Lord's descent
How th' empyréan bow'd, and round his feet
Flow'd darkness: while the consecrated hill,
Guarded by death, even to it's rocky base
Shook with strange weight; and lurid lightnings, hurl'd
In aweful splendor through the deep obscure,
Announced the present Deity:—How vain
This prodigal magnificence of Heaven!
It's record soon by novelty's young hand
Rased from man's careless heart:—How two alone*
Survived the lingering maze; and thou, even thou,
As burst the glorious vision on thy view
Of Israel's destined heritage, wert doom'd
To sleep within an undiscover'd tomb;
Though six-score winters fail'd to chill thy blood,
And quench thy beaming eye. O'er all this field,
Sown with bright miracles, the verse would range;
If verse were equal to the dazzling toil.

Keen was the sword, and more than mortal proof,

* Caleb and Joshua, Numb. xiv. 30, xxvi. 65.

That Joshua wielded, when from their huge cliffs
He swept the Anakim. The sun's broad orb
It's punctual course remitted in mid sky;
And night's pale sovereign stay'd her silver car,
To aid the mighty task. Before him sunk
Devoted Canaan, with unhallow'd gore
Moistening the ground. Not infancy it's years,
Nor kings their purple rescued: undiscern'd,
'Amid the common carnage, they expired
By hostile hands—unsung, unwept, unknown.

As some tall vine, whose pensile fruitage glows
Beneath the lustre of the noon-tide ray,
Long Israel flourish'd; 'till, by gradual shade
Darken'd to deepest crimson, guilt provoked
Th' Omnipotent's accumulated ire,
And urged his bolt. Upon the double throne
Sat rash Rebellion, ever prompt to burst
From duty's gentle guidance: Frail as fair,
His daughters woo'd observance; mirror-taught
To roll th' obedient eye, and court the glance
Of staggering triflers, or with zoneless waist
Rouse the lascivious fire. There Avarice ground
The face of Indigence: the Slanderer there
Wove the false tale; and robed Devotion paid
The homage of the lip, intent with prayer
To mask or hallow crimes. Then God's waked wrath
Burst from the eastern sky. By Jordan's stream
Onward the exiles move, with eye still turn'd

To lessening Salem: Close the victor stalks,
And in proud mockery taunts the patriot tear.

But happier they, who on the bending tree
Hung 'mid their conqueror's scoffs the silent harp,
Than those who sunk beneath the arm of Rome!
When seventy suns had fill'd their annual course,
Chaldæa's vassals saw the righteous shrine
Flame with it's wonted incense. On their sons,
Mark'd out for heavier woe, more fiercely rose
The Flavian Star, and glared with redder fires.

Oh! might the muse attempt the lofty theme
Of Glory's King on Calvary for man
Offering Himself (nor less than He could make
Th' accepted sacrifice) while nature mourn'd
The monstrous guilt, and earth in wild alarm
Received within her agitated breast
It's transient inmate!—Hopeless wish! dismay'd
From the bold flight she turns, nor dares advance
Her pinion to the sun. Else would she sing
Th' offence, with all the sorrows which ensued;
Sorrows so merited, that even the youth
Of proverb'd * mercy steel'd his gentle breast.

Swift as the eagle, minister of heaven,

* Titus, for his humanity denominated *Deliciæ humani generis.* (SUET. in Tit. 1.)

He comes; with meagre famine † in his train,
And fire-clad desolation. Faint and pale,
In his poor boy th' unnatural father sheaths
His frantic blade: And, deed of sadder note!
She, whose proud foot disdain'd the vulgar ground,§
Grasping her infant (with far other joy,
Than other days bestow'd) in it's young heart
Plunges the murtherous knife, and glows afresh
With guilty health. Twice fifty myriads fell*

† The circumstantial agreement of the Mosaic prophecies (particularly Deut. xxviii. 49, 57.) with the events, as detailed by Josephus in his narrative of the sufferings of the Jews during the siege, has not escaped the observation of Bishop Newton; who remarks, in his Dissertations on the Prophecies, (vol. i. p. 102, &c.) that, though a great part of those predictions was accomplished at the time of the Babylonish captivity, they were all more amply fulfilled under the Roman invasion. Of the famine indeed of the latter period, the Jewish Historian has left us a very dreadful account. Γυναικες γαν ανδρων, και παιδες πατερων, και (το οικτροτατον) μητερες νηπιων εξηρπαζον εξ αυτων των γοματων τας τροφας. (Joseph. Bell. Jud. v. 10, 3.) Των δ' υπο τε λιμε φθειρομενων κατα την πολιν απειρον μεν επιπτε το πληθος. (Id. ib. vi. 3, 3.)

§ Deut. xxviii. 56, 57.—Δια γενος και πλουτον επισημος—οπτησασα, το μεν ημισυ κατησθιει· το δε λοιπον κατακαλυψασα εφυλαττεν. (Id. ib. vi. 3, 4.)

* Των δε απολωλεμενων κατα πασαν την πολιορκιαν (αριθμος) μυριαδες εκατον και δεκα. (Id. ib. vi. 9, 3.)

This account is confirmed by Zonaras and Jornandes, who agree in relating that 1,100,000 (men, women, and children) perished during the siege by famine, disease, and the sword. The historian adds, Αλλ ειθε παντες ετεθνηκειμεν, πριν την ιεραν εκεινην πολιν χερσιν ιδειν κατασκαπτομενην πολεμιων, πριν τον ναον τον αγιον ωτως ανοσιως εξορωρυγμενον. (Id. ib vii. 8, 7.)

Happy to lose in death the maddening sense
Of Hebrew ignominy! They nor saw
The Latian spoiler revel on the wealth
Of their sack'd fane (as from the holy gold
For his own deities, with curious zeal,
He cull'd the votive gift) nor, 'mid the crash
Of sinking palaces, with anguish heard
The shriek of female phrensy! Who survived,
Doom'd to transmit beneath another sun †
Hereditary servitude, beheld
In long succession rising to the view
Unpitied millions, destined to bewail
Paternal crime and errors not their own.
Still as the lucid harbinger of day
Gives to their sleepless eye his courted beam,
They sigh for evening; with the evening-star
Comes it's peculiar sorrow. Numerous still *
As sands, which pillow ocean's hoary head,
They thrive by grief and grow beneath the sword.

† The attachment of the Jews to their country, so pathetically described in Psalm cxxxvii., is confirmed by Tacitus (Hist. v. 13.) —*ac, si transferre sedes cogerentur, major vitæ metus quàm mortis.*

* Of their present numbers Basnage (who has written a history of the Jews, as a supplement and continuation of the history of Josephus) observes, that we have reason to believe there are still near 3,000,000 of people who profess this religion, and as their phrase is, *are witnesses of the unity of God in all the nations of the world.*

Past is the fame of Egypt; whose pale son
Erst by the midnight lamp, with learned toil
Skilful to wind the hieroglyphic maze,
Pored on the treasured page, by double fate †
Denied to future times. With prone descent
Great Babylon is fallen; amid the dust,
Vainly inquisitive, the traveller pries
Where Syrian Belus stood: No remnant trace ‡
Guides his lorn step: no friendly accent cheers
The long appalling silence. At the hiss
Of serpents haply, parched by tropic fire
And wild with thirst,* his palpitating heart
Bounds horror-struck: or deep the bittern pours
Her hollow-sounding note; or, sailing slow,

† The library of Alexandria was founded by the first Ptolemies, and gradually enlarged to 700,000 volumes; 400,000 of which were lodged in that quarter of the city called Bruchion, and the remaining 300,000 within the Serapeum. The first part was casually destroyed by fire, when Julius Cæsar was making war upon the place; but restored in number by Antony's munificent present, of the Pergamean library, to Cleopatra. The whole were afterward burned by the command of Omar the Caliph.

‡ Bishop Newton proves (vol. i. pp. 174, 177. &c.) by copious extracts from six or seven modern writers of eminence, that the present desolate state of Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, &c. fulfils, with melancholy exactness, the prophecies of the Old Testament relative to their ultimate condition.

* *Postquam exusta palus terræque ardore dehiscunt,*
Exsilit in siccum, et flammantia lumina torquens
Sævit agris, asperque siti atque exterritus æstu.
(Virg. Georg. iii. 432, &c.)

The dusky owl with inauspicious scream
Saddens the gloom. Beneath th' avenging wave
Old Tyre is whelm'd, and all her revelry:
Those hosts, who barter'd Israel's sons for gold
(The traffickers of blood) no more renew
Th' abhorred merchandise; no more with glance
Of keen remark compute the sinew's force,
Or weigh the muscles of their fellow-man.

And thou bethink thee, Albion, 'ere too late,
Queen of the isles and mart of distant worlds,
That thou like Tyre may'st feel some future day
Heaven's red right hand, and pay with blood the price
Of Afric's life-blood drain'd. The hour will come,
Waked by her cry of vengeance, when those ships—
The grace at once and bulwark of thy coast,
That now 'mid baffled tempests range the globe—
Unequal to a foe so oft engaged,
So oft subdued, shall through their yawning sides
Receive the victor main; and in th' abyss
Thy cliffs shall sink, their chalky tops alone
Extant above the brine: while, as from far
Across the wintry waste the seaman views
The humid net outspread, his piteous heart
(Piteous, though rugged) sorrows o'er thy fate.

With angry beam the conquerors of mankind,
Like woe-denouncing comets, blazed awile
In evanescent glory. He, whose foot

Trampled upon Assyria's subject neck,
Fled from the Greek. To Rome's imperious race
Greece bent the suppliant knee. The Roman bow'd
Before the Goth. On rude Germania's brow
Shrines Cæsar's diadem: and priests preside
Where war's stern child, his limbs in steel encased,
Frown'd fierce defiance on th' embattled world.

Nor thou with sceptic arrogance inquire
Where Israel's relics rest; or how, recall'd
To repossession of their native seat,
His dissipated tribes the glad behest
Shall hear, and how obey. So may'st thou dare
To question God's omnipotence, and ask
How wake the dead. The same Almighty Word,
Which summon'd into being and dissolved
The hallow'd polity, in pristine form
(At his appointed time*) shall re-unite
It's scatter'd parts: no feebler power may raise
The ruin'd pile. This hapless Julian knew;
When urged by pride the rash Apostate toil'd,

* *When the times of the Gentiles shall be fulfilled* (Luke xxi. 24.) or, as St. PAUL expresses it, *when the fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in, the fulness of the Jews also shall come in, and all Israel shall be saved* (Rom. xi. 12. 25. 26.) that is, says Newton (II. 70.) when the times of the four great kingdoms of the Gentiles, according to Daniel's prophecies, shall be expired, and the fifth kingdom (or the kingdom of Christ) shall be set up in their place; *and the Saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever.* (Dan. vii. 18.)

With puny effort, so perchance to thwart
Messiah's plan. Him, hurl'd from central depths
By arm divine, the conglobated fire
Repell'd, † as oft his daring hand resumed

About the particulars of that kingdom, our prudence and modesty are equally concerned to forbear inquiry; as they are points, which the Holy Spirit has not thought fit to explain, and of which the perfect comprehension may perhaps constitute a part of the happiness of that period.

But these prophecies have not yet received their full and entire completion; our Saviour has not yet had the *uttermost parts of the earth for his possession* (Psalm xi. 8.) *All the ends of the world* have not yet *turned unto the Lord* (xxii. 27.) *All people, nations, and languages* have not yet *served him* (Dan. vii. 14.;) neither are the Jews made an *an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations* (Isa. lx. 15.) The time is not yet come, when *violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting and destruction within their borders* (18.) God's promises (Ezek. xxxviii. 21, 25. xxxix. 28, 29.) are not yet made good in their full extent; however, what has been already accomplished is a sufficient pledge and earnest of what is yet to come. We have seen the prediction of Hosea, who prophesied before the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel (iii. 4. 5.) fulfilled in part; and why should not we believe, that it will be fulfilled in the whole? (I. 137, 138.)

This event will take place (Newton subsequently observes, II. 395, &c.) about the time of the fall of the Othman empire, denoted by Ezekiel's Gog and Magog, and of the Christian Antichrist, referred to by Dan. xi. 46, and xii. 7. Then, in the full sense of the words, *shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.* (Rev. xi. 15.—See also xx. 4. &c., and Dan. vii. 26, 27.)

† Vid. Julian. Epist. xxv. Ιουδαιων τω κοινω.

Ambitiosum quoddam apud Hierosolymam templum, quod post multa et interneciva certamina obsidente Vespasiano posteaque Tito

Th' abortive work. Whether (as some suppose
In light conjecture) the prophetic song,
Glittering with eastern metaphor, expect
It's certain end in New Jerusalem,
Holiest of cities; or (as others frame
The surer inference, with scripture's voice
Combining circumstance) shall in the Old
Meet strict accomplishment. For still § they lack
Completion; Shalmaneser's captives still,
Haply in Arsareth, with frequent prayer
Solicit heaven to guide their wandering foot

ægrè est expugnatum, instaurare sumptibus cogitabat immodicis:— Metuendi globi flammarum propè fundamenta crebris assultibus erumpentes fecêre locum, exustis aliquoties operantibus, inaccesum; hocque modo, elemento destinatiùs repeliente, cessavit inceptum. (AMM. MARCELL. xxiii. 1.)

§ See Hartley's 'Observations on Man,' p. 11. iv. § 2. Prop. clxxxii. where, beside these two arguments in favour of the Restoration of the Jews to Palestine, viz.

I. That the predictions have never yet been adequately fulfilled of *any* Jews; and

II. That the Ten Tribes or Israelites, carried away captive by Shalmaneser (2 Kings xviii. 2.) have never yet been restored *at all:* he alleges

III. That a *double* return seems to be foretold in several prophecies;

IV. That the prophets, who lived *since* the return from Babylon, have predicted a return in terms similar to those who went *before;* whence it follows, that both classes must refer to some Restoration *yet future:* and,

To human haunt.* Still, though dispersed, distinct—
So God pronounced—by no mild offices
Of Gentile courtesy attach'd abroad,

V. That the Restoration of the Jews to their own land seems to be foretold also in the *New* Testament.

To these arguments, drawn from prophecy, he adds some concurrent evidences suggested by their existing circumstances:

1. That they are yet *distinct* from all the nations, among which they reside;

2. That they are to be found *dispersed* in all the countries of the known world;

3. That, having no *inheritance of land* in any country, their property (money and jewels, &c.) admits of being easily transferred to Palestine;

4. That they are treated with *contempt and cruelty* every where;

5. That they *correspond* with one another throughout the world;

6. That most of them, by the Rabbinical Hebrew, have an *universal medium of communication*; and,

7. That they still *hope* and *expect* themselves to be RESTORED.

This Restoration (he subjoins) may alarm mankind, and open their eyes; while, by affording an opportunity of a careful survey of Palestine, it may prove the genuineness and divine authority of the Scriptures.

Pistorius, a Norwegian (in his notes and additions to Hartley, i. p. 706, &c.) after expressing his doubts of the destruction of all the present powers of the earth "by a fifth Monarchy or Millennium," &c. proceeds to vindicate the expectation of a future general conversion and gathering of the Jews into the *Church* of Christ; proving, by many incontestable arguments, that Rom. xi. 26. cannot be understood of a *spiritual* Israel, or as having happened *long ago*: About their Restoration to Palestine he is less certain.

* 2 Esdr. xiii. 40, 41, 45, &c.

With wealth unfasten'd to an alien soil,
They still articulate Judæa's tones;
Still pant in patriot sympathy; and still
The hope of Restoration gilds the gloom
Of present banishment. With brighter hues
Glows the gay vision 'mid their long dark night,
And borrows brilliance from surrounding shade.

And see! They come! Survey yon sweeping band,
Countless as Persian bowmen, who beset
Freedom exulting on her Attic rock;
When Asia roused her millions to the war,
And sunk in all her pomp before the foe
Her vengeance fondly doom'd. With ranks as full,
But with more prosperous fates and purer joys
Than swell the warrior's breast, their destined march
The Hebrews bend, from where Hydaspes rolls
His storied tide; or cleave with holy prow
Th' Atlantic main, whose conscious surge reveres
It's buoyant load. No Spaniard plunderers they,
By gold allured to traverse new-found realms,
And plunge the wondering savage in the mine,
Where (guiltless then) the unsunn'd mischief slept;
No mad crusaders, by the Roman priest
Baptized Invincible, with impious zeal
To combat Hali's turban'd race, and wade
A second time to Palestine through blood:
But call'd by God, or from the western stream
Of Plata, or where Ganges pours his urn,

In love-knit league they throng. To Salem's groves
Messiah, erst their nation's deadliest hate,
Guides the returning host; and high in air
Floats their bright flag, the once-opprobrious Cross.

Separate no more their tribes. His scepter'd pride
Judah resigns; and Levi's hallow'd sons
Renounce the ephod, prompt in earlier times
To purge the public stain. For now they own
Their Shiloh come: nor longer, idly vain,
Assert the useless privilege of birth.

Then shall some patriot bard, to cheer their way,
With magic touch explore the trembling strings,
And breathe the sacred harmony around;
While, with past solitude contrasting still
Present society (so sweeter deem'd)
He cheats the summer day of half it's hours.
Oft, to the harp in tuneful concert join'd,
Swells the glad voice: and oft, as on the ear
The music falls, they move in measured step
Responsive; while the joyous sounds deceive
Their lifted foot, and steal it from it's toil.

Then too, as bursts upon his age-worn sight
The dazzling blaze of prophecy fulfill'd,
Shall some rapt Simeon raise the grateful song,
And hail th' accomplishment: "Lord, now dismiss'd
"In peace thy servant sleeps; his eyes have seen
"ISRAEL RESTORED, and all thy people bless'd."

THE

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

BY

ARTHUR WILLIAM TROLLOPE, M. A.

Nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.—Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 775.

1795.

JEHOVAH's mercies to His chosen seed
Repentant, and Chaldæa's iron yoke
From Judah loos'd; with retribution just
And tenfold vengeance on th' oppressor's head,
And Babylon a desolated waste;
These are the muse's theme. Spirit of Truth,
Conduct my steps, that strangers to the haunts
Of poesy would tempt the magic soil
Of fiction's airy realm; and while I sing
Of deeds Almighty, let no fabled tale,

Or vision fancy-born, intrusive mix,
And taint the sacred current of my verse.
Yet what can fancy, tho' on fearless wing
She spurn earth's limits, and o'er nature's verge
Thro' worlds unnumber'd her creative eye
Range uncontroul'd? yet what can fancy add
To grace His name, whose lowest wonder soars
Beyond imagination's loftiest flight,
Far as heaven's concave, where enthron'd He sits
In majesty eternal, is uprais'd
Above His footstool this terrestrial globe.

Great is the Lord, and mighty; or to raise
The chain-worn captive from the dungeon's gloom,
And with imperial splendors vest his brow;
Or pluck the blood-stain'd tyrant from his throne,
And break his lawless sceptre. In His hand
Is pois'd the scale of empire; and when vice,
Bold and triumphant, lifts her shameless form,
And drooping virtue hangs her pensive head,
Neglected, scorn'd, insulted; at His word
Descend the swift-wing'd ministers of wrath,
Arm'd with ten thousand plagues: Destruction then
O'erhangs the fated people; coward fear
Freezes the warrior's heart, unstrings his nerves,
And from his languid arm the lifted spear
Falls innocent: shook from its faithless base
The turret trembles, and the bulwark nods;

Sinks the proud palace, the aspiring dome,
The cloud-encircled spire: dreary and sad
The city one wide ruin smokes around.

Oft had rebellious Israel bow'd the knee
At Baal's altar; and with foul revolt
Provok'd Almighty vengeance. Oft for this
Before Philistia's conquering sword they fled,
And sad Judea wept her fertile soil
Fed with her warriors' blood, her cities thinn'd
By the wild havoc of devouring war.
For this the pestilence that walks by night
Veil'd in a cloud of darkness, breathing round
Contagious death unseen;—for this pale famine,
Parent of horrors, whose dread voice can still
The cries of nature in the mother's breast,
And nerve her lifted arm against her babe
Lisping for mercy;—thro' the guilty land
Spread desolation wide. Yet not at once
Pour'd God His whole displeasure, or forgot
His covenant with righteous Abraham made:
But oft His prophets rais'd to purge the mists
Of error from His people, to renew
Their broken faith, and in their souls awake
Repentance; or with warning voice denounce
Impending judgments, and severer woes,
Judea's loss and strange captivity,
The fruit of disobedience. Blind, perverse,

Deluded Israel! whom no ills endur'd,
Or fear of ills to come, can save from ruin.
Ev'n now the hostile myriads press thy plains
Innumerable, and round Sion's hill
Burns the collected war: ev'n now thy walls,
Jerusalem, disjointed whelm the ground;
And from thy holy temple, God's own house,
The ascending flame gleams horrible: Alas!
From that dread pile how chang'd, whose sacred walls
The Shechinah, refulgent effluence
Of God himself, illumin'd; while around
The sons of Judah, rapt with pious awe,
Prostrate in grateful adoration bow'd.
Low lie its glories in the dust, a heap
Of smoky ruins; and its sacred stores
Must grace th' intemperate feast, whose riot rends
The victor's palace. From their country torn,
Torn from their native land, thy captive sons
And widow'd mothers drag the galling chain
Indignant; and, as Jordan's banks along
The sad procession winds, their pensive bosoms
Beat; while with oft-reverted eye tearful
On Sion's lessening hill they gaze, or print
With agonizing lip, while yet 'tis giv'n,
A last fond kiss on their parental soil.

Now seventy times the radiant orb of day
Had thro' the ecliptic run his annual course,

Since Israel groan'd in bondage, and the scourge
Of their Chaldean lords relentless urg'd
The toil unceasing. Less severe the yoke
Borne by their fathers in the Memphian coasts,
When God by Moses His dread wonders wrought,
And with a mighty hand and outstretch'd arm
Led forth His people. Deep repentance touch'd
Their souls, and keen remorse; in anguish sunk
They mourn'd their past transgressions. By the side*
Of Babylon's proud stream they sate, and wept
Thy fate, Jerusalem; while fond remembrance
Dwelt on thy glories past, and happier scenes
With present ills compar'd. Upon the willows
That o'er the current bow'd their drooping heads,
Their silent harps, that erst the jocund dance
Awaken'd, or devotion's sacred flame
Breath'd in the kindling soul, untun'd were hung,
And on the list'ning organs pour'd no more
The notes of melody. The foe meanwhile
Pointed the cruel taunt; and with proud scoff
And wanton blasphemy embitter'd more
The cup of misery. Thou saw'st, O God,
Their tears unfeign'd; Thou saw'st their deep contrition:
Thine ear, still open to the sinner's prayer
Pour'd from the fulness of a wounded heart,
Accepted their repentance. For Thou, Lord,
Art slow to wrath; and in Thy justice still

* Psalm cxxxvii.

Rememberest mercy:—Intercessor sweet!
Whose potent voice arrests the vengeful bolt
Wing'd with a nation's ruin, when Thy arm
Uplifted o'er a guilty land threatens
Destruction. But more boldly eloquent,
With more persuasive confidence she charms,
When sinful man with penitential tears
Bewails his errors, and, returning, wooes
Forsaken virtue. So for Israel now
She pleads, nor pleads in vain: well-pleas'd Thine ear
Inclines, and at her mediating voice
Expires Thy anger: Thou forgav'st their sins,
And at Thy word the swift avenger comes,
Whose arm shall break th' oppressor's rod, and loose
The bonds of Judah, and his sons redeem'd,
To freedom and their native land restore.

Meanwhile upon the giddy height of power
Blaz'd, meteor-like, the Babylonian, drunk
With flattery's intoxicating draught;
And while his eye, wide-stretching from the east
O'er many a tributary realm, in vain
Would grasp the limits of his boundless sway,
He moves in thought a God; and fondly deems
His throne thro' time's vast ages shall endure,
Fix'd and unshaken as the solar orb.
Vain boast! What is the city's tower'd strength,
Unless the Lord uphold her? Or the force

Of countless hosts, pressing th' embattled plain
Thick as autumnal leaves,—against His arm
Is but the vernal zephyr's gentlest breeze
Against the forest-rending tempest; but a sound
That faintly vibrates on the list'ning ear,
To the loud peal convulsing nature's frame.

* With festive mirth resounds the regal dome,
And luxury decks the banquet. On his throne
Exalted, proud Belshazzar sate: around
A thousand nobles watch his envied smile,
And on his ear, more grateful than the sound
Of heav'nly music ravishing the soul,
Breathe adulation bland. Pride swells his heart;
And in derision of Jehovah's name,
The God of captive Israel, from his stores
The consecrated vessels he commands,
The spoil of Sion's temple. Yet forbear!
'Ere the full measure of thy sins o'erflow,
And rouse not slumb'ring vengeance! No; 'tis done;
See the base herd of fawning sycophants,
See the lewd train of wanton concubines,
Taint with polluted lips the hallow'd gold;
And as they quaff th' intemperate juice, extol
Their Idol Gods! What means that sudden start?
Why drops the untasted goblet from his lip?

* Daniel, ch. v.

And flies the colour from his dead-pale cheek?
Trembles his frame convuls'd? And on yon wall
His straining eye fix'd motionless? Ah! there
The hand of Heaven in mystic characters
Pourtrays his fall. From Elam God hath call'd
His servant, and the slaughtering sword no more
Shall join the peaceful scabbard, 'till its charge
Appointed ends; 'till Babylon is fallen.
What tho' with walls impenetrable girt,
Broad, lofty, vast, stupendous, she deride
The shock of hostile engines; tho' within
Their ample circuit golden harvests wave,
And flocks and herds the verdant pasture graze,
Mocking the threats of famine; she must fall.
Vain is her strength; her tow'ring bulwarks vain,
The boast of ages: while secure she sleeps,
All heedless of the storm prepar'd to burst
On her devoted head, the faithless stream
Its wonted course forgets, and to the foe
An easy passage yields. Hark! in her streets
Where the gay voice of joy and revelry
Caught the rapt ear, the loud tumultuous shout
Bursts frequent, and from twice ten thousand tongues
Pour'd clamorous the cry of victory rings:
While in her walls, her safeguard late and pride,
As in a hunter's toil, her warriors pent,
Without the power to stand or hope to fly,
Perish an easy, unresisting prey.

She falls, the Queen of Nations; Babylon,
The pride, the glory of the earth, is fallen.
Pass but a few short years, no vestige left
Shall to the curious traveller point the spot
From which she awed the kingdoms. As his eye
Explores the banks where Tigris rolls his tide,
Vainly inquisitive, no mould'ring pile,
No fractur'd column, and no storied arch
Amid the desolated waste shall rise
To aid the fruitless search. There never more*
Shall human form an habitation fix,
Nor there the roving Arab pitch his tent;
No shepherd there shall tend his fleecy charge,
Or way-worn pilgrim rest his weary feet;
But leave with quicken'd step the joyless scene,
Scared by the lonely screech-owl's boding note,
The hiss of dragons, and the monsters' yell.

Is this the once imperial Babylon?
This the proud mistress of the east? Become
A nameless waste, where scarce a ruin marks
Her ample site! Here, Albion, turn thy view;
Thou, who, like her, lift'st the aspiring head,
Learn wisdom from her fall: so may'st thou 'scape
A fate like her's. Tho' borne from every clime,
Which in his ceaseless course th' all-seeing sun

* Isaiah xiii. 20.

Chears with his genial, life-imparting beam,
The riches of the world are all thine own;
Tho' launch'd from many a port in gallant pride
Thy floating bulwarks press th' astonish'd deep,
And pour their vollied thunders round the globe;
Place not in these thy strength: More firm than these
Doth virtue's power endure, and righteousness
On surer base exalt a nation's fame.
But if supine, and sunk in vice's arms
Lethargic, thou forgett'st th' Almighty hand,
That gave thy greatness birth; if with the power
The impious pride of Babylon be thine,
And all her thousand sins of scarlet dye;
Thine is her punishment: tho' guardian rocks
Of perpendicular, direct ascent,
Steep, inaccessible, should round thy shores
Continuous rise, scoffing th' invader's toil;
Should triple walls of solid adamant
Encircle, engine-proof, thy cities; should
Thy sons beyond ev'n number's endless tale
Be multiplied, and every sinew strung
With more than giant force; ev'n in thy pride,
Ev'n in the boasted fulness of thy might,
Perdition, like the whirlwind's winged blast,
Arrests thee. Say, as lull'd on pleasure's breast
Thou liest, in gay delusive dreams entranc'd,
Old joys exhausting and inventing new;
What if, as erst on Sodom's guilty land,

Pour'd from sulphureous clouds in horrid shower
Descend the fiery tempest? What if earth
Even to the centre cleft, disparting wide,
Engulph thy cities in the deep abyss?
What if the voice, at which th' obedient seas
Were gather'd to their place, and ocean chain'd
Within his shores prescrib'd, should bid again
The congregated waters pass their bounds,
Pouring their floods impetuous o'er the land
With ruinous inundation? Yet ev'n then,
Tho' rising waters whelm the subject plains;
Tho' the riv'n earth within its yawning womb
Entomb thy guilty sons; tho' angry heaven
In streaming cataracts of liquid fire
Rain down combustion inextinguishable:
Yet haply should be found some chosen few,
Who, unpolluted 'midst a nation's sins,
Pure and unspotted stemm'd the tide of vice;
For these His servants shall the Lord prepare
An ark of safety in the day of wrath;
Or by His guiding angel lead them forth,
'Ere bursts the storm, into some sheltering Zoar.

'Ere bursts the storm, into some shelter'd
Or by His guiding angel led thou hast
In ark of safety in the day of wrath;
For whose life no prayer shall the land prevent
True and unpolluted stream of the holy river,
Unpolluted 'midst a nation's sins,
For thee should be found some chosen few,
Ten haply should be found some chosen few,
Rush down combustion inextinguishable,
In streaming cataracts of liquid fire
Enough thy gulfy caves to'ertop beneath
Th' fire's ne'er-ceasing progress through
Th' rising waters whelm the mighty whole;
Who ruinous inundation. Yet ev'n then,
Parting their floods asunder on the land
Forcing their downward course pour'd back
The compressed waters pay each loss in
It with his above proportion. Soon the again
Will the gathered [illegible] and [illegible]
Where gathered [illegible] and [illegible]
What if the enemy at which th' election seek
Engulph the cities in the deep abyss!
Even to the ocean clad, dispersing works
Therein the [illegible]. What if such
Should [illegible]

MIRACLES.

BY

WILLIAM BOLLAND, M.A.

Quorum operum causas nulla ratione videre
Possunt; ac fieri divino numine rentur.

LUCRET. i. lib. l. 152.

1797.

OF deeds divine beyond the narrow view
Of mortal intellect, of wonders strange,
By which the mighty Ruler of the world
Was pleas'd to manifest His will to man
In tokens undeniable; whose truth
Flash'd strong conviction on the clouded sight
Of blind idolatry; bent the stiff knee
Of stubborn infidelity, and forc'd

E'en Satan's self to recognize the works;
Of Miracles I sing—Spirit of light!
That thro' this world of darkness guid'st my steps,
And, pointing to a bleeding Saviour's wounds,
Bid'st me to hope for life beyond the grave,—
Pure Faith!—to thee I call—teach me to sing
The great Jehovah! Blot from mem'ry's page
The trifling characters by folly's hand
Imprinted there; nor, in the silent hour
Of sacred meditation, on my mind
Suffer th' unwelcome fancy to obtrude
Unhallow'd thoughts; let no unholy doubt,
Bred in the fertile, but distemper'd, brain
Of modern sophistry, prophane my verse;
But, led by thee—Oh! may the grateful muse
Approach with modest step the throne of grace,
And offer up with due humility
Her tribute to the Majesty of God.

First, holy patriarch! of thy works I tell,
Thou chosen servant, who, 'mid flames of fire
On Horeb's summit, from the lips of God,
Receiv'd'st thy high commission, who wast sent
To scourge with pestilence a guilty land,
And rescue Israel's children from the yoke
Of iron bondage; whose all-powerful rod
Prov'd a fell serpent to the tyrant heart
Of harden'd Pharaoh, and with deadly fang

Stung Egypt to obedience; Ah! how vain,
Proud King, was all thy boasted majesty!
How vain the magic of thy sorcerers!
Tho' for a time the wisdom of the Lord
Permitted men to mimic heavenly deeds,
They found at last their witchcraft mockery,
Their incantations baffled, and confess'd
The finger of a God!—Aghast, they saw
The redden'd Nilus through their blasted plains
Roll cataracts of blood;—With horror view'd
Unnumber'd frogs in croaking multitudes
Leap from his purple shores;—The poison'd air
Teem'd with a living pestilence; in swarms,
That cast a darkness on the face of day,
Buzz'd winged myriads:—whilst on man and beast,
As infinite in number as the sands
That ocean laves, the lice crawl'd horrible,
A loathsome spectacle!—The stricken ox
Dropp'd lifeless; scatter'd o'er the thirsty plain,
By grievous murrain seiz'd, the dying flocks
Lay one extended ruin; nor could man
Escape the dire contagion; o'er his limbs
A baleful inflammation spreads its fires
In ulcerous leprosy:—No mortal art,
No healing balm could save, nor med'cine's aid
Recruit exhausted nature:—Peal on peal
The rattling thunder thro' the vault of heaven
Tremendous roar'd, and Egypt's quaking land

Shook with the wild convulsion;—O'er the earth
Ran streams of liquid fire; from bursting clouds
A pelting torrent of descending hail
Pour'd showers of death, in deluge terrible,
As when in earlier time the angry Lord
Broke up the fountains of the boundless deep,
And, op'ning wide heaven's window, on mankind
Sent down a world of waters; every herb
Wither'd, and lost its verdure; every tree
Own'd the relentless vengeance of the storm,
And stood a shatter'd, leafless monument
Of Egypt's disobedience to her God.

Still to complete her punishment, and fill
The measure of her sorrow; to consume
What yet remain'd of herb and flower, the wreck
Of vegetable nature, o'er the land
Moses, obedient to the call of God,
Stretch'd his creative hand; in famish'd hosts,
Borne on the pinions of the blighting east,
Devouring locusts rush'd upon the plains,
Cov'ring the face of earth; no place was free;
In vain firm bolts, and barricaded doors
Refus'd an entrance; each devoted house
Swarm'd with the hungry pestilence;—The sun
Denied his genial blaze, the paler moon
Withdrew her lustre, and no friendly star
Bestow'd e'en one faint ray of cheering light

To guide the stumbling feet; for three days long
Ill-fated Egypt mourn'd her wasted stores
In darkness palpable:—Obdurate King!
Could not these signs convince thine impious mind?
Could'st thou require a proof more manifest
Of God's displeasure? Could'st thou still persist
To torture Israel with the galling chain
Of strong oppression, 'till th' insulted Lord,
At midnight's hour, thro' thy devoted realms
Bade death stalk forth, the servant of His will,
Clad in the terrors of an angry God,
And brandishing His vengeance, to destroy
The first-born of thy desolated land:
E'en from the palace to the dungeon's gloom,
With rage unpitying, and impartial sword,
Destruction spread; through the deserted streets,
In all the raving extasy of grief,
The frantic mother wept her dying child,
And Memphis groan'd with universal woe.

Yet 'mid this scene of wide extended waste,
While Egypt's sons thus suffer'd, Israel's stood
Protected by the guardian hand of God.
For them the verdant herb put forth her leaves
In wild luxuriance, and the spreading tree
Bent with its ripend offspring:—for that storm
Which rain'd destruction on the delug'd plants
Of impious Egypt, prov'd to their's a dew,

Whose genial influence wak'd the bud to life,
Shed a fresh radiance on the op'ning flowers,
And added sweetness to the mellow'd fruits.
For them the flocks in calm security
Cropp'd the green blade, or sipp'd the glassy stream,
Untainted by the deadly pestilence:
No tear was shed, no drooping son requir'd
The fond attention of maternal care
To smooth the bed of death; but all was joy,
All peace;—for plenty, with a partial hand,
And just discrimination, op'd her stores
To favor'd Israel. O! transcendent Power!
Thou great Supreme! who shall in language tell
Of works so vast, so wonderful? It asks
The seraph wing, on which Isaiah rose,
Who, borne triumphant to the fields of light,
And led by angels thro' the pathless tract,
With raptur'd lips at inspiration's fount
Drank living waters: for an earthly muse
Soars but to fall, on waxen pinions pois'd,
Which melt and vanish in the radiant blaze
That sheds its lustre round the throne of Heaven.

Say thou (if such there be) whose erring mind
Beholds these sacred and recorded truths,
And still denies their origin divine:
Is it a fever of the troubled brain,
Whose wild impetuous madness far exceeds

Egyptian infidelity, that holds
Thy reason captive? Or hast thou alone
Pierc'd thro' the dark impenetrable gloom,
In which the best and wisest of mankind
With voluntary steps content have stray'd
In happy blindness?. To what other cause
Can thy superior faculties ascribe
Deeds so unspeakable, but to that God
Before whose throne submissive nations bow
In prostrate worship? Say, proud man, what power,
Cloth'd in a pillar of directing cloud,
Amidst the rude inhospitable track
Of Etham's wilderness, by day, by night
Led wand'ring Israel? Whose commanding voice
Bade the obedient wind divide the deep,
And form a dry and permeable path
On ocean's bed, while the admiring waves
Retir'd, and stood, as walls of crystal pure,
Thro' which the favor'd people safely fled
From Pharaoh's vengeance?. Say, who taught those waves
To re-assume their wonted energies,
And with resistless and destructive force
On the pursuing and embattled hosts,
Their chosen captains, their experienc'd troops,
The rattling chariots, and the warlike steeds,
Pour universal ruin, and at once
O'erwhelm the pride of Egypt? Say, what power
'Midst Mara's parch'd and barren wretchedness,

Or on the thirsty plains of Rephidim,
From Horeb's rock call'd forth exhaustless streams?
Who scatter'd plenty in the evening's dew,
And wak'd expiring Israel's famish'd sons
To nourishment and life? 'Twas that divine,
That ruling Spirit, in whose hands alone
Such might is vested: For each work bespeaks
The living God, and trumpet-tongued proclaims
To wond'ring worlds their Maker's excellence.

Here would the muse suspend her feeble flight,
Nor 'tempt a loftier range:—for ah! what pen
Shall ever hope in language adequate
To tell His greatness? When at Joshua's will
The gather'd waters in a solid mass
Submissive rose, and Jordan's subject waves
Back to their fountains roll'd: When to His word
Obedient, thou, on Gibeon's mount, O sun,
And in the vale of Ajalon, thou, moon,
Stay'd'st thy arrested course: or when the Lord
Preserv'd Elijah, and at Cherith's brook
Taught the wild raven with parental care
To bear him food: when too in after-time,
Uplifted in a chariot of fire
Upon the viewless pinions of the wind,
The prophet rose to glory—Mute, amaz'd
Description own'd her highest soar surpass'd,
And subjugated reason toil'd in vain

To reconcile to past experience
Acts far beyond the limits of her sphere.
Could Raphael's pencil, could that glowing touch,
Whose magic tints have bade the canvas live
With forms ethereal, on whose matchless art
The world has gaz'd with rapture? Could he paint
That Spirit, whose protecting influence
Disarm'd the furnace of its hottest rage,
And from a labyrinth of flame led forth
Unhurt the faithful Shadrach? Or who tam'd
The savage lions, and with guardian wing
O'ershadow'd captive Daniel? That all-wise,
That omnipresent God, whose angel dwelt
With Jonah in th' unfathomable deep,
And, when the time of punishment was past,
Compell'd the living prison to disgorge
The priest of Nineveh. Could Milton's self,
Whose uncontroulable, aspiring mind
Burst from its narrow confines, and with more
Than mortal fire pourtray'd the power supreme
Of heaven's Almighty Ruler?—Say, could he
Add to this blaze of glory one faint ray,
Or heap one stone on this stupendous pile,
The monument of God's Omnipotence?

But hark! in fond attention wrapt, I hear
Notes of celestial minstrelsy, and heaven
From op'ning clouds pours on my dazzled sight

A flood of incommunicable day!
He comes! He comes! attendant cherubim
Announce the blest Redeemer; and in hymns
Of sacred harmony proclaim His praise.
Beside His throne, cloth'd in a robe of snow,
Stands truth's fair angel: in one hand he wields
A beam of light, whose scrutinizing force
Can thro' the darkest gloom of error pierce
Impetuous; in the other hand he bears
Four scrolls of holy writ, on whose bright page
Recorded by th' inspired pens of men,
Who each surpassing action witnessed,
Appear the SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES:—That book,
Upon whose every word my gazing eyes
Have dwelt with rapture! When at Cana's feast
The immortal Lord gives to the tasteless stream
The warmth of grateful wine, awhile I pause
In admiration lost: nor less amaz'd
I contemplate His boundless charity,
When from the bed of sickness He dispels
The clouds of death, and all that train of ills
That torture life with dark uncertainty.
At His command fled fever, thirsty fiend,
Whose parching fire dries up the wholesome blood:
And madness wild, whose moon-struck eye-balls glare
With steady gaze on vacancy: His touch,
With healing virtue, from the wither'd limbs
Drove nerveless palsy, that with fatal stroke

Numbs every fibre, grafting death on life,
Unnatural union! Scaly leprosy
At His appearance vanish'd; dropsy swoln
Withdrew his bloated form, and each confess'd
A present God. "He clear'd th' obstructed paths
Of sound, and on th' unfolding organs breath'd
New music:" from the fetter'd tongue He tore
The chains of silence, and the dumb burst forth
In hymns of gratitude: He from the sight
Remov'd impervious films, thro' which the sun
Ne'er shot one ray, and on the bright'ning eye
Painted the living landscape: at His will
The sea pour'd forth its finny progeny:
Astonish'd at the draught, whose cumb'rous weight
Broke thro' the yielding net, before his Lord
The prostrate Simon knelt: When raging winds
Rush'd from their caverns, and resistless swept
The foaming waves, when hideous roar'd the storm,
As if the wild contending elements
Had strove for mastery, at His command
The tempest ceas'd, the tow'ring billows sunk
In undulations calm, and zephyrs play'd
Upon the bosom of the peaceful deep.

Blest by His hands, upon Bethsaida's plains
The scanty viands sudden multiplied
To smiling plenty, and afforded food
To famish'd thousands: These and other deeds

Of equal glory would the faithful muse
Recite; would tell how the immortal Lord
O'er the rude surface of the waters mov'd
With printless feet; or would recount how oft
(To doubting man's eternal infamy)
The very devils own'd the Saviour's power,
And hail'd him—"Christ, the Holy One of God!"

But sunk in grief, in meditation lost,
With weeping Martha o'er a brother's urn
She bends:—Ah, what avail those fruitless tears!
No pity can restore lost life, "nor call
Back to its mansion the departed breath:"
Cold are those limbs, still is that active pulse
That ceaseless beat; and, wrapt in endless sleep,
Within the bosom of his kindred earth,
A lifeless, a corrupted mass he lies.—
Vain reasoner, cease! for know thy God hath power
To raise that lifeless and corrupted mass,
Resuscitate its vigour, and bestow
A second being: Hark! in accents loud
Thy Saviour calls—see from the yawning tomb,
Bound in the solemn vestments of the grave,
Comes forth the living Lazarus! Ah! see
Upon his pallid cheek returning life
Breathe roseate hues, and his unclosing eye
Beam with new radiance.—Hail, thou mystic type
Of that great day, when with the thunder's voice

The King of Kings to earth's remotest climes
Shall speak His will; when the unpeopled graves
Shall render up their dead, and all shall stand,
Like Lazarus, before a judging God.

Let not the sceptic's ignorance presume
To mark the limits of celestial power,
Nor weigh its greatness in the partial scale
Of little man's confin'd philosophy.
What! shall that God, whose energies divine
Wak'd slumb'ring matter from the dark abyss
Of chaos, and with all-creative hand
Bade each minuter particle assume
Its form and character; shall He, whose arm
Upon the boundless ocean of the air
Launch'd yon stupendous continent of fire,
Round which, by laws immutable constrain'd,
The subject planets roll their pendant orbs;
Shall that great God, who, with all-seeing eye
And wisdom infinite, assign'd its place
To each created atom, who arrang'd
And methodiz'd by comprehensive rule,
In order beautiful, th' harmonious whole;
Who, calling forth its active properties,
And blending all their excellence, produc'd
That Miracle of Miracles, this World;
Shall He be bounded by the narrow line
Of mortal action? Cease, presumptuous man;

Doubt not, because thou canst not understand.
Thy circumscribed reason ne'er shall reach
The secret depths, or trace the hidden maze
Of heavenly councils: call thy truant thoughts
Back to their God, nor with fallacious art
Seek to mislead th' uncultivated mind
That asks of thee instruction: rather let
The passing wonders of thy Maker's works
Excite thine adoration, and arouse
Thy sleeping faculties in hymns of praise:—
" Great Lord of Life! to Thee I kneel, to Thee
" Pour forth the warm effusions of a heart
" Grateful for all Thy mercies: Lord, look down
" Upon Thy servant, and, as once Thou deign'dst
" To send Thy Spirit to conduct the steps
" Of Israel's children thro' the pathless waste
" To happier regions, so may'st Thou, O God,
" Guide thro' this world, this wilderness of sin,
" A hopeless wand'rer, and at last from death
" Raise up his raptur'd soul to that high heaven,
" Where, thron'd with Thee, the just shall ever live
" In endless peace and everlasting love."

THE EPIPHANY.

BY

WILLIAM BOLLAND, M.A.

Ἀστὴρ ἀρίζηλος· ἀλαθινὸν
Ἀνδρὶ φέργος PIND. Ol. 2. l. 101.

Quem nunciabat siderum præsentia
Regem universis nuper ortum gentibus.
M. HIERON. Vidæ Hymn. 18.

1798.

THY praise, O Sun, who, by th' Almighty's hand,
Fix'd in the centre of this spacious world,
Sitst thron'd in splendor, and with fos'tring care
Pour'st from thy stores of undiminish'd fire,
Light, warmth, and nourishment on helpless man:
Or thine, O Moon, that with a paler ray,

Tho' not less friendly, 'mid the solemn gloom,
When darkness casts its mantle o'er the earth,
And nature sleeps in peace, serenely fair
Risest, in simple majesty array'd,
With silver lustre from the face of heaven
To chase the dusky clouds, disarming night
Of half her terrors;—grateful would I sing—
For well your names deserve a nobler lay!
Nor you the muse forgets, ye brilliant host!
That o'er the vast immeasurable tract
Of firmament, with just arrangement spread,
Spangle the wide expanse; whether to men,
As planets known, that round their central sun
Move in harmonious order; or those spheres
Of wand'ring flame, that, with portentous glare,
Beyond the reach of mortal knowledge, "roll
Spaces incomprehensible;" or those
Minuter fires fix'd in remotest air
At distance so immense, their fading gleam
Scarce twinkles on the philosophic eye.

But tho' the glorious theme might well command
Th' obedient muse to strike the silent string;
Tho' fancy, pond'ring o'er the grand design
Of nature's work, burns with a fond desire
To paint the beauties of the glowing scene,
Creation's fourth great miracle, yet still
A brighter blaze bursts on her ravish'd sight,

Calls forth her powers, and tunes the tongue to praise:
That wond'rous star, that, in the eastern sky
Majestic rising, to Judæa's land
Trac'd its illumin'd path to mark the clime
From whence, as erst by holy prophet told,
To Israel should a mighty Prince be born,
The King and Saviour of a fallen race.

O Thou! pure essence of ethereal Light,
Thou Morning Star of Immortality!
How shall I tell the blessings which thy rays
Diffus'd on mortals? At thy rising rose
The Sun of Mercy, and to man unbarr'd
The crystal portals of eternal day:
Death stood aghast, and dropt his venom'd spear,
Content to wound, no longer to destroy;
Tremendous echoing thro' her deepest vaults,
And caves of blackest night, the conquer'd grave
Heav'd a convulsive groan; as of that hour
Prophetic, when from her exhaustless womb
Millions shall rise to second life, the heirs
Of wealth divine, and never ending joy!

By anxious hopes inspir'd, with raptur'd eyes
The nations saw the long expected sign;
And prompt to pay the adoration due,
A pious band of sages from the east,
With choicest gifts, and richest treasures stor'd,

Bent to Jerusalem their destin'd course:
Whether from Persia's distant clime they came,
Where Caucasus, aspiring mountain, rears
His cloud-capt head; and giant Ararat,
Upon the mirror of Araxes' wave,
Throws his stupendous image: or that land,
On which in earliest times the sons of men,
With impious hands, and bold presumption, rais'd
Babel's proud tower, that first vain monument
Of mad ambition: or the torrid plains,
Where parch'd Arabia to the solar blaze
Expands her sandy bosom; or those vales,
Refresh'd by many a stream, where Tigris winds
His mazy way, and vast Euphrates rolls
A sea of waters—my uncertain pen
Recounts not:—Soon as jealous Herod heard
That journeying sages sought a new-born Prince,
And hail'd him Israel's monarch, he conven'd
The priests and learned elders of the state,
That from their gather'd wisdom he might find
What place should boast the blest Messiah's birth.
Inform'd that Bethlehem was the chosen spot
By Micah sung, the king in secret met
Th' enquiring strangers, and with strictest search
Bade them to seek the promis'd child, that he,
With regal pomp adorn'd, might issue forth,
To offer worship to the infant Prince.

O matchless hypocrite! Thy cruel mind

Was ne'er enlighten'd by the faintest spark
Of pure devotion! O'er a Saviour's fate
Murder sat brooding, and with hellish art
Beneath religion's borrow'd vest conceal'd
Ambition's thirsty dagger! For thy pride,
By rage inflam'd, and power's insatiate lust,
Could little brook a rival near the throne.
Upon thy brow Judæa's diadem,
By lawless force usurp'd, sat tremulous;
And in thy hand the blood-stain'd sceptre shook.
Tyrant! thy eyes shall see at that dread day,
When at the bar of an all-judging God
Thou stand'st arraign'd, when Bethlehem's slaughter'd babes
With lisping tongues shall testify thy crimes,
And weeping mothers on thy guilty head
Call loud for vengeance, then shalt thou behold
That infant Saviour, that forgiving Lord,
The sinner's advocate:—His bounteous love
Shall, at that awful hour, extend its grace
Ev'n to a wretch like thee, shall plead thy cause
All-eloquent, and with a parent's zeal
(O boundless mercy!) stretch His saving arm
To snatch thy soul from everlasting death.

As, when of old, the sons of Israel fled
From Pharaoh's wrath, and o'er the trackless wild
Of Etham's waste pursu'd their dubious march,
Before the camp a fiery pillar mov'd,

Divinely bright, to guide their erring steps,
And point to paths secure; so, when thy gates,
Jerusalem, pour'd forth th' illustrious train
Of sages, that benignant star, whose beams
First led them in a foreign land to seek
Th' expected King, to Bethlehem's honor'd walls
With faithful light held its directing course.
Joyful they saw, and follow'd; 'till on high
Sudden th' auspicious meteor stopt its flight,
And o'er the sainted habitation hung
Its heavenly lamp.—They enter'd; but no roof
By marble columns propt, no fretted dome
Of rich device, and costly workmanship,
No spacious chamber, on whose lofty sides,
Or by the painter's art, or curious hand
Of skilful sempstress wrought, th' heroic tale
Spoke from the canvas, or in tapestry breath'd
With mimic life,—receiv'd the goodly throng;
But in a simple dwelling's meanest room
Their Prince they found.—There on a mother's knee,
His only throne, in artless innocence
The babe sat smiling:—Monarchs of the earth!
Turn not disdainful from this humble scene;
Though o'er his limbs no Tyrian purple flow'd
In graceful folds, nor from his circled head
The diamond glitter'd or the ruby blaz'd;
(Mere pomp, and outward signs of royalty)
Yet was his glory greater far than that

Of sceptre'd Solomon on ivory throne,
With Ophir's gold inlaid, high-seated, when
To hear his wisdom, from the farthest south,
Sheba's fair queen with homage due appear'd.
'Tis not a crown (so happy Britons feel)
Bespeaks the king; but dignity of mind,
Imperial virtue!—At his infant feet
Prostrate they fell; then from their caskets took
The precious treasures, frankincense, whose sweets
Perfume Sabæa's gale, and fragrant myrrh
Wept by Arabian shrub, and purest gold,
An ample offering: these with liberal hands
Presented, and each mark of worship paid,
Each rite perform'd, back to their native homes
The favour'd sages took their peaceful way.

O greatly good and justly titled wise!
First in the catalogue of learning's sons,
Deep-graven by the master-hand of truth,
Your names shall live to teach presumptuous minds
That man's best wisdom is—To know his God!
O heavenly fount! how far thy lucid spring
Transcends the muddy source from whence mankind
Drink earthly knowledge! Not the viewless height
Of Teneriffe, compar'd to some small hill
Rais'd by the mole, blind miner, can present
A wider contrast: not th' Atlantic main
Surpasses more the scantiest rivulet

That pours its shallow tribute to his shore.
He, who with patient toil consumes the lamp
At midnight, and o'er dusty records pores
Laborious, to descry with nice research
The arts and manners of departed days;
Or who, with zeal more active, sallies forth
To traverse seas and lands unknown before;
Who views with equal eye the gather'd snows
Of frozen Zembla, or the scorching sands
Of Zaara's desert: who, by nought seduc'd
From his firm purpose, boldly presses on,
And from th' Equator to the distant Poles,
Opening the worlds great volume, with delight
Reads living nations—he his health, his hours,
His substance wastes to raise a tott'ring pile
Of useless knowledge, if he knows not Him
Who moves, informs, and animates the whole:
'Tis ignorance all! all vanity! and serves
To lecture children and make ideots stare.

Approach, ye proud! who cradled in the lap
Of soft indulgence, and of titles, wealth,
And power possest, thro' pleasure's flowery meads
Unthinking rove, nor from the fond pursuit
A moment pause, to contemplate that God
Who show'rs each blessing on your worthless heads;
Approach! and from adoring sages learn
Th' instructive lesson of humility!

'Tis not the tinsell'd robe of gay parade,
Nor the loud plaudits of a thousand tongues;
'Tis not to shine in courts, or to command
Th' attentive ears of list'ning senators;
'Tis not the laurel in the tented field
Pluck'd amid wounds and death, nor that renown,
Transcendent tho' its value, which awaits
Those gallant chiefs, to thy maternal arms,
Britannia, justly dear, who o'er the waves
With dauntless courage have to victory led
Thy floating bulwarks, and to hostile shores
Thund'ring defiance, whisper'd peace to thine;
'Tis not these mark'd distinctions can alone
Ennoble man, and fit him for the skies;
No! 'tis that inward worth, which passing shew
Directs to good; that modest purity,
That breathes its hallow'd influence o'er the heart,
And wakes it to devotion; that, amid
The scoffs and censures of an idle world,
Strengthens the just resolve, which bids us e'en
(If heaven demands so large a sacrifice)
Our fortune, friends, and country to forego,
And, like the sages whom the muse has sung,
Brave ev'ry danger in the cause of God.

Bright emanation of that hallow'd fire
Circling celestial Majesty, which God
So oft has chosen to impart His will,

Thou messenger of bliss, how this exceeds
Thy former missions! When to Abraham sent,
Thy flame consum'd the parted sacrifice;
Or from the burning bush on Horeb's top
Beam'd forth divine commands, or from the rock
In Jezreel's vale on Gideon's doubting mind
Conviction flash'd, then was thy partial aid
Exerted to defend the single tribe
Of wand'ring Israel; but when o'er the plains
Of Bethlehem thy conducting lustre shone,
A guardian Saviour smil'd amid thy beams,
His promise heav'n's rewards, a world his care!

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
The King of Glory comes! He comes to clothe
This mortal in the unperishable garb
Of immortality! Hear it, ye dead,
Hear the glad tidings! and with trembling hope
Expect that day, when at th' archangel's trump,
From the long sleep of many thousand years
Ye shall awake,—awake to sleep no more;
Hear it, O living man! 'ere greedy death
Consigns thee to the prison of the tomb;
Hear and be wise! seek thy Redeemer's throne;
On bending knees implore His healing grace,
Chaunt forth His praise, and venerate His name.
Behold His life, and learn from Him to live;
In death still greater view thy bleeding Lord,

And imitate that worth thou canst not reach.
Smooth are His paths, and to conduct thy feet
The Gospel's holy light around thee sheds
Its mild effulgence. There behold thy God,
Nor from the radiant guide avert thy eyes,
Tho' dangers threaten, and collecting clouds,
Big with impending fate, obscure the sky.
For though upon the troubled waves of life,
Tost by the gale, thy shatter'd vessel drifts
At the rude mercy of contending storms;
Though on thy sight th' horizon blackens round,
The thunders roar, and hell's capacious jaws
Seem opening to devour thee—coward like
Quit not thy post, nor suffer dark despair
To paralize the vigor of thy arm!
Seize the deserted helm, and on that star
Of more than solar glory, fix thy gaze!
Led by its favoring ray to calmer seas,
Fann'd by the breeze of faith thy bark shall glide
To the blest haven of Eternal Peace.

SAINT PAUL AT ATHENS.

BY

WILLIAM BOLLAND, M.A.

Κορωνὶς δ' ἔγω λόγων πάντος καὶ φρονήματος Ἑλληνικῆς Δημοσθένης, Λυσίας, Αἰσχίνης, Ἀριστείδης, Ἰσαῖος, Τίμαρχος, Ἰσοκράτης, Δημοσθένης ὁ Κρίθινος, Ξενοφῶν, πρὸς τούτοις ΠΑΥΛΟΣ ὁ ΤΑΡΣΕΥΣ.

DION. LONGINI. FRAGMENT.

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

POPE.

1799.

YE hallow'd martyrs, who, with fervent zeal,
And more than mortal courage, greatly dar'd
To preach the name of Jesus; ye, who stood
Th' undaunted champions of eternal truth,
Tho' madden'd priests conspir'd, tho' princes frown'd,
And persecution with ingenious rage

Prepar'd her thousand torments; pious saints!
Full oft, when, pondering o'er the sacred page
In meditation wrapt, I sadly trace
The insults, bonds and agonizing pains,
That for a much-lov'd master you endur'd,
Each bright example animates my soul,
And prompts it to devotion. Oft the muse,
In melancholy lost, with plaintive touch
Has wak'd the lyre of sorrow to lament
His fall, whom Herod's unrelenting sword
Of life bereav'd, or tell the cruel fate
Of holy Stephen, who, 'mid showers of death,
With meekest resignation bow'd his head,
And wing'd to brighter worlds his happy way.

Oft too, O Paul, thy sufferings would engage
The fond attention of the weeping muse.
Oft would she contemplate that mighty power,
Whose guardian care o'er thy devoted head
Stretch'd its protecting arm, when nations rose,
And furious bigots strove to press thee down.
But worn with grief no more she strikes the string
To notes of woe; no more the mournful verse
Re-echoes to th' excruciating shrieks
Of tortur'd virtue. More enchanting themes,
Though not less solemn, now demand my song;
Thy eloquence, O Paul, thy matchless tongue,
Whose strong persuasion, as with magic's voice,

From heathen darkness to the paths of light
Led the benighted wanderers, who, like thee,
Through superstition's gloomy mazes stray'd,
Till heaven's effulgence bursting on the view,
To thy astonish'd and enraptur'd sight
Reveal'd the glories of unfading day.

Upborne on towering fancy's eagle wing,
Methinks imagination's piercing eye
Darts through the veil of ages, and beholds
Imperial Athens; views her sumptuous domes,
Her gorgeous palaces, and splendid fanes,
Inscrib'd to all the various deities
That crowd the pagan heaven. Amid the rest
An altar sacred TO THE GOD UNKNOWN
Attracts my gaze; I see a list'ning throng
With eager haste press round a reverend form,
Whose lifted hands and contemplative mien
Express the anxious feelings of a mind
Big with momentous cares: 'Tis he! 'Tis he!
Methinks I hear the apostle of my God
From blind idolatry to purer faith
Call the deluded city; nought avails
The rude abuse of jeering ignorance,
Nor all the scoffs that malice can invent:
To duty firm, their mockery he derides,
And, with intrepid tone, divinely brave,
Proclaims the blessed Jesus, tells His power,

His gracious mercy and unbounded love
To sinful man; tells how the Saviour fell,
Awhile a victim to insulting death,
'Till, bursting from the prison of the grave,
He rose to glory, and to earth declar'd
These joyful tidings, this important truth,
"There is another and a better world."

Weak is the muse. Imagination's eye
Grows dim, and fancy owns herself surpass'd.
What tho' in richest colours she pourtrays
The tales of early times, recounts the feats
Of ancient heroes, and resounds their fame
In numbers equal to th' exploits she sings;
Still there are deeds, and such, O Paul, were thine,
Whose native greatness, whose transcendent worth
The noblest flight of fiction cannot reach.

O! would that Spirit, whose enliv'ning touch
Inspir'd the hallow'd preacher, deign to guide
An humble poet's pen, who thus attempts
In simple strains to celebrate his praise!
Then would I paint th' Apostle as he stood,
When to assembled sages he declar'd
The living God, whose all-creative hand
Stretch'd out th' expansive canopy of heaven,
And in the liquid realms of ether hung
The pendent orb of earth; that mighty Lord,

Who dwelleth not in temples, nor delights
In altars heap'd with costly sacrifice;
The world His temple, a repentant heart
The only offering that He asks of man.

Was this thy praise, proud court! was this thy boast,
This thy collective wisdom, to arraign
The minister of God, with impious taunts
Deride his sacred mission, and deny
Th' immortal Jesus? At that fatal hour
Thy fading laurels droop'd, and all thy fame
Was tarnish'd by the foul, disgraceful deed.
What! tho' of old, as fabled legends tell,
Contending deities from thy decree
Sought justice, though admiring nations join'd
To sound thy virtues, yet shall history's page
To latest time the apostle's fate record,
And stamp eternal censure on thy name.

Who shall describe the senate's wild amaze
When the great orator announc'd that day,
That solemn day, when from the yawning earth
The dead shall rise, and ocean's deep abyss
Pour forth its buried millions? When, 'mid choirs
Of angels thron'd, the righteous God shall sit
To judge the gather'd nations. Vice appall'd,
With trembling steps retir'd, and guilty fear
Shook every frame, when holy Paul pronounc'd

The awful truth; dark superstition's fiend
Convulsive writhed within his mighty grasp,
And persecutions dagger, half unsheath'd,
Back to its scabbard slunk; celestial grace
Around him beam'd, sublime the apostle stood,
In heaven's impenetrable armour cloth'd,
Alone, unhurt before a host of foes.
So, 'mid the billows of the boundless main,
Some rock's vast fabric rears its lofty form,
And o'er the angry surge that roars below
Indignant frowns: in vain the tempest howls,
The blast rude sweeping o'er the troubled deep
Assaults in vain: unmov'd the giant views
All nature's war, as 'gainst his flinty sides
Wave after wave expends its little rage,
And breaks in harmless murmurs at his feet.

School of the world, thou nurse of ev'ry art
That forms, adorns, and elevates the man!
Say, from the list of thy illustrious train,
Athens, what name can thy maternal love
Fondly select, as worthier to engage
The painter's pencil, or the poet's song?
Or who, among the favor'd sons of Greece,
Dares to dispute before impartial truth
The meed of glory with Cilicia's sage?
Not Plato, who, amid the peaceful shades
Of Academus, train'd thy rising youth

To early virtue, stor'd their infant minds
With learning's richest gifts, and rous'd their breasts
To deeds of excellence and high renown:
Not he, within whose lips persuasion dwelt
Scatt'ring sweet flow'rets from her honied cell;
Whose tongue hath oft in mute attention fix'd
Thy list'ning city, when the grave debate
Demanded peaceful council, or awak'd
Its slumb'ring powers, and with the thunder's voice
Call'd forth the martial genius of the state,
When threat'ning Sparta led her bands to war.
Nor e'en Demosthenes, thy darling boast;
He, on whom wisdom with a lavish hand
Bestow'd her choicest treasures; to whose search
Science her charms unveil'd, and eloquence
Disclos'd the secret fountains of her stream.
Though to thy silent and sequester'd groves
From busy life thy Socrates retir'd
To court soft peace, or with delighted steps
Along the margin of Ilissus rov'd;
Tarsus with Athens shall for fame contend,
And silver Cydnus, on whose honor'd banks
In early youth the Great Apostle stray'd,
Shall from his crystal urn, with conscious pride,
Pour to the main his tributary wave.

O could'st thou, martyr'd saint! these earthly climes
Revisit, could thy wondering eyes behold

The foul apostacy of modern days:
See fell ambition, with colossal strides,
Lead forth his countless legions to destroy
Nature's fair works, and o'er the happy shores,
The sacred plains, where once thy Saviour trod,
Spread desolation wide; or could'st thou view
Prostrate in dust, by impious hands profan'd,
The holy altars of insulted heaven;
See those blest walls, which piety had rais'd,
Devotion's lov'd retreats, by ruthless war
Spoil'd of their wealth, in broken heaps laid low;
While from some fragment of the fallen pile,
In ruin still majestic, atheist fiends,
Like famish'd vultures cow'ring o'er their prey,
Scream with malicious joy:—At scenes like these
How would thy breast with indignation burn!
How would thy soul abhor th' aspiring pride
That dares to rear its sacrilegious arm
In mad defiance of the living God!

Hence may thy children, happier Britain, taught
By sad example of surrounding woes,
Learn wisdom: learn how weak the nation's power,
Her arts how trifling, and her wealth how vain,
Whose sons on pure religion's solid base
Build not the social fabric of the state.
But, if e'en crimes like these should fail to move
Their wayward minds; if bleeding Europe's cries,

Whose warning sound, as with the apostle's tongue,
Bids them to turn their erring hearts to heaven,
Strike not their deafen'd ears; Grant, mighty Lord,
Thy saving grace, and, with paternal care,
Teach them to seek forgiveness! When Thy arm
(As oft Thou will'st in mercy to mankind)
Lifts the avenging sword, to Thee alone
May they with trembling hope look up! And oh!
Still harder task, when prosperous scenes delight
Their gladden'd eyes, when fav'ring victory smiles,
And shouts of triumph greet their happy shores,
May they with humble gratitude ascribe
Praise, where alone their fondest praise is due,
And, bowed in prostrate worship at Thy shrine,
In glory's proudest day remember Thee.

THE

HOLY LAND:

A

POEM.

BY

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M.A.

Of Trinity College.

Crescite felices, Eoæ crescite palmæ.

1800.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation, 1.—PALESTINE *invaded by* Joshua, 16.—*Nativity of* CHRIST, 43.—*His Miracles*, 61; *and Crucifixion*, 92.—*Destruction of* Jerusalem, 96.—Pagan, 103, *and* Mahometan *pollutions*, 113.—*Crusades*, 120.—*Pilgrimage over* France, 138; Italy, 152; *and* Greece, 170; (TWEDDELL, 179;) *by* Acre, 198; (Sir SIDNEY SMITH, &c. 207;) *to* Jerusalem, 230.—*The present unpeopled and unproductive state of* JUDÆA, 233.—*Conjectures about it's future condition*, 245.—*Allusion to the doctrine of the Millennium*, 254.—*Conclusion*, 270.

THE

HOLY LAND.

SPIRIT so lately fled of Him, whose lyre
'Mid it's "light Task" with strains of holiest theme
Oft sounded, and for Sion's songs renounced
Th' "accomplish'd Sofa's" praise: Oh yet pursue
Thy wonted ministry; and breathe again
Accents, which seraphs, from their tuneful toil
Pausing, 'deem'd more than mortal! Oh, 'ere heaven
Receive thee, Spirit, for it's loftier airs
Impatient, cast that mystic robe below—
Thy COWPER's mantle—on the pilgrim muse,
And guide to Palestine her destined way.

Eventful Palestine! whose hallow'd name,
Like some dread spell, from memory's inmost depths
With thrilling magic wakes a shadowy train
Of joys and woes! thy many-colour'd fate
Whence shall the bard begin?—From that bright hour
When to thy land, of idol fiends the prey,
Remphan, and Rimmon, and the crew obscene
Of Bäalim, th' avenger Israel rush'd;
And Jordan, in it's pride of summer-flood†

† "For Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest."
Josh. iii. 15.

Roll'd backward, own'd his mission. In the van
March'd havock, and with Canaan's guilty line
Strew'd the red plain, from utmost Sidon north
To Gaza's frontier bound. With equal stroke
Th' impartial steel smote manhood's towering crest,
And nerveless age: the buckler of her charms,
Which erst repell'd the blunted shafts of war,
Even beauty rear'd in vain. The bastion's strength,
Whose front impregnable defied th' assault
Of sturdiest enginry, subdued by sound,
Sank: and th' auxiliar sun, to human voice
Then first obedient, o'er th' ensanguined field
Stay'd his fleet coursers. Such the righteous doom
Of realms, apostate from their Lord: such doom
The victor felt, as oft his knee forsook
Jehovah's altar; or in battle bow'd
Beneath Philistim's spear, or scourged with plagues
(Disastrous option!*) or for many a year
Crush'd by Assyria's fetters. Still unfill'd
His sin's deep measure, and his sufferings still
Less than extreme; 'till Heaven's Anointed came,
And God, rejected, crown'd his crimes and woes.

Whence was that star, which through the blue profound
From eastern climes advancing, hung it's lamp
O'er royal Bethlehem; not with comet-glare
Portending war to nations, but of ray
Pacific? 'Twas the harbinger of morn:

* 2 Sam. xxiv. 13.

That Sun's glad herald, from whose living spring
Natures, scarce finite, in perennial stream
Draw floods of intellect, and bathe in light
Strong beyond human ken. In thickest cloud
Shrouding his native glories, lest the blaze
Of orient Deity with mortal flash
Should blast the gazer's vision, He arose—
So darken'd, yet refulgent. Through the cell
Of maniac guilt, exulting in his chain,
Darted the sudden dawn. Their rigid clasp
Instant his bonds remit: with night's foul train
His cherish'd phrensy flies; and, freed, he springs
On faith's firm wing, to liberty and heaven.

Those deeds, high-favour'd land, 'twas thine to see
In that bright day of wonders, which have shed
O'er all thy lakes and hills a holy light,
Glowing with inextinguishable flame,
Though thou and thine are prostrate. In the dust
Thy relics shine; and deep-indented still,
By time's age-rolling billows uneffaced,
The pilgrim tracks the footsteps of his God.

Ah! deeds—the pride of Israel, and his shame!
His pride, that unto him alone display'd
The mighty Workman stood, of other eyes
Seen by reflected beam; his shame, and crime
Of costliest expiation (yet unpaid—
Though scorn with finger stretch'd, and biting wrong,

Untired pursue the exile) that He stood
Display'd in vain! Yet nature knew her Prince;
And prompt, as when at first th' Almighty word
Awed the conflicting elements to peace,
Obey'd His powerful voice. Th' infuriate storm,
Which with rough pinion swept Judæa's wave,
Fled at His bidding; and in stillest calm
Th' obsequious surface slept. On restless couch
Wan fever pined: He spake, and ruddy health
Sprang from her roseate bower, with pristine bloom
To light the faded cheek. Departed saints,
Dread spectacle! their yawning tombs forsook,
To hail the Victim-God. But Israel saw,
Prompt at His voice, th' infuriate storm retire;
Saw ready health on fever's faded cheek
Shed pristine bloom; saw yawning sepulchres
Resign their shrouded captives—sceptic still,
And unconvinced; nay, to th' accursed tree
(Oh guilt, most worthy of the Flavian sword,
And centuries of anguish!) doom'd his King,
And stretch'd his own Messiah on the cross.

From the black west, in Salem's evil hour,
The tempest came; and 'round her glittering domes
Raved the resistless blast. Beneath it's rage,
Which never burst upon a nobler prey,
Sank in wide ruin whelm'd her triple wall,
And temple's golden splendor. Far away,
Born in her summer-beam, on rapid wing

Fled revelry and song. In scornful state,
Raised by the fierce invader, idol forms
(Jove, and Adonis, and th' Idalian Queen*)
Mark'd to th' indignant traveller's shrinking glance,
Where earth first heard her Saviour's infant wail;
Where, with keen throe, she felt His mortal pang;
And where, death's conquering Lord, she saw Him rise
Pure from corruption's touch, by proper force
Triumphant. But imperial Constantine
Redeem'd the hallow'd soil, and from their base
The guilty mockeries push'd. In after-times,
When his false Koran on the captive's breast
With his sharp steel th' impostor Arab graved,
Fast by God's fallen fane† it's gorgeous horns
The crescent lifting high, to pious wrath
Goaded the stern crusader, and impell'd
To chase pollution from th' insulted hill.

O'er Christendom's rude plains with frantic yell
The red-cross hermit flew, his crimson flag

* "*Ab Hadriani temporibus usque ad imperium Constantini, per annos circiter centum octoginta, in loco* resurrectionis *simulachrum Jovis, in* crucis *rupe statua ex marmore Veneris à Gentibus posita colebatur; existimantibus persecutionis auctoribus, quod tollerent nobis fidem resurrectionis et crucis, si loca sancta per idola polluissent.* Bethleem *nunc nostram, et augustissimum orbis locum, de quo Psalmista canit* (lxxxiv. 12.) "*Veritas de terrâ orta est,*" *lucus inumbrabat Thamuz, i. e. Adonidis; et in specu, ubi quondam* Christus *parvulus vagiit, Veneris amasius plangebatur.*" (Hieron. Ep. ad Paulin.)

† A Turkish mosque now usurps the site of Solomon's temple.

Waving aloft, and to the holy tomb
Summon'd her barbarous tribes. Through climes unknown,
At his wild whoop, in rout fanatic rush'd
Th' enthusiast myriads: on their scatter'd rear
Hung Famine, meagre fiend, with shrivell'd lips
Blasting the yellow harvest. Ætna thus,
Deep-heaving, from her darksome caverns pours
The fiery surge; and sad Sicilia mourns
Her buried hopes. Their woes were long to tell,
Where all was woe; 'till Salem's rescued streets
Smoked with her tyrants' blood. Then, thrown aside
The wearied sword, and hush'd the battle's roar—
Up Calvary's mount the barefoot victors toil'd,
Kiss'd the blest stone, and melted into tears.*

Even now to Sion's aweful solitudes,
Roused by th' inspiring theme, the muse directs
Her arduous course. O'er Gallia's wide domains
Hurrying, with tearful eye she marks the shrine
By impious hands to harlot reason rear'd;

* Vid. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, (chap. lviii.) vol. XI. p. 85, and Hume, *History of England*, vol. I. p. 333. Neither of these historians, however, seem fully to sustain the conjecture, that "six millions upon the first summons of Peter the Hermit assumed the cross;" though Robertson (*Charles* V. vol. I. p. 28.) states it on the concurring testimony of contemporary authors, some of whom (particularly *Fulcherius Carnotensis*, the sixth of the ten published by Bongarsius under the fanatic title of *Gesta Dei per Francos*) had accompanied this destructive expedition.

From her bruised shield the lily's silver pride
Effaced, and high-born Capet's nameless tomb.
In war's dread garb the village-swain array'd,
The noiseless city, and forsaken field
Crowd on her glance, and force her pitying sigh.

Thus, view'd at distance, Egypt's giant piles
Attract the stranger's foot. With lagging step
He winds amazed around their ample base,
And climbs with straining gaze th' aërial spire;
Within pale death, in grisly pomp enthroned,
Rules the twin realms of silence and the grave.*

Thence, over Alpine heights, Ausonia's bowers
The wanderer greets; her plains of old renown,
And Mincio's sinuous stream—Ah! stream, no more
Conscious of Maro's rural minstrelsy,
Whose oaten reed to the responsive woods
Sung beauteous Amaryllis. Other sounds
Burst on her startled ear; the shrill-toned fife,

* Vergniaud, the eloquent friend of Brissot, in answer to a pernicious motion of Robespierre, once observed:

"*Vous vaincrez vos ennemis—je le crois: mais la* France, *epuisée par les efforts faits pour vaincre ses enemis exterieurs, dechirée par les factions, sera encore epuisée par les hommes, par l'argent qu'il aura fallu tirer de son sein: et craignez qu'elle ne ressemble à ces antiques monumens, qu'on retrouve en* Egypte. *L'etranger, qui les aperçoit, s'étonne de leur grandeur; s'il y pénètre, qu' y trouve-t-il?—Des cendres inanimées, et le silence des tombeaux.*"

Trumpet, and drum, and all the clanging war;
And urge her way to Tiber's trophied shore.

On Tiber's trophied shore, in fate's dark cloud
His terrors quench'd, the Latian eagle lies;
Whose plume, exulting 'mid the blaze of day,
Defied the vulgar shaft. She sees, and weeps
Her Rome's departed glories. More she weeps
The lofty spirit fled, and proud disdain
Of tyrant power, and virtue's vestal flame.

Across th' Ionian next, by Delphi's steep,
The forked mount, and famed Castalia's spring,
To Athens, scene of all her infant joys,
Anxious she speeds. But there nor pictured porch
Glowing with various life, nor virgin's fane,
Nor marble breathing from the Phidian hand
Meets her sad eye. By Rome's fell lightning scathed
With partial blast, at Othman's withering touch
Th' Athenian amaranth died: the servile brow
No chaplet binds. Yet other sorrows wound,
With keener pang, the muse's gentle breast.

There in his early bloom, 'mid classic dust
Once warm with grace and genius like his own,
Her favourite* sleeps; whom far from Granta's bowers

* John Tweddell, Esq; M. A. late Fellow of Trinity college, Cambridge. The close of these lines may perhaps feebly recal to the

To Attic fields the thirst of learning drew,
Studious to cull the wise, and fair, and good.
He could have taught the echoes of old Greece

reader's mind the conclusion of the subjoined Hendecasyllables, of most exquisite beauty.

Ulla si probitas vel ingeni vis,
Si frons ingenua aut rubens juventus
Morbum flecteret improbosque manes;
Non me carmina mœsta postularet,
Qui nunc ante diem domos ad atras
It Tweddellius *omnibus videndas.*

Illi Phœbus *adhuc, lyræ scienti,*
Intonsas hedera comas revinxit;
Et risum dedit, et sales honestis
Junctos moribus: ut simul facetum,
Suavemque et lepidum ac merum pudorem
Laudarent alii, pares amarent.

Nec post, cùm inciperet severiores
Curas volvere, patriæque sortem
Sævo in gurgite nantis, ille vatum
Sacris parcius immolavit aris:
Minervæque *recentis ac vetustæ*
Cultor sedulus, elegantioris
Musæ latius arva pervolabat,
Libans omnia mella Gratiarum.

Et jam cùm propius thymis Hymetti
Labra admoverat appetens, in ipso
Haustu pallida contrahuntur ora,
Nec dulci spolio datur potiri.

(Silent, since Freedom fled) their ancient strains
Of liberty and virtue, to his soul
Strains more congenial! But high heaven forbade.
Rest, youth beloved! most bless'd, if to thy shade
'Tis given to know, what mighty forms of chiefs,
Whose deathless deeds oft dwelt upon thy tongue;
Of patriots, bold like thee with ardent tone
T' assert their country's cause; of bards, whose verse
Thy Lesbian lyre could emulate so well,
Repose in tombs contiguous! Rest, loved youth,
In thine own Athens laid! secure of fame,
While worth and science win the world's applause.

The broad Ægean cross'd, with emerald isles
Thick-studded, Acra's* towers to soft repose

Frustra Fama tuo sonat sepulchro;
Heu! frustra, Juvenis, mea ac tuorum
Manat lacryma! Tu nequis redire;
Nec spes ulla dolorve tangit ultra.
Felix, si tibi forsan inter umbras
Persentiscere fas sit, ossa tecum
Illo cespite quanta conquiescant;
Tuæ te quoque quod tegant Athenæ.

A. M.

* Acra, "*ita tempore belli sacri nuncupata.*" (Reland. *Palæst.* III.) This city (it will be remembered) after a two years' siege by the German Crusaders, under Guy de Lusignan, surrendered itself A. D. 1191, to the assailants, reinforced by the arrival of the kings of England and France, who for some time "acted by concert, and shared the honour

Invite the way-worn pilgrim. There of yore
(That day, though distant, she remembers well)
The rose and lily, mingling, round the cross
Twined in close folds; scarce turned, 'ere royal feuds
Sever'd their holy bond—at Creçi soon
To wage sad conflict! But nor Creçi's lord,
Nor Poictiers' sable warrior, nor the youth
Who cropp'd at Agincourt the flower of France,
E'er vanquish'd fiercer foe than he, whose sword
Aye-glittering in the foremost van of war
Beneath these walls, still wet with recent gore,
Stay'd the dread Corsican. O'er Syrian sands
Th' undaunted chieftain to Byzantium* urged
His fainting files. On purple pinion borne,
Fleet from the poison'd south, so fell Simoom
Sweeps Lybia's burning deserts. Loose in air,
By health's pure gale unfann'd, his banner droops;
And hush'd dismay precedes his dreary march.
Thee, gallant Sailor, thee of lion-heart
Glad Acra sings, whose sinewy arm repell'd
Th' advancing death. But nobler meed is thine,
Thy Albion's praise; and thine her greenest wreath,
Bound in full senate round thy youthful brow.

and danger of every action."—"This harmony, however (the historian adds) was of short duration, and occasions of discord soon arose between these jealous and haughty princes." (Hume.)

* It is known that Buonaparte, when driven back from Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, was on his march to Constantinople.

And now on holy land the roving muse
Expatiates free; o'er Kishon's ancient stream,
Which swept pale Canaan's despot chiefs away,†
And flowery Carmel. Tabor's distant mount
(Where, clothed in sun-bright beams, the Godhead blazed
Effulgent) and old Endor's wizard groves
Skirt the far view. Megiddo's winding wave
Her onward glance descries, Samaria's hills,
And heretic Gerizim. Sion last,
In mournful ruin rising 'mid the wild,
Bounds her long toil, and wakes her bitterest tear.

" Is this (she cries) the land of proverb'd wealth,
" Flowing with nature's nectar? This the soil
" Of vaunted opulence, whose autumn still
" Most prodigal with guiltless usury
" Restored a hundredfold the loan of spring?
" Where are her vines, beneath their clusters bow'd?
" Her rampired towns, her thousand villlages*,
" And consecrated Salem?" Sunk in shade,
By hope's fair star unpierced.
But brightest dawn
The murky gloom shall chase, and gild anew
With long-forgotten ray her rising spires.

† Judg. v. 21.

* The Mahometans tell us, that " this province had a thousand villages, each of which had many fine gardens; that the grapes were so large, that five men could hardly carry a cluster of them, &c. &c. (Calmet, Art. *Palestine.*)

Whether the Gaul, on Egypt's ravaged strand
Still lingering, with his scorpion thong shall scourge
Her turban'd foe; and, infidel himself,
Wage with unconscious arm the war of heaven:
Or the stern Muscovite with zeal's fierce flame
Shall purge her stain—unknown. In tenfold night
Sleeps the mysterious secret; sought in vain
For many an age, though Knowledge lent her lamp,
And lynx-eyed Genius join'd th' exploring throng.

Yes! rise it will, Judæa, that blest morn
In time's full lapse, (so rapt Isaiah sung)
Which to thy renovated plains shall give
Their ancient lords. Imperial fortune still,
If right the bard peruse the mystic strain,
Waits thee, and thousand years of sceptred joy.
With furtive step the fated hour steals on,
Like midnight thief, when from thy holy mount
Sorrow's shrill cry, and labour's needless toil,
And servitude shall cease; when from above,
On living sapphire seated and begirt
With clustering cherubim, whose blaze outvies
Meridian suns, through heaven's disparting arch
Thy recognised Messiah shall descend;
In royal Salem fix his central * throne,
And rule with golden sway the circling world.

* The notion, that Jerusalem was in the middle of the earth, seems chiefly to have originated from Ezek. v. 5. and xxxviii. 12.; and the Jewish and Christian Commentators upon those passages (Kimchi,

Oh! come that day of glory, that bright speck
Far in the dim horizon's utmost verge
By prophecy's unerring finger mark'd
To faith's strong eye—when, with th' innumerous good
Of every age, the white-robed saint shall stray
Through groves of paradise, and drink unquench'd
Th' exhaustless stream of science! Seaton there,
Who bade to God the annual hymn ascend;
There Newton, whose quick glance, through farthest space
Darting, in every page of nature's code
Saw Deity inscribed; and Paley there
(For why should Praise, still lingering round the tomb,
Her torch of radiance light but for the dead?)
From whose keen spear the atheist crew appall'd
Shrunk to their native night; with all, whose voice
And harmonising life in virtue's cause
Their blended rhetoric pour'd, shall shine as stars;
Glowing in heaven's eternal firmament
With beam unchanged, while suns and worlds decay.

Raschi, Jerom, and Theodoret) have united to confirm it. It is a notion, however, by no means confined to the Holy City; a similar honour, if it be one, has been claimed by Xenophon for Athens; and for Delphi, among others, by Euripides, Orest. 325. where the Scholiast relates the story, upon which the epithet μεσομφαλοι rests; and with his statement his brother annotator on Pind. Pyth. iv. nearly agrees. Ovid (Metam. x. 168.) adopts the tradition; and the later Roman poets (Claudian. Prol. in Cons. Mall. Theod., and Statius Theb. I. 118.) only differ from him by applying it, with a venial partiality, to Parnassus in the immediate neighbourhood. Pliny likewise (H. N. XI. 58.) asserts this privilege of central position to Abydus. A passage, in favour of the claim of Jerusalem, is quoted by Johnson from Sir John Mandeville. (Hist. Eng. Language.)

ST. PETER's DENIAL OF CHRIST.

BY

WILLIAM COCKBURN, M. A.

Ὁ δοκῶν ἑστάναι, βλεπέτω μὴ πέσῃ.

1. COR. X. 12.

1802.

THE daring bard, who on Pindaric wing
Would soar, the herald of exulting war,
Or in the dulcet melody of verse
Paint the sweet story of domestic love,
Implores some muse ideal, to direct
His footsteps wand'ring thro' the flow'ry paths
Of fancy's fairy kingdom:—Not such help
My solemn subject claims: Be thou *my* guide,
All-hallow'd Truth! who, deck'd in purest ray

Of light divine, dwell'st near the radiant throne
Of Heav'n's eternal Majesty, and shar'st
His love immutable! No flatt'ring theme
To human pride is mine—Deign then t' inspire
The humble song, which would, no grateful task,
Call man's attention to that rebel act,
Of man's imperfect nature proof how sad,
Committed erst against thy sacred self
By him whom God had chos'n, nor chos'n in vain,
To be the champion of His cause and thine.

What tho' he saw heav'n's everlasting Lord
By impious man insulted, bound, and scourg'd,
Unmurm'ring, unrepining, unreveng'd,
Revil'd yet not reviling, as the oak
Which to the angry whirlwind's passing rage
Bows its high head in silence;—What tho' once
Far other hopes of proud pre-eminence
Had o'er his heart their pleasing visions spread;—
Yet could no doubts of the Messiah's truth
Perplex the mind of Peter: no distrust
Of his immortal Master could obtrude
To plead, tho' small excuse, for sin so great.

On that glad morn when first Divinity,
"Not in its form celestial, but as man,"
Before him stood, and with persuasive voice
Bade the tir'd *fisherman* once more attempt

A profitable draught; (scoff not, ye proud,
At the low station of God's fav'rites,
Not on Olympus' cloud-encumber'd top,
But in the vale, the flow'rs of Tempe bloom)
Fatigu'd with nightly toil, and hopeless grown
From frequent failures, willing yet to obey
The voice of Him who bad, once more he threw
His net unto the wave.—The grateful sea
Instant presents her stores innumerable
Before the feet of that all-bounteous Lord
Who gave her her abundance; at the sight
Stupendous, Peter on his bended knee
The Deity adores;—cheer'd by whose smile
The ample spoil mirac'lous he forsakes,
His net, his boat, his all forsakes for Him,
Who had not where on earth to lay his head.

Repeated wonders from the same bless'd hand
Divine this early faith so soon confirm'd,
That when again the immortal Jesus prov'd
His more than mortal pow'r, by walking firm
On the unsolid surface of the wave,
Peter, embolden'd by His gracious word,
Stepp'd forth to meet him on the raging sea;
And tho' at first astonish'd to perceive
The scarce resisting element beneath
His feet, unus'd to such a weak support,
He call'd affrighted for his Master's aid;

As some young bird that by its mother's voice
Encourag'd to forsake its downy nest,
Cries for that mother's help, soon as it feels
The yielding softness of the liquid air;
Yet when assisted by the outstretch'd arm
Of Jesus, he the vessel's safety gain'd;
And when, attentive to that heav'nly voice,
The howling tempest sudden ceas'd to roar,
By firm conviction and by love impell'd,
He loud proclaims the presence of the God.

Transfigur'd too upon the holy mount
When Christ appear'd in splendid majesty,
Rob'd in his Father's grandeur, Peter there
Beheld the brightness of His countenance;
And tho' at first his feeble senses fail'd,
Dazzled with light ineffable, yet soon
Rous'd from his slumber, with recruited strength,
He saw the glory of the Lord, and heard
The voice, how awful, of Omnipotence
Bear hallow'd witness to his Master's truth.

Could Peter doubt then, when the hour was come
Of danger and disgrace predicted oft
By Christ himself? No; stedfast was his faith,
But weak his resolution. Sudden fear
Of punishment, and near impending pain,
The coward falsehood urg'd.—All-dreaded pain!

Did that rebellious Spirit who from heav'n
Fell, by the Almighty arm discomfited,
Parent of sin and death, also beget
Thine odious form? or did that gracious God,
Who in his kindness caus'd the cheerless night
To make the day more lovely, did He too
Give birth to thee, that brighter might appear
The many pleasures which his love bestows?
Offspring of heaven or hell, which e'er thou art,
How great thy influence o'er the heart of man!
The firm philosopher perhaps may see
Thy slow approach with unaverted eye,
And bid thee bold defiance; he too, whom
Ambition animates or glory fires,
Expects to meet thee, and, expecting, braves
Thine utmost menace; but when unprepar'd
Man sees thee, hideous spectre! in his way,
Startled he pauses, or from thy loath'd form
Affrighted flies:—The blazing orb of day
Diffuses o'er the world his orient beam
Expected and unmark'd; but should the light
Electric burst forth from the ebon cloud,
The daunted traveller trembles.—So didst thou,
Unnerv'd apostle, tremble, and thy fear
Caus'd thee to do that most disgraceful deed
Which cover'd thee with shame: thrice didst thou break
Thy solemn promise; meanly thrice deny
Thy fallen Master; thrice abjure thy God.

Oh vile, oh abject wickedness!—But hold,
Unbending truth! Judge too severe for man!
Lead me not thus in bitterness to condemn
My weeping brother;—urge me not to throw
A stone so heavy on the low-bow'd head
Of the repentant saint, heedless how oft
Myself have sinn'd against heav'n's high decrees.
Ah! rather mindful of mine own offences,
Let me, like him, before the throne of grace
Kneel humble and in tears; like him confess
My many faults, and be like him forgiv'n.

And you, ye haughty few! inflate with pride,
Self-loving, self-deceiv'd, who loud proclaim
To gaping ignorance, that you are chos'n
Of God, admonish'd by His sp'rit, secure
Against the lures of sin—oh! trembling learn,
That Peter too was chosen by his Lord,
(The sure foundation of His rising church,
High rearing o'er the world its sacred walls,)
Admonish'd, and forewarn'd, and resolute,
And sworn to persevere in righteousness;
Yet in the hour of trial Peter fell.—
Into temptation lead us not, O God!
But with Thy hand deliver us from ill!

Scarce had the falsehood his pale lips escap'd,
When loud again the harbinger of morn

Hail'd with shrill note the fair return of day;
Wak'd by the sound his mem'ry presents
With instant force the recollection sad
Of Christ's prophetic words: So sudden flash'd
Cassandra's dark prediction o'er the mind
Of Priam, when from midnight slumbers rous'd
By shouts of victor Greeks.—The guilty saint
In silent mis'ry stands; his conscious soul
Too well remembers those proud boasts of love
And firm fidelity, so lately sworn;
Yet ah! so soon forgot: As when of old,
Of oldest time, the mother of mankind,
(So with poetic fire almost divine
Milton, fit bard, the tale divine enlarg'd,)
Warn'd by her husband of the danger nigh,
Yet proud in conscious innocence, advanc'd
Fearless to meet the arch enemy—whence sprung
Mis'ry to man, and woe, and sin, and death.—
Ill-fated Eve! tho' caution'd, cautionless,
How soon didst thou thy mis-plac'd confidence
Weeping repent; how humbled at the feet
Of the first Adam, by thy fault amerc'd
Of Paradise, in utmost anguish sigh.
So Peter humbled sighs.—So from his eyes
The bitter tears of shame and sorrow flow.

Despair not, pen'tent saint! such pious drops
Were never shed in vain: th' Almighty Judge

Accepts the grateful incense of a tear,
More pleas'd than if a thousand hecatombs
Smoak'd on the perfum'd altar.—Low he bends
To hear the prayer of suppliant penitence,
More ready to forgive than we to ask.
'Tis man alone against his fellow man
That wages endless strife, implacable
In wrath, revengeful, unforgiving, fierce—
Whence all the horrors of far-raging war,
The blazing town, the wide devasted plain,
The bleeding captive gall'd with heavy chains,
When pain permits, sad-thinking of his home;
The widow weeping o'er her orphan'd babe,
And all the vast variety of woes
Which man, exulting to destroy, has spread
Long o'er this fair terrene.—But come, sweet Peace,
Religion's handmaid! from thy native skies,
Benign in loveliness, descend, and soothe
With thy mild eloquence his savage breast,
Unveil thy beauties to his raptur'd gaze,
And lull each angry passion to repose:
Not with more anxious hope on Ararat
Did Noah once expect the dove's return;
Not with more eager eye the Lapland swain
Looks from the horrid height of Dofrine snows
'Mid the dark whirlwind for the first bright beam
Of the long-tarrying day, than I have look'd
For thee, fair visitant!—Welcome at length
To Europe's war-stain'd plains, long may'st thou shed

Thy grateful influence o'er a happy world.—
But whither does my fancy stray? The thoughts
Of thee, celestial maid! too far have drawn
Me from my purpos'd subject;—so the moon
Attracts the nightly traveller's willing eye,
And whilst he gazes on her placid charms
He wanders devious from his destin'd course.

Now rose that glorious morn, when to this world
Heav'n's adamantine gates were open'd wide,
And man's redemption was complete; when Christ
Triumph'd o'er death, and our terrific foe
Spoil'd of his terrors; on that glorious morn
The faithful women who had seen and shar'd
His final suff'rings, (source of all our hopes,)
Assembled early round his stately tomb,
Hewn from the rock by pious Joseph's care,
(Such burial to the slaughter'd Lamb, the Sp'rit
Prophetic by Isaiah's voice foretold,
Uttering mirac'lous things, but true)—They came,
With pious hands, intending to perform
The last sad offices of love—When lo!
A youth appear'd of heav'nly dignity,
Surrounded with the emanating light
Of Him, the Fount of Light, (with whom long since
When Moses commun'd, his face also shone
With dazzling brightness, like the full-orb'd moon,)
To them the happy tidings he proclaim'd,

That Christ was ris'n in triumph, and become
First fruits of them that sleep.—He bade them go
Among his friends the welcome news to spread:
And lest the consciousness of his late crime
Should weigh too heavy on the humbled heart
Of his desponding servant, unto him
Particular was a gracious message sent
From his kind Lord:—*"Go," said th' angelic form,
"Tell his disciples, and to Peter tell,
"Tow'rds Galilee to hasten, for e'en now
"Christ from the grave is ris'n, and will there
"In re-assum'd mortality appear."

The agitating mandate Peter hears
With mix'd emotion—joyfully he learns
His Master's triumph, and with joy would haste
To welcome his return, but that he dreads
His stern rebuke, rebuke how justly due—
As some young child who from his father's door,
Against his father's order, idly strays
Into the neighbouring wood, there wanders lost,
And spends in agony the live-long night,
If chance at morn the well-known cot he spies,
With anxious joy he rushes to his home,
'Till check'd by fear of the parental frown,

* Mark xvi. 7. But go your way, tell his disciples, *and Peter*, that he goeth before you into Galilee, &c.

He hesitates to enter.—Needless fear!
The happy father opens wide his arms,
And thoughtless of his folly or his fault,
Firm clasps the little wand'rer to his heart—
So did the gentle Jesus, when He saw
Once more His trembling servant; no reproach
Escap'd His hallow'd lips; no angry word
Recall'd the sad remembrance of the past,
But all was gentleness, and joy, and love.

Oh, gracious Saviour! ill-requited Lamb!
When from thy throne of bright pre-eminence,
Disrob'd of deity, thou didst condescend
To visit man as man, how amiable,
How sweet a pattern didst thou give this world
Of mildest mercy, "unexampled love,
Love no where to be found less than divine;"
Exalted now at the right hand of God
Thou sitt'st encircled with the dazzling blaze
Of His unfading glory, beaming forth
Divinity unclouded, chosen by Him
The future Judge of man; whence joy to us,
And hope unspeakable. With loud acclaim
Let then the earth its grateful voice upraise
To join the heav'nly choir, that constant sing
Harmonious praise, to the everlasting God
Hosannahs high.—Thanks be to Thee, O Son!
Who out of love to man for man became

The sacrifice.—To Thee, O Father! thanks
For all Thy bounties, but over all for this,
That from Thy bosom Thou didst give Thy Son
To bear the heavy burden of our sins,
And still in mercy has appointed Him
To be our Judge all merciful.—To Him,
To Thee, and to the ever-blessed Spirit
Who gave to man the knowledge excellent
Of all Thine excellence—To the Triad, One
Incomprehensible, Immortal God,
Be glory infinite, eternal praise,
As was, and is, and shall be evermore.

CHRIST RAISING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

BY

WILLIAM COCKBURN, M. A.

1803.

"DAMSEL, arise!"—Thus spake the Son of God,
Th' Almighty Saviour, to the breathless corpse
Of good Jaïrus' daughter: (Little needs
Omnipotence its high behests declare
By long periphrasis:) At the hallow'd voice
Of his great vanquisher Death flies appall'd,
And yields his lovely prize: instant the blood,
Froz'n by his icy hand, begins to flow,
Restores its crimson to her faded cheek,

The roses to her lip; once more her eye
Thro' the dark lid its liquid lustre throws,—
Like that bright star, whose day-proclaiming beam
Bursts thro' the ebon curtain of the night,
When, from the gloomy bed of Tithon rous'd,
Aurora rises blithe:—The maiden wakes
To life, and health, and joy; not knowing how
Reanimate, but knowing to rejoice.
As some young snake, by winter's iron hand
Long bound in senseless torpor, when he feels
The beam of vernal mildness, quick unfolds
His stiffen'd coils, and, proud of life, high rears
His spangled crest, that glitters to the sun;—
So gay, so pleas'd, in renovated youth,
Springs from the bed of death the new-born maid,
And from her chamber, like the jocund morn,
Advances with a smile. Th' astonish'd crowd
Admire the living wonder: they who late
Presum'd, with thoughtless ridicule, to mock
The promise of the God, and to distrust
Th' Almighty power, now with anxious eyes
Gaze on the maid, but tremble while they gaze.
As when some comet, in its spiral dance,
Approaches near this earth, and brightly 'lumes
The face of hideous night, the startled world
With awful dread observe the beauteous blaze
Shine in terrific splendor;—all but he,
The sage philosopher, whose mental eye

Has mark'd the meteor through its mazy round,
And its approach expects; he views the light
With pleasure unalloy'd:—So, taught by faith,
Alone Jaïrus had relied on Him
Who spake the word of comfort; and still firm,
Had doubted not, howe'er incredible,
His darling should be rescu'd from the grave;
That when, congenial to his hope, he sees
Th' expected blessing, his DEAD child ALIVE,
With unmix'd extasy of pure delight
He clasps the smiling stranger to his heart;—
That heart of gladness more susceptible,
(So wills Almighty goodness,) since so late
With agony o'erfraught.—The mother too,
Enraptur'd at the sight of her she mourn'd
With all the passion of a mother's woe,
Now, with the transports of a mother's joy,
Springs forward to partake that first embrace;
While thro' the tears, still hanging on her cheek,
Sparkles her gladden'd eye:—So shines the sun
Amid the crystals that bedew the rose,
When May's sweet mornings break.

—— Spirit of him
Who to the desert turn'd his anxious looks
From Mahanaïm's heights, and bade the wild
Re-echo to his plaint; who softly touch'd
His hallow'd lyre, and wail'd his slaughter'd child,

His Absalom, his son; inspire my song,
Psalmist divine! Oh teach me to express,
In numbers sweet as thine, what ardent grief
Had overwhelm'd both parents, as they mark'd
Their daughter sinking on the bed of death!
Teach me to tell with what assiduous care,
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
The sleepless mother o'er her sleepless babe
Had hung in silent sorrow; while her eye,
Fix'd on that fading face, with horror mark'd
Each alteration, ev'ry change, too small
For any but a mother's eye to note;
While ev'ry change her anxious bosom fill'd
With new alarm, 'till the last languid glance
Of filial love, yet struggling with the grave,
Shot desperation o'er her tortur'd soul!—
So some sea-founder'd mariner, who swims
Almost exhausted on the boundless wave,
Fixes his eyes on the declining sun,
Now to th' horizon hast'ning, and observes
Each slightest change, each diff'rence, too minute
For common observation,—madly marks
Each moment as it flies; 'till the last gleam
Of parting day takes with it ev'ry hope,
And leaves him lost to darkness and despair.

Meantime Jaïrus, who, with equal care
And equal grief, had seen the sure advance

Of irresistible disease,—perceiv'd
How vain all human aid, how impotent
T' avert the menac'd blow,—rush'd forth to seek
Assistance more than human. At the feet
Of Jesus humbly kneeling, he implor'd,
With all the artless eloquence of woe,
The pity of the God.—So fervent pray'd
(As poets feign) to fabled deity,
Ceres, a wretched parent, who deplor'd
Her lost, her lov'd Proserpina: the power
Fictitious, to her sorrows sent relief,
Fictitious like himself, incredible
As fancy's fooleries.—How different far
The plain simplicity of truth! The Christ,
The true divinity, with cheering words
Sooth'd the sad parent's heart, and, to perfect
The deed of mercy, hasted to his house:
Alas, too late!—so thought the faithless crowd,
Distrustful of his power:—The maid was dead.

Throughout the spacious rooms, where wealth display'd
Its impotence to ease the tortur'd soul,
A mournful silence reign'd; grief fill'd each heart,
And sorrow's gloom, dark as when hope is fled,
Hung o'er each brow; save on the placid face
Of Jesus; there unclouded Deity
Beam'd forth beneficence, compassion, love:—
So when, at ev'ning calm, the lower world

Is gloom'd in twilight, still the lucid top
Of high Olympus glows with rosy light.
Sweet were the words of comfort which he spake,
Promise of quick delight; sweet as the drops
Which fall from heaven upon the arid plain,
Promise of glad abundance;—but their hearts
Despair'd of comfort, and, despairing, scorn'd
The proffer'd help of Heaven. Idly they mock'd
The present God, and with presumptuous tongues
Blasphem'd Omnipotence. The gentle Lamb,
Unanger'd and unmov'd, to pity more
Than punishment inclin'd, and to their scorn
Answer'd alone with blessings;—as the shrub
Which spreads its od'rous branches o'er the Mount
Of Gilead, and perfumes with balmy sweets
E'en the rude hand that bruises its soft leaves.
He bade their grief-emburthen'd hearts be glad;
He bade the stiffen'd corpse of her they mourn'd
Once more to animate existence rise;
And, lo! obedient to the word divine,
Almighty, as all kind,—the maiden lives.

Immortal Jesus! when in human form
Thou didst the brightness of Thy glories veil,
And for man's sake put on mortality;
Tho' thine irradiance heavenly, too strong
For human eyes to look upon, was dimm'd
By such commixture, yet not less perceiv'd

Thy majesty supreme, Thy power divine;
The laws of nature ready homage paid
To Thy command, to that Almighty voice
Which call'd her to existence, and prescrib'd
Limits to that existence in the abyss
Of vast infinitude, which Thy Spirit fill'd:
The hoarse resounding thunder was at hand,
Waiting Thy word to silence with its roar
Thine infidel opposers; the firm earth
At Thy command had op'd its solid jaws,
And, as old fables of Saturnus feign,
Had swallow'd its own children;—Death himself,
With all his agonising horrors round,
Thy great behest obey'd, prepar'd to strike
Who dar'd offend Thee;—ministers like these
Were ready at Thy call, to prove Thy power,
But not to prove Thy pity: Thou didst chuse
Far other means to draw men's eyes towards thee,—
To draw not their eyes only, but their hearts.
When unto man Thy delegated power
Was given, to sainted man, Sapphira fell,
And Ananias,—memorable proofs
Of Truth's offended majesty: but whilst
In person Thou didst exercise on earth
Dominion just, in form alone a man,
In mercy a God, no one to justice fell
The victim, tho' deserving. To do good
Thou only wentest forth; to make the dumb

Sing forth Thy praises, and the blind to see
The wonders of Thy hand; to make the deaf
List to Thy words heart-cheering, and the lame
Before Thee dance with joy: What wonder then,
In Thy career of grace, if Thou didst hear
The prayer of good Jaïrus, and concede
The boon so humbly ask'd; displaying at once
Thy might and majesty, Thy mercy more;
Rescuing from death (stupendous miracle!)
The visible dead; and to her parents giving
Such rapt'rous joy as only could be felt
In bosoms glowing with parental love.

Hail, sweet Parental Love! Thy power pervades,
Through the far limits of created world,
All animated being; not unfelt
By Him, the great Creator; since e'en He,
The Godhead pure, ætherial, passionless,
Has deign'd thy soft affection to perceive,
His bliss self-emanating, infinite,
By thee increas'd. On earth thy tender arm
Protects the feeble offspring, yet too weak
To struggle with the world's adversities;
Thine anxious eye perceives its little wants,
Which thy kind hand bestows,—not unrepaid,
For, like thy sister, Mercy, thou dost bless
The giver and the gifted: Yet not here
Canst thou, as in supernal realms, bestow

Delight without alloy: How often sinks
The mother's soul with fears, whilst o'er her babe
New-born she hangs rejoicing? Often too,
When by her care protected from the ills
Which menace its existence infantine,
The full grown youth, proud in self-confidence,
Deserts her prudent guidance, and embarks
Alone upon the wide-expanded world,
How throbs her heart with terror, when she thinks
Of all the woes which may his course impede?
Vice spreads its lures, and dangers manifold
Each step attend:—E'en now grim-visag'd war
Spreads desolation o'er the trembling earth;
Mad with success, e'en now the furious Corse,
Whose fell ambition has already fill'd
The world with mourners; he again has drawn
His man-destroying sword, and soon, alas!
Too soon, her son his victim may be doom'd;
Perhaps in some dark dungeon left to mourn
The wretched remant of his luckless life,
Gall'd with sharp fetters, shut out from the charms
Of social converse; or perhaps condemn'd
By fate inexorable soon to fall
Upon th' ensanguin'd plain; his manly corpse
Or left to bleach before the northern blast,
Or on some sandy desart unentomb'd,
Tainting the hot Sirocco, which around
Drops from its wings contagious pestilence.—

— Hold, christian mother! nor with thoughts like these
Torment thy soul desponding: rather turn
Those weeping eyes in confidence to Him
To whom Jaïrus knelt. The gracious God
Still reigns omnipotent: and tho' sometimes,
For purposes to man inscrutable,
He lets the wicked triumph in their guilt,
Yet be assur'd that He who could recall
The sleeping maiden from the bed of death,
With equal ease can turn aside the shafts
Which at thy son the King of Terror aims.

Kneel then with me; and to that powerful God,
Whose will is absolute, whose mercy sure,
Let us our prayers prefer; in cheerful hope
That He will deign with His right arm to shield
Not only thine, but all the sons of Britain,
Who now in hallow'd warfare join, to save
His sacred fanes from blood-polluted hands.

Strong in His strength, and dauntless in His cause,
Proud let them spurn the host of infidels
Who menace Britain's shore; like her tall cliffs
Which to the skies uprear their shining tops,
Tho' 'gainst their solid sides bursts the mad wave
Its foam-besprinkled head, loud roaring, but contemn'd.

MOSES
VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.

BY

CHARLES HOYLE, M. A.

Despexit terras penitus penitusque jacentes.

1804.

NEBO, and thou the consecrated top
Of Pisgah, hail! hail, cloud-capt pinnacles,
By mortal tread inviolate, or by haunt
Of bestial kind, though facile in ascent
To whom Omnipotence devoted leads
For sacrifice! Wild regions; yet to me
Nor waste nor solitary, who discern

Celestial presence here, while radiant choirs
Of cherubim with gratulation cheer
My parting soul. O mountains! and ye vales,
That, orient stretch'd in longitude, salute
Approaching day, your fields and spicy groves,
On which I ling'ring gaze, these closing eyes
Shall see no more. Thou too, the fatal rock
Of Meribah, contention rightly call'd,
Sad monument of my offence, receive
This last farewell: thy rugged sides I smote
Misdoubting, 'till the gushing stream reprov'd
My causeless fear, and impious, that arraign'd
Eternal mercy: whence the just decree,
That never may this foot unblest pollute
The Promis'd Land. Here consummation waits
My pilgrimage, yet gives me to behold
The rich inheritance of old confirm'd
To Abraham's progeny; whose goodly tents,
And tabernacles fair, th' unwilling son
Of Beor erst by revelation nam'd,
Blessed of God. For ever blessed they,
Who in the shadow of Jehovah's power
Faithful abide. To Thee my soul aspires,
Creator of all worlds! propitious hear
Thy suppliant; and with arm invincible,
Through death's mysterious gates, and vale obscure,
Conduct to mansions of unfading light,
Where everlasting hallelujahs fill

Heav'n's concave, and the plenitude of joy
Triumphant in Thy presence ever reigns.

So spake the patriarch, whose uplifted rod
Midway had cleft the billows and the storm
Of Erythrean deeps; who forty years
Had led, and nourish'd in the wilderness,
Rebellious Israel. Twice twelve lustres now
His flowing locks had silver'd; yet with eye
Unclouded, and with unabated force,
He scal'd the rocky steeps, his place ordain'd
Of flight to Paradise. Not wav'ring he
In faith, nor in unmanly fears dissolv'd,
(The Rabbins' vain surmise,) but arm'd secure
In penitential hope, and well prepar'd
For dissolution nigh. Thus not alone,
Though single, but with thoughts accompanied
Of unimaginable joy sublime,
He prest the mountain summit, and survey'd
The wide-spread tents beneath of Isaac's seed,
Whitening the plain. With tears of parting love,
And arms uplifted, fervent he pronounc'd
His vows paternal, and the pastoral prayer
Of benediction; then, far-gazing round,
Bewilder'd in delight awhile remain'd;
So vast, so various, beautiful, and gay,
The prospect show'd: Here pleasant woods and dales,
Where half-disclos'd, half-viewless, many a stream,

In sweet meanders ling'ring, silent draws
His silver train: here sunny lawns supine,
Where flocks and herds innumerable graze
The tender blade: here upland arable,
With golden harvest rich: here loftiest hills,
Darken'd with morning clouds, their swelling breast
With crags and purple heath diversified,
And torrent cataracts of misty foam
And thund'ring sound; while westward, distant seen
Along th' horizon blue, old Ocean spreads
His ample wave: here Jordan's cleansing flood,
By Gilgal; there expanse of waters calm,
An inland sea, in after times the bed
Of navies tall: Nor wanted vineyards, groves,
And works of busy art, majestic fane,
Or palace, clust'ring hamlet, lonely tower,
And goodly cities, whose proud battlements
Ascend to heaven. While thus stood Amram's son,
Deep silence chain'd the winds; a sacred calm
All nature hush'd; huge Nebo to his base
Shook without sound; of present Deity
Undoubted sign: when, lo, a still small voice
To dread communion thus the prophet calls:—

"Peace be upon thee! never-changing peace
Thy labours crown! From frail mortality
Soon disencumber'd, shall thy spirit soar
To its empyreal throne. Meantime receive

Thy latest earthly wish; and, looking round
To the four winds, in smiling circuit view
The promis'd region, fraught with mineral store,
Flowing with milk and honey; nor surpast
By aught terrestrial, save the garden bliss
Of primal Eden. Nor alone admire
Extent of land and water; but discern
The future habitants: for on thy sight
Are pictur'd years to come, and in thine ears
Familiar sound of person and of place,
Names yet unknown; while to remotest bounds
Of Israel's heritage, thy visual orbs,
Bath'd in the well of life, ken unconfined.
Lo, to the west and south the valiant sons
Of Naphthali o'er nineteen cities hold
Dominion, and with large prosperity
Replenish'd reign. Unstable Reuben dwells
On this side Jordan, in ignoble ease
Reclin'd, and list'ning to the bleating flocks;
But slow to bold emprize. Next him the tribe
Of Gad, for equity and justice fam'd,
With Machir's seed divided empire claim
O'er Gilead. Ephraim, stretching to the sea
His branches, in supreme and palmy state
Exalted, blooms: So on the favour'd head
Of Joseph, severed once by causeless ire
From his injurious brethren, precious dews
Of heaven, and treasures of the depths beneath,

And blessings numberless, all plenty pour,
Felicity, and wealth, and jubilee
Of strength victorious. Asher dips his foot
In purest oil; and with parental love
His smiling progeny to stately Tyre
And flowery Carmel leads. Zebulun wields
His thirsty falchion; and the crested pride
Of Sisera, and of Jabin, Canaan's king,
Sinks to the dust: While peaceful Issachar,
In tributary sloth content resides,
Peopling a fertile land. O'er narrow bounds
Indignant leaping, Dan from Bashan's hill
Springs as a lion's whelp; unwelcome guest
To Leshem, whose embattled towers confess
Resistance vain. In borrow'd strength secure,
Simeon, beneath defence of Judah's shield,
Contented sleeps. But Benjamin exults
In mailed might: Behold him, as the voice
Of Jacob erst declar'd, to deeds of war
Impetuous haste; at earliest morning rous'd
To din of conflict, furious to devour
The trembling prey; nor till the shades of night
Arrest his rage, content to seek repose,
Recount his conquest, and divide the spoil.
Last, Judah dwells from Ekron to the verge
Of Edom, and from yon asphaltic lake
Westward to the ocean stream: from age to age
He gathers strength, and from the Jebusite

A mountain wins, whereon the sacred domes
Of fair Jerusalem shall glorious rise
In sanctitude august; within whose courts
The long array of Levi's hallow'd sons
Adoring bends, while Aaron's priestly line
O'er worship and o'er sacrifice preside.
So royal Judah, in dilated might,
Superior stands; and, giant-like, bestrides
The prostrate Philistine; or, couching, lies
In lion-slumber, 'neath the vineyards' shade,
Mid lowing herds, beside the murm'ring stream:
And who shall wake him from his dread repose?—
Thus hast thou seen the long-foretold domain,
Jeshurun's lot, where overshadowing might
Of Spirit Divine from generation dwells
To generation; ever sure defence
Of Israel, once a feeble stranger known
Midst hospitable Egypt; next oppress
With toil, and servitude's more galling chain,
Disconsolate, despairing; till redeem'd
By the right hand of power: now as the stars
Of heaven in multitude, and as the flame
Driven by tempestuous winds, in ruin vast
Devouring hosts and kingdoms. At rebuke
Of one a thousand flee; and nations arm'd
Flee at rebuke of five. Look, and prepare
For signs portentous, evidence and seal
Of aid concomitant, o'erruling power,

In succour swift, that still with conquest leads
Thy brethren militant from realm to realm,
Till all their wand'rings, all their wars, subside,
In full possession, and in peace secure.

"See first the horned might of Jordan's flood,
Swoln by autumnal rains, in deluge foam
O'er all his banks, and passage wish'd deny
To Abraham's race; till in their front advanc'd
The consecrated ark, by Levite hands
With rev'rence borne, their dubious footsteps guides,
And through the storm of adverse element
Prepares their way: See how the downward flood,
As smitten with annihilation, bares
A broad highway; while backward driven above,
The torrent surges pil'd in liquid wall,
O'erarch'd impend, and safe the myriads tread
The path profound: till, from the further shore,
With awful adoration they behold
The fetter'd waters with permissive haste,
And renovated might, their course resume.
A warning sign (could warning signs impede
The sinner's fate) to yonder walls condemn'd,
Of Jericho, in martial pride that frown,
Girt with luxuriant palms, well-water'd shades,
Where mirth voluptuous, sensual sloth reside,
'Till scar'd by din of arms and peril nigh,
As round the hostile city Israel winds

His long procession. Hark! the trumpets' clang,
And pealing shouts, denouncing instant woe
To Canaan's sons: lo, smitten without hands,
The towers and massy wall (impregnable
How fondly deem'd) in sudden thunder fall
With prodigy of ruin, shaking earth,
And dark'ning air! Thy kindred host ascend
Wide-wasting; universal havoc reigns;
And soon the guilty mansions disappear,
Plough'd by the vengeful sword, and wrapt in fire.

"The mountain Amorites' unwieldly war
Five monarchs lead: their pageant state behold,
Their pomp barbaric, chariots, horsemen, arms,
As vultures fierce, as locusts numberless,
Ravening as wolves! See Nave's son oppos'd,
Confiding in his God, intrepid wage
Unequal war, and not in vain confide:
For panic-struck, the foe by Gibeon flies
Discomfited, and whirlwinds of dire hail,
Light'ning, and tempest, mingling in the fight,
Blast the pale fugitives. Receives thine ear
That potent voice, or knows th' accustom'd sound?
'Tis Joshua bids. 'Thou sun, on Gibeah stand;
Thou in the vale of Ajalon, O moon!'
The sun descends not, and the moon stands still,
Obedient; till with battle and pursuit
Satiate, Jeshurun's host his wrongs avenge.

" But now with conquest and with plenty crown'd
In full fruition, careless ease unmann'd;
Revolted Israel, of Jehovah's might
Forgetful, woos, with alienated heart,
Idolatries, abominations foul,
Of neighbouring foes, and, justly to the scourge
Of Amalek and Midian sold, deplores
A land impoverish'd, and the ling'ring pains
Of famine and disease: contrition bends
Each stubborn knee, and late repentance mourns
On every tongue;—nor Heaven disdains to hear.
See from Manasseh the deliverer spring,
Undaunted Gideon: he by night destroys
The grove of Baal, next by trumpet calls
The sons of Abiezer: Napthali,
Zebulun, Asher, and Manasseh, join
His rustic banners, ardent all, and bold
In freedom's cause. Yet not to these is given
The victory, lest presumptuous man ascribe
To mortal arm the glory ever due
To God Most High: three hundred men alone,
A chosen band, by heaven-appointed sign
Predestin'd to subdue, in silent march
To Midian's camp, Jerubbaal darkling leads:
He comes, he sees, he conquers; fear confounds
The rout idolatrous, where wild uproar
Spreads uncontroll'd; against his fellow each

Uplifts the sword; and universal flight,
In shame, despair, perdition beyond cure,
Their hope confounds: He onward drives the storm
Of slaughter; Zeba and Zalmunna slain,
Oppression baffled, Israel's peace restor'd,
Reward his labours and attest his fame.

" Whom seest thou next? a stripling, ruddy, fair,
Unarm'd, unaided? He with sling and stone
Subdues the vaunting giant, and illumes
With warlike joy, and leads to victory,
Desponding Israel: he mature in age,
And exercis'd in suffering, shall assume
His destin'd eminence, in Hebron hail'd
Anointed King. Yon spot remote behold,
Baal-perazim: there his fury smites
The Philistines, auspicious presage given
Of long prosperity: wide he extends
His royalties, and still the throne adorns
With piety and mercy. Lov'd and fear'd,
Twice twenty years with equitable hand
He sways the sceptre: then in peace repose
His ashes, but his name lives evermore.

" In wealth, in power, tranquillity, and fame,
His mightier son, high-favour'd Solomon,
Serene in strength, and dreadful without war,

Reigns jubilant: in knowledge peerless he,
With proverb, medtiation, holy song,
Exalts the soul; while o'er his laws preside
Truth uncorrupt, integrity severe,
By keen discernment led. With lustrous train
See Sheba's queen, to prove his wisdom, come;
And kings from every realm, admiring, hear
His varied eloquence; admiring, view
Magnificence and regal state, profuse
Beyond compare. Memorial of his zeal,
The temple tow'rs, a sculptur'd city gay,
Of marble, cedar, gold. Observe the Feast
Of Dedication, where, in lucent cloud,
Spher'd visible, the Glory of the Lord
Dazzles the courts, and dwells within the veil.

" And now to Heaven alone (for nought can earth
Of equal boast) turn heart and eye and soul.
What greater King, what brighter habitant,
In latter days from princely Judah born,
The serpent's victor, Bethlehem's Morning Star,
Must Israel rule, and in the temple shine,
Futurity shall tell; while earth redeem'd,
And heaven rejoicing, wonder and adore."

The voice no more is heard: yet list'ning still,
In trance extatic, Moses feebly lifts
His palsied hands, death's damp and chill embrace

Convulsing every nerve; thick darkness seals
Each eyeball, and his vigorous feet confess
Total decrepitude: never to rise
'Till storm and thunder and the trump of God
All nations of the grave to judgment call,
He prostrate sinks; yet unimpair'd retains
Meek resignation, faith, seraphic love,
Hope ante-dating heaven: in speechless praise,
Thanksgiving, prayer, dissolving life expires:
When straight a mighty warrior, (such his charge,)
Michael, of arch-angelic thrones the prime,
Solemn descends; at whose imperial voice
Attendant cherubim, on gorgeous wings,
The sacred corpse upbear to secret vale
Of sepulture; where reverently inhum'd,
In tomb for ever hid from search profane,
The man of God in Moab's conscious dust
For resurrection waits. Ethereal harps,
And hymns ethereal, thus the requiem sing:—

" Prophet and Saint, of God and man belov'd,
Judge of the race elect: thy memory,
By long regret and grateful praise embalm'd,
From father still to son transmitted down
In parable and song, shall record bear
To latest time, and by example teach
Hebrew and Gentile: such the privilege
Of virtue, whose pure essence no decay

Nor dim eclipse can change; more durable
Than adamantine rock; than mid-day sun
More glorious and serene. To highest deeds
Pre-destin'd from the womb, thy pensive youth
Convers'd with knowledge, fathoming all depths
Of human lore; yet hung'ring and athirst
For heavenly wisdom, and with stedfast heart,
'Mid peril and temptation and dismay,
Adoring Jacob's God. A mortal arm,
Vicegerent o'er inferior spheres ordain'd,
Astonish'd angels saw, when thy rebuke
Spread anguish, desolation, and despair,
O'er Egypt's confines; and through baffled waves
Of ocean led, as through the wilderness,
The fugitives of Goshen. On the mount
Of Sinai, whose foundations shook, whose top
Was lost in smoke and fire, while seraphim
At distance gaz'd, full forty days and nights,
Guest of terrestrial mould, didst thou sojourn
Within the dread pavilion and the veil
Of cloud and tempest; there, as face to face,
In visions of beatitude rejoice,
Past utt'rance, 'till thy countenance imbib'd
Transcendent splendors. As on outspread plume
The parent eagle bears her callow young,
Instructs, defends them; so, by heaven's command,
Through the waste howling desert hast thou led
Through heat and cold, through weary pilgrimage,

Through violence and war, to Jordan's banks,
Th' inheritors of Canaan. Great thy toils,
And faithful thine obedience: now reward
Succeeds; and on thy soul imparadis'd
The crown of glory and the excess of joy
Immeasurably show'rs down. But Israel mourns
Through all his tribes, and comfort scarce receives
From dearest hope; though long-expected realms
Invite his grasp, and instant promises
To glad possession, wealth, and conquest, call.
Lament not Israel: in his hallow'd law
Thy monitor surviving, yet proclaims
Creative majesty, sustaining love,
And counsels of salvation, oracles
Of immortality, which who frequents
Inherits light and life; and from the mount
Of Faith, the spiritual Pisgah, views
His destin'd patrimony, (where no pain
Intrudes, where sin and sorrow never dwell,)
Celestial Canaan: thence conceiving strength,
Onward he moves, refulgent in the vest
Of righteousness, in panoply all arm'd
Of piety and truth: through famine, sword,
And persecution, dauntless; to the glare
Of guilty power, to thousand blandishments,
Wealth, honour, luxury, careless and unmov'd;
And spotless from the world. The widow's eye
Beholds him, and bears witness; orphans hear,

And bless his name. As evening sacrifice
His prayers arise; nor less at early dawn
And thoughtful noon, like incense clouds, perfume
Heaven's altars, and the sanctuary divine.
In poverty content, in affluence meek,
In health in sickness mindful of thy God,
(Whom ever-fearing, thou canst fear no ill,)
Blest fellow-servant, to th' eternal hills
Thou tread'st the way, and, willing guardians, we
Thy steps attend: palms incorruptible
Wait thee from murky chambers of the tomb,
Rising, with acclamation, to salute
Thy kindred saints, and without end extol,
In bliss ineffable, the SAVIOUR's name."

CHRIST'S
LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

BY

CHARLES PEERS, M. A. & F. S. A.

——— *Calde e pie lagrime piove,*
Pur quasi al pianto abbia la via rinchiusa
Cosi parlando. ——— TASSO.

1805.

'IS this my Father's city? this the seat
'Of Israel's empire? these dismantled walls
'The bulwarks of her glory?—Dire reverse!
'How fall'n among the nations! how unlike
'To her, who, as a bride in gay attire
'Deck'd for celestial spousals, didst surpass

'The pride of thy compeers!—yet not to me,
'Thus humbled, thus in bondage, less endear'd
'Than in thy beauty's prime; when from afar
'Kings came to hail thee, bowing lowly down
'Before the footstool of thy majesty.
'How art thou chang'd, fair city! how abas'd
'From that high eminence, whereon thou stood'st
'Queen of the East! when all thy spacious streets
'Swarm'd with the throng of nations; every gate
'Pour'd forth its thousands, men of matchless might
'Harness'd for battle, and as oft receiv'd
'Laden with conquest:—Thou hast felt in turn
'The scourge of the destroyer! where are now
'Thine ivory palaces, and golden gates,
'Thine olive groves, and marble fountains? where
'Thine elder temple, that great archetype
'Of wond'rous masonry; her hangings rich
'In gorgeous colours dipp'd, and cedar beams
'Hewn upon Libanus, o'erlaid with gold
'Of Ophir, dazzling each beholder's eye?
'Where now her minstrels? where the virgin train
'That, in full chorus chaunting, hail'd the dawn
'Of peaceful sabbath or glad jubilee?
'No sound is heard her vaulted roof beneath,
'Save of hunallow'd traffic—the loud din
'Of tumult—shouts of blasphemy and wrong
'Bursting discordant from the house of prayer.
'The voice of melody hath ceas'd; no more

' Or harp or tabret cheer thy festal pomps:
' No more the smoke of grateful incense, flung
' From golden censers, fills the courts of heaven:
' No more in midnight vision, to the sense
' Of priest or prophet, come the sons of God
' To speak his bidding: cloth'd in sable stole,
' The garb of woe, her joyless elders sit;
' And Sion's virgin daughters, they erewhile
' So portly, they in costliest robes array'd
' Of Tyrian purple, and with braided hair
' Dropping sweet odours, who for pride disdain'd
' The ground they trod, weep silent and forlorn.
' Alas for Sion! that the heathen foe
' Should see her desolation—more in scorn,
' As more reluctant erst to own her sway,
' They mock at her undoing——" This is she,
" That ancient queen of cities, who usurp'd
" Absolute rule: Behold her, like ourselves,
" Content with tributary gold to buy
" Cæsar's forbearance! Where is now her God
" Who rais'd and should have sav'd her? doth He view
" Or lack the power to strike for her defence?"—
' Yes, He hath seen her fall, boast as they may,
' Her God hath seen,—and as the mother bird
' Extends the wing to shield her young from harm,
' Would He have gather'd Israel to His care:
' Witness the voice of many a holy seer
' Who preach'd the evils of the days o'er-past;

'Witness the blood of many a martyr'd saint
'Crying for vengeance; witness this His last,
'His dearest sacrifice, vouchsaf'd in vain.
'Oh! had the heathen cities heard His voice,
'Had they beheld the Son of God descend
'From full fruition of eternal bliss
'To wear mortality; beheld His power
'To heal disease and anguish; seen the dead
'Rise at His bidding; seen the fiends of hell
'Cast out from souls possess'd; the stormy winds
'Hush'd at His voice, and the rough sea compos'd;
'They would have worshipp'd:—but my people, still
'Of heart more stubborn, more impenitent
'Than menac'd Nineveh, shut every sense
'To most miraculous warning: Folly deem'd
'The hand incapable that spar'd to strike;
'And foul Ingratitude with scorn repaid
'The boon of proffer'd mercy: What remains
'(If aught remain) is but the mockery
'Of ancient worship pure, vain artifice
'Of priests and sycophants, a fawning crew,
'Shewing like sepulchres of semblance fair,
'But all within corruption: these are they
'Who prey upon the widow, and devour
'The orphan's portion, mocking Heaven with prayers
'Ceaseless, and fasts, which will but more incense
'His anger, and bring down worse chastisement.
'They from the abundance of their treasures pay

'The law its tribute, and for gold commute
'Faith, judgment, mercy, all the law enjoins
'Of holiest import:——Be it then fulfill'd
'The consummation! pass a few short years,
'The day shall come, to whose event compar'd
'Whate'er in worst extremity of war,
'Famine, or pestilence, hath been sustain'd,
'Were lightest visitation; when the foe
'Shall cast his trenches up, and hem thee round
'In closest straits beleaguered; all the while
'Intestine discord raging, fiercer far
'Than the besieger's fury:—Happy then
'The barren woman! happy, not to know
'That pang of anguish which a parent feels,
'To hear the wailings of her infant, parch'd
'With quenchless thirst, and hunger unappeas'd.
'Woe to the city! when with ravening eye
'Each on his fellow glares!—the lion tribe,
'Prowling the desert, spare their shaggy kind,
'Though stung with famine and athirst for blood:
'But oh! more monstrous strange and pitiless
'The daughter of my people!—it shall bleed,
'Slain by her hand, the sucking babe shall bleed
'To slake a mother's cravings:—this fulfill'd,
'This cup of bitterness, the foe shall make
'His final onset, and the yawning breach,
'Clos'd up with dead, a last sad entrance yield.
'No more those warrior angels shall descend,

'Who in bright armour wont in days of yore
'To wield auxiliar thunders; side by side
'With Joshua fought; or smote th' Assyrian camp,
'And sent the great blasphemer baffled home;
'No arm shall be uprais'd, no spirit stand
'For Israel; she shall perish, unrepriev'd,
'This ancient city, all her reliques proud
'Shall glut the fury of devouring fire.
'E'en this your stately temple, which ye deem
'Of indestructible and massive strength
'To abide the shock of hostile violence,
'Shall share the general ruin, wrapt in flames
'With her defenders, and with blood defil'd;
'Her pillars all uptorn, her altars raz'd,
'Her walls and porches; not a stone shall stand,
'Save but to mark her utter overthrow.'

Thus with sad speech and lamentation sore
The Son of God, amid his faithful friends,
Bewail'd his city's ruin, and gave scope
To meditations which the passing hour
Might well awake: his heart was charg'd with woe,
Spite of her faults and follies, at the thought
Of her past greatness and impending fall.

He stood upon the mount, whose lofty brow,
With verdant olives shaded, o'er the vale
Gave ample prospect, whence his eye might ken

Imperial Salem to her utmost bounds.
Fair were her buildings still, and fair her site,
Worthy her ancient grandeur and renown:
Part on the plain beneath, water'd by streams,
Pure as the sister rivulets that flow
Fast by Damascus; part upon her hills
Seated sublime, with triple wall begirt,
And gates, and towers, the sacred city rose.
Her features in decay wore yet th' impress
Of beauty—that unfading awful charm
Which waits on greatness, e'en in utmost wreck
Commanding reverence: they shew'd the waste
Of long and hazardous assaults sustain'd
Since first Egyptian Sesac, and the hosts
Of far Chaldea, pour'd the scathe of war
On her apostate tribes, with inroad fierce
Destructive: mighty battlements, and towers
Of altitude, that still might seem to foil
Barbarian menace; and the proud remains
Of many a princely edifice, th' abode
Of native monarchs while her empire stood;
With what of late in meretricious pomp
Flouting their ruin, Idumean kings,
Smit with the pleasures of the clime, had rear'd.
But chief, of great dimension and design,
The Temple rose: though not like that of old,
Enrich'd with spoil of vassal potentates,
And God the architect—yet was she such

Where Israel still might worship; so exact
Of symmetry, of beauty so complete,
As Rome's victorious captain, flush'd with rage
Of hostile triumph, spar'd to violate.
Still was she such, to which of old renown
None might compare, the boast of Pagan art:
Not that of Ephesus, nor those proud piles
Sacred to Pallas or Olympian Jove;
Nor those so stately domes of modern fame,
Burnish'd with gold, where the sun's orient beam
Strikes upon Lassa, hail'd by Indian priests
With invocations deep, breath'd to the clang
Of gong and cymbal:—for the high report
Of God's original temple had supplied
Noblest design, whereon to frame anew
Its proud proportions; and the scatter'd wrecks
Of that subverted fane, with what of gold
Or costliest jewellery the Persian king,
Touch'd at the woes of Israel, had restor'd,
Imparted matchless lustre, to surpass
Imagination's scope or power of song.

What wonder, if as Jesus musing stood
Upon her ancient fortunes and decline,
His heart was sad within with him? Not a spot
Of that dismantled city, but reviv'd
Some bitter recollection, some fond proof
Of Israel's happier age: celestial tears

Water'd his cheek;—for though exempt from taint
Of human frailty, he had felt the glow
Of human passion, that sweet sympathy
Which purest spirits feel. Amazement held
His listening followers; but anon his eye,
Searching the secrets of their hearts, discern'd
Growing mistrust, which high unhumbled pride,
With fond rememb'rance of the days o'erpast,
And vain presumptuous hope, might still inspire.
Whereat the Mourner thus his speech resum'd:—

' Yet not by fearful prodigies unmark'd
' Shall be the doom of Sion: though she fall,
' She shall not fall like one of vulgar note.
' What, if erewhile that solemn legend grav'd
' At deep of night upon his palace wall
' By God's own finger, to th' Assyrian king
' Gave dark prediction 'ere his empire fell;
' Shall not my Father's city challenge proof
' Of love divine to dignify her end?
' When this firm earth shall to her centre shake
' In dread convulsion rock'd; yon glorious sun
' Veil his meridian splendor; when the moon
' Shall be appalled; and those the starry hosts
' That deck the firmament, withhold their fires;
' When pestilence and sickness shall go forth
' Wasting the nations, and disastrous wars
' And evil prophecies and rumours wild

'Shall scatter tribulation and dismay,
'Then mark, the hour is near: Yet shall no signs
'Portentous of affliction, nor worse ills
'Awaken slumbering Israel to the voice
'Of never-failing mercy, which would still
'Forewarn the sinner 'ere the vengeance fall.
'Such were the race to whom of earliest time
'The Patriarch preach'd unheeded; such as these,
'Luxurious, slaves of avarice, lust, and pride,
''Till Ocean burst through his disparted bounds,
'And the flood cover'd all.—Then when ye see
'Fulfill'd the final curse of prophecy,
'See the foe's desolating engines stand
'Abominable, e'en in the holy place;
'Fly to the forests, to the deserts fly,
'While flight remains: invoke the rooted hills,
'If they may shield you from an enemy
'Whose eye knows not to spare.—Enjoy the while
'Short interval of peace, doubtful repose,
'That like the calm of nature oft forebodes
'Convulsion: yet behold the day approach
'Of desolation: perish earth and heaven,
'My word shall be fulfill'd: Sion shall fall,
'Her place shall be no more: God's high decree
'Hath seal'd her sentence, and His oath confirm'd.'

Thus spake the Master, as his eye o'erflow'd,
Pondering the city's waste, with sad presage

Of worse perdition that should soon befall.
Long were the argument and hard to tell
How soon fulfill'd; how deeply Sion drain'd
The dregs of anguish, when the Roman sword
Atchiev'd her final ruin: long to tell
How, when in after-times th' apostate king
Sought with unhallow'd violence to reverse
That dread prediction, from the rifted rock
Sulphureous thunders issuing, and strange fire
From its foundations, marr'd his frantic toil.

But thou, whoe'er, stranger or pilgrim guest,
Roaming Judæa's desolated plains,
Seest where in solitary pride forlorn
Mourns her fall'n capital;—if yet her walls,
Though prostrate, shew the wreck of ancient strength;
If Sion's mount still rear her blasted head
Reft of its temple; if the Moslem foe
Usurp each hallow'd haunt, each spot endear'd
By Christ's own presence; if revolving years
Heal not her deep affliction, bring no hope
Of restoration from her long decline:
Bear thou sure testimony to the truth
Of those immortal chronicles which tell
How erst she tower'd triumphant,—to the stroke
Of that great judgment which fore-doom'd her fall.

PAUL AND BARNABAS AT LYSTRA.

BY

CHARLES HOYLE, M.A.

Ἀλεῖται, ὡς ἔλαφος ὁ χωλός.

1806.

AROUSE thee, Contemplation, acts of grace
And oracles of wisdom to record,
And superstition startled and appall'd,
What time the everlasting Gospel's voice
Was heard in Lycaonia. Strike the harp
With jubilee, and the loud trumpet blow;
For pleasant the memorial, high the theme,
And rich with benediction every thought
That in the shades of midnight, blaze of noon,

Or early dawn, expatiates in the courts
Of Zion: there the deep-transported soul
With prophet or evangelist communes,
And ante-dates her summons from the dust
To immortality. If power reside
In numbers, to commemorate the decrees
And attributes of Godhead, or redeem
With heaven-endeavouring faith one fleeting hour,
Be such for ever my delighted task,
And such the hallow'd purport of my song!

Emerging from the whirlwind and the storm
Of persecution, Paul, with Barnabas,
To Lystra comes, and earnest there proclaims
Redemption, Judgment; heraldry divine,
Tidings melodious as angelic bliss,
And sovereign as the harp of Jesse's son
To heal distemper'd minds: his ardent speech
Rebukes, exhorts; now thundering in their ears
The terror of the Lord, unfolding now
Mystery of love omnipotent. "Awake,
"Arise, benighted sleepers, from the dead,
"And Christ shall give you wisdom, and instruct
"To chequer life's dark vale with sunny gleams
"Of truth and virtue, 'till Salvation ope
"Her portals and her mansions, to receive
"And welcome you to rapture!"—Crowds, athirst
For novelty, around th' apostle press,

Lightly to hear, and lightly to depart,
Relapsing to oblivion: while obdur'd
By vain philosophy, high-reaching power,
Patrician eminence, voluptuous ease,
The children of prosperity deride
Contrition's call. Far other passion moves
Yon loathed beggar, cripple from the womb,
On the cold earth extended, and emboss'd
With leprosy; yet glorious all within,
Array'd in righteousness, and eagle-wing'd
With piety and hope; thence happier far
Than they from whom his supplication rings
A scanty alms.—(Ambition's blaze, the dreams
Of fame and riches, vanish and decay;
But virtues vanish not, to paradise
Translated, with empyreal youth to bloom.)
In squalor and in delirection scorned,
Outcast of human pity, but upheld
By grace and guardian seraphim, and doom'd
On earth to suffer, but rejoice in heaven,
The mourner lay; when he of Tarsus saw
His misery, and with thought-exploring eye
Discern'd his faith, and issued thus command:

" Arise, forlorn and helpless, from the dust;
" Forget thy desolation: in the name
" Of Jesus rise and walk!"—While yet he spake,
Through the shrunk sinews and contracted limbs

Ethereal vigour darts like lightning flame,
Enkindling health, and purging off in scales
Leprous pollution; through each pulse and vein,
Through sense and motion, heart and eye and soul,
The genial spirits dance; and the gaunt frame,
Late the mind's noisome dungeon, spheres her now
In palace of delight. The cripple rose
Exulting, walked and leaped and bounding ran
Light as the roebuck; yet in frantic joy
Not thankless, or unmindful to extol
Supernal mercy. Him the multitude
Pursued and held; insatiate to survey
In speculation mute his alter'd form,
Athletic beauty: Some, half fearful, touch'd
The wither'd lazar hands, now warm with blood
Salubrious, and with pliant muscles strung:
Some lifted up his garments, to behold
The well-compacted knees, th' elastic feet,
And ancles firm; while round the whisper flew,
" Is this the suppliant stretch'd so late supine,
" Fed by precarious bounty, and with groans
" Saddening the day?" Confusion of applause,
Tempest of acclamation, next ensued
From young and old: " The Deities descend
" In mortal shape!" they cry'd: " To Lystra's domes
" And honour'd temples, welcome and all hail,
" Dread-thund'ring monarch, cloud-compelling Jove!
" Bright son of Maia, hail!" The city swarms

In wild commotion, rous'd as by affright
Of midnight conflagration or the din
Of battle: streets and avenues disgorge
Augmenting thousands: matrons, children, climb
The roofs and walls, and in astonishment
Sit gazing there. So all was extasy
And tumult all, 'till veneration hush'd
Their throng'd idolatry: for now the priest
Of Jupiter advancing, oxen brought
And garlands, and the sanctimonious rites
Solemn prepar'd, though with disorder'd pomp,
As summon'd hasty: now the goblet foam'd
Libation, and the victim's neck was bowed;
Spices in odorous piles already blazed,
Already the grim sacrificer stood
In act to strike; when, with indignant shame,
Th' ambassadors of Majesty divine,
Perceiving their intent, among them rush'd
Precipitate, and boldly overthrew
Each instrument of worship, and reprov'd
Their impious folly.—" Cease ye, nor present
" Knee-tribute, nor to us the name ascribe
" Of Godhead; wanderers we, of earthly mould;
" Of peril, woe, disaster and disease
" Partakers, and of death. But would ye learn
" Whom and how best to worship, that our lips,
" Instructed and commission'd, shall declare."

They ended, and the concourse stood suspense,
Awaiting further utterance. Brief the pause
'Ere, with collected eloquence of zeal,
Th' apostle of the Gentiles thus resum'd:

" Let not delusion, men of Lystra, lure
" Your credulous superstition to believe
" That hecatombs and incense can appease
" Celestial justice, expiate your offence,
" And disencumber conscience of despair:
" Nor yet, forgetful of the Maker's due,
" To stars and elements your homage pay,
" To dæmons and the dead, to sculptur'd block
" And senseless shrine: nor seek divinity
" In grove or cavern, on the mountain's brow,
" Beside the gush of waters; nor to chance
" And fate the name of Deity assign:
" Lest wilder'd 'mid inextricable maze
" Of folly and of crime, through bitterness
" And sorrow to perdition ye descend.

" Can the dumb idol measure in his hand
" The floods of ocean, or in balance weigh
" The mountains and the valleys, or convulse
" The stedfast earth, alternate rouse and quell
" The stormy winds, and bid conflicting clouds
" Dissolve in deluge? or will thunders roar,

" And lightnings flash, obsequious to his call?
" Say, can the molten image look abroad
" Through depths of æther, and appoint each orb
" To come and go, refulgent now t' illume
" The firmamental concave, now withdraw
" To dimness and extinction? can such eye,
" Like sun-beam, search affection and desire?
" Hath motionless and chisell'd marble power
" And wisdom? can it punish and reward
" Guilt undivulg'd and virtues yet unknown,
" Judge by the heart, and equity dispense
" To empires and to worlds? He only can,
" Whom Lord of immortality and life,
" Supreme, invisible, Almighty King,
" Sole Godhead I proclaim. Ye heavens, attend!
" Give ear, O earth! all-radiant sun, confess
" Thine Author! Times and seasons, months and years,
" And all that live or live not, record join,
" His wonders of perfection to display!

" Nor pause, nor end, nor obstacle, nor change,
" His domination knows, nor origin,
" Nor circumscription; but as effluent streams
" From fountain, so from him duration flows,
" And space extends; nor counts eternity
" His glories, nor infinitude contains.
" Ask, and to consultation call the choir
" Of Pleiades, Orion arm'd in gold,

" And the starred Zodiac: they remember well
" Their generation, and th' omnific Word
" That fashion'd nature: look through length and breadth,
" And depth and height, through universe of peace
" And order; there behold Him, reverence there
" His image, who for ever o'er th' expanse
" Presiding, architect and sovereign wise,
" Rains down creative influence, and His works
" With blessing crowns. Let meditation ride,
" Through silence and through darkness, to th' abode
" Of chaos, where discordant atoms wage
" Interminable war, and horror palls
" The fathomless confusion; there the voice
" Of death and of destruction shall attest
" Their anarchy by Him controll'd, who reigns
" Beyond all worlds: or deeper plunge ye down
" To gulph and blazing dungeon, where, immur'd
" In woes unutterable, with furies, fiends,
" Th' apostates from their God despairing dwell;
" E'en there Rebellion and her impious host
" Believe and tremble at the name supreme.
" To earth return ye; where no midnight gloom,
" Abyss of earth and ocean, nor the veil
" Of secresy sepulchral, can elude
" All-seeing retribution; in whose grasp
" Are victory and defeat, and peace and war,
" And at whose bidding fortune issues forth
" Prosperous or adverse, from captivity

" To raise dejected virtue, and confound
" Th' oppressor: while His absolute decree
" (To mortal ignorance ling'ring though it seem)
" Delays not, from beginning to their end
" Surveying all things, comprehending all
" In balances of rectitude benign.
" But who, ascending heaven-ward, may sustain
" The blaze that brightens the perpetual hills,
" Splendor through space immeasurable diffus'd
" Around the sanctuary, where resides
" Presence divine, in clouds of radiance veil'd;
" Lest fuller seen, His glory dissipate,
" In whirlwind of combustion and in fume,
" Creation's realms? That ever-burning throne
" Ten thousand thousand hierarchies surround,
" With saintly lyres and hymns ineffable
" Rending the blissful infinite, where sons
" Of extasy in beatific trance
" And plenitude of endless triumph reign;

" Let not your contemplation fearful shrink,
" When Mercy calls and sanctifies to tread
" Those hallow'd precincts, and approach with prayer
" The footstool of the Majesty on high.
" Nor think Omnipotence His aid withholds,
" Or in oblivion sleeps: each bosom-thought,
" Each supplicating sigh, each holy vow,

" Rise in memorial, and for record stand
" On His remembrance graven. His eyelids prove
" All nations; vice nor 'scapes, nor virtue fails
" Due recompence; if not on earth reveal'd,
" Yet but reserv'd, and with augmented store
" Of even-handed equity repaid,
" When comes the judgment; and eternities
" Of vengeance and reward consummate all.

" What though He rule mysterious and abstruse
" From earthly ken—what though awhile He left
" In wrath judicial an offending world
" To wander self-corrupted, self-ensnar'd,
" In mazes of idolatry and woe—
" Yet left He not His wonders so unknown
" Or unattested, but that Reason's eye
" (Unquench'd by sin and folly) might discern
" His attributes and empire unconfin'd,
" To darkest times, remotest isles disclos'd,
" Indelible on every page inscrib'd
" Of Nature's volume: conscience all the while
" Acquitting or condemning, as they kept
" Or kept not Heaven's unchangeable decree.—
" How cool the breeze! how soft distils the dew!
" How fertilizing drops the silent shower!
" How beauteous earth's green robe! what union binds
" Her elements! How populous the land,

" Air populous, and populous the sea,
" With creatures numberless! How jocund dance
" Time and the seasons—winter hoar with snow,
" With flow'rets spring, with harvest summer gay,
" Autumn with vintage red, with fruits adorn'd!
" How dazzling flames the sun! how soft the light
" Of constellations and the wandering moon!
" But who shall speak their Author? O for tongue
" Of angels! yet archangel tongue how weak
" Perfection to commemorate and adore!
" Gracious His goodness as the droppings mild
" Of seasonable shower, or summer dew,
" And healing as the vernal breeze that blows
" From spicy mountain or the cassia grove;
" His mercies countless as the varied host
" That people earth, seas, skies; and prodigal
" To bless them with sweet influences of health,
" Plenty, and joy. Than blindness they more blind,
" They more than misery miserable, who raise
" No museful thought to heaven, nor language hear
" Of day and night and firmamental orbs,
" That each to each (would mortals hear) proclaim
" Their Maker's glory: Him through youth and age,
" Through peril and through safety, joy and woe,
" Perpetual will we worship, and extol
" His wondrous name, in bounty wondrous found
" To all that live; them chiefly who confess

" His empire, while their holiness and truth
" (Faith's proper signs) like lamp celestial burn,
" Dispelling death, and darkness, and the way
" Illuminating to Jehovah's throne."

So spake th' apostle, gradual to prepare
Christ's highway in the desart, and arouse
The slumberers in darkness to salute
Redemption's morn. The congregation heard
Awe-struck, yet unrepentant, murmuring paid
Obedience, and reluctantly dismiss'd
The sacrifices: then with cloudy front
And troubled rumination, sad and slow
Dispersing, to their several homes return'd.

And could'st thou, Lystra, thus ungracious hear
Such exhortation, or the following morn
With arms and murderous insurrection chase
Heaven's ministers; while the converted few
Aloof stood mourning, powerless to resist
The popular phrensy?—So Jerusalem
Caroll'd Hosannas to th' approaching Son
Of David: but in little space how changed!
That triumph yet re-echoing in mid air,
Her fierce impiety with uproar doom'd
Messiah to the cross!—So scorns the world
Each admonition that from idol vows

Of pleasure, avarice, or ambitious power,
Adjures them to return, and find repose
And pardon from the Mediatorial Grace
That ransom'd man.—O high and lofty Sire,
Inhabiting eternity, incline
A wayward world to fear Thee; and devote
To Thee each word and action, heart and soul!

So shall the mighty angel, erst beheld
In visions of Apocalypse upborne
On sounding pinions through empyreal heaven,
Proclaimer of the Gospel, soon perform
His ministry: so shall the kingdom come
Of mercy unrestrain'd; while golden age
Not fabulous begins, and sanctitude
Predominant in every bosom reigns,
And earth resembles heaven. The fervid soul
To Thee, Omnipotent, imploring flies,
And to Thine altar clings: there unremov'd
To tremble and adore, 'till all the change
Of this terrestrial orb be past and gone,
And summons of beatitude convene
The spirits of the righteous; while a voice
From heaven divulges thus their blissful doom:
'Rise, ye accepted children, and ascend
'As eagles, with imperishable youth
'Invigorate; and receive the destin'd realm,

'The New Jerusalem, the city of bliss,
'Whose walls salvation, and whose gates are praise;
'Where needs no moon, nor orient sun to gild
'Her temples, but divine effulgence pours
'Glories unspeakable, immortal joy,
'Day without night, perfection without end.'

THE

DESTRUCTION

OF

BABYLON.

BY

FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M.A.

Of Trinity College.

——— *Sævior armis*
Luxuria incubuit.

(Juv. Sat. vi. 292.)

1795.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In re-printing this composition, the Author has not the slightest intention of appealing against the decision, which (he doubts not) was justly made in favour of Mr. Trollope. But to his mediocrity of poetical power he thinks it, with some few alterations, which it has undergone, not disgraceful: and, having once presumed to give it to the world, he fears it might imply a heavier censure than he is disposed (perhaps from parental partiality) to pass upon it, were it now to be withheld.

ARGUMENT.

Exordium.—Time of the Destruction of Babylon (seventy years after "the carrying away of the Jews")—Cyrus conquers Sardis; and diverts the Euphrates—Belshazzar's Feast—The army of Medes and Persians, under the conduct of two Babylonians (Gobryas and Gadatas) enters the city, along the channel of the river—The capture, and present state of Babylon—Address to Rome, and London——Conclusion.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

AND art thou then for ever set! thy ray
No more to rise and gild the front of day,
Far-beaming Babylon? Those massive gates,
Through which to battle rush'd a hundred states;
That cloud-crown'd wall, along whose giddy height
Cars strove with rival cars in fearless flight—
What! could not all protect thee? Ah! in vain
Thy bulwarks frown'd defiance o'er the plain:
Fondly, in ancient majesty elate,
Thou sat'st, unconscious of impending fate.
Nor brasen gates, nor adamantine wall,
Can save a guilty people from their fall.
Was it for this those wondrous turrets rose,
Which taught thy feebled youth their scorn of foes?
For this, that earth her mineral stores resign'd,
And the wan artist in his dungeon pined:
Destined, as death crept on with mortal stealth,
And the flush'd hectic mimick'd rosy health;

'Mid gasping crowds to ply th' incessant loom,
While morbid vapours linger'd in the gloom?

Silent for seventy years, it's frame unstrung,
On Syrian bough Judæa's harp had hung:
Deaf to their despots' voice, her tribes no more
Waked Sion's music on a foreign shore;
But oft, his tide where broad Euphrates rolls,
Felt the keen insult pierce their patriot souls:
And still, as homeward turn'd the longing eye,
Gush'd many a tear, and issued many a sigh.
Yet not for ever flows the fruitless grief!
Cyrus and Vengeance fly to their relief.

Mark where he comes, th' Anointed of the Lord!
And wields with mighty arm his hallow'd sword.
Reluctant realms their sullen homage pay,
As on the heaven-led hero bends his way:
Opposing myriads press the fatal plain,
And Sardis bars her two-leaved brass in vain;
Her secret hoards the hostile bands unfold,
And grasp with greedy joy the cavern'd gold.
Then to new fields they urge their rapid course,
And rebel states augment the swelling force:
Firm to their end, 'mid scenes of rural love,
Unsoften'd by those scenes, the victors move:
And, as in lengthening line their ranks expand,
Spread wider ruin through the ravaged land.

But Babylon th' approaching war derides,
And shakes the harmless battle from her sides.
In vain the ram it's vigorous shock applies;
The mines descend, th' assailing towers arise:
'Till Treason comes the baffled chief to aid,
And briefer arts succeed the long blockade.

With hardy sinew Persia's labouring host
Wrest the huge river from his native coast;
And bid his flood it's wonted track forego,
'Twixt other banks, through lands unknown to flow.
The task is done; and with obsequious tides
Euphrates follows, as a mortal guides.
His surgeless channel, now a pervious vale,
Invites the foot where navies spread the sail;
And soon no barrier but the eastern main
Shall bound the conqueror's progress, or his reign.

Thus, when from heaving Ætna's restless caves
Impetuous Fire precipitates his waves,
The flaming ruin rushes on the plain,
And art and nature rear their mounds in vain.
Should some high-rampired town obstruct his course,
The red invader rises in his force;
And scornful of the check, and proudly free,
Extends his blazing triumph to the sea:
With refluent stream the straiten'd billows flow,
And yield new regions to th' insatiate foe.

Yet naught devoted Babylon alarms;
Domestic treason, or a world in arms.
'Mid her gay palaces and festal bowers
Flutter'd in sportive maze the rose-crown'd hours:
Loud burst the roar of merriment around,
And wanton dance light tripp'd it o'er the ground—
When, bent the long-drawn revelry to spy,
Hush'd in grim midnight Vengeance hover'd nigh.
Nor vain her care; by wine's soft power subdued
The courtly troop with gladden'd eye she view'd:
The frantic mob in drunken tumult lost,
The drowsy soldier nodding at his post,
The gate unclosed, the desert wall survey'd;
And call'd her Cyrus to unsheath his blade.

Quaff then, Belshazzar—quaff, imperial boy,
The luscious draught, and drain the maddening joy;
To equal riot rouse thy languid board,
And bid the satrap emulate his lord.
With pencill'd lids,* the scandal of their race,
Thy crowded halls a thousand princes grace.

* —κεκοσμημενον και οφθαλμων ὑπογραφῃ και χρωματος ενῤῥιψει, κ. τ. λ. (Xenoph. K. Π. α.)

Ambitiosam hanc ornatûs rationem gentes Orientales, in luxum effusiores, excogitârunt. Ita olim Jezebelem, ut regiam præ se ferret gravitatem, oculos fuco ornâsse legimus, 2. Reg. ix. 30. Ad quem locum LXXII. habent εστιμισατο τας οφθαλμους, i. e. *stibio depinxit:* Hoc enim lapide ideò in pingendis oculis homines decoris nimiùm

Ill on such legs the warrior-greaves appear,
Ill by such hands is grasp'd the deathful spear;
Fitter 'mid Syria's harlot train to move,
And wage in safer fields the wars of love.
Alternate ranged (with faces scarce more fair,
Or hearts more soft) that harlot train is there:
The virgin's wish her half-closed eyes impart,
And blushless matrons boast th' adulterous heart.
On ardent wing the rank contagion flies,
Sigh heaves to sigh, and glance to glance replies.
Let these th' achievements of thy Gods rehearse,
Raise the loud hymn, and pour th' unholy verse;
Proceed! with sacrilege enhance thy wine!
Let the vase circle, torn from Salem's shrine.
Empire and wealth for thee unite their charms;
For thee bright beauty spreads her willing arms:
Who shall control thy raptures, or destroy?
Give then the night, the poignant night, to joy.

studiosi utebantur, quòd eos non nigravit ſtantùm, sed etiam dilatavit: &c. (Hutchins. ad loc,) —"Ob vim nempè astringendi (כחל) contrahebat palpebras, et adeò oculos ipsos dilatabat." (Zeun.)

Lowth on Isai. iii. 16. to prove that this custom, which anciently prevailed in the east (and, like all eastern customs, still prevails there) is referred to by the prophet, quotes Pietro della Valle, Viaggi i. 17.; Sandys, Travels p. 67., who calls the black mineral powder from Fez *Alchole* (Ezek. xviii. 40. כחלת, lxx. στιβίζειν); Plin. H. N. xxxiii. 6.; Juv. ii. 92.; and Shaw, Travels p. 294., who defines the substance used to be "a rich lead ore, pounded into an impalpable powder." Sp. *Alcoholados*. See also Russell's Nat. Hist. of Aleppo, p. 102.

Ha! why that start! those horror-gleaming eyes!
That frozen cheek, whence life's warm crimson flies!
That lip, on which th' unfinish'd accents break!
Those hairs, erect with life! those joints that shake!
The wondrous hand, which stamps yon wall with flame,
Speaks the fear just, that labours in thy frame;
As round it sheds self-moved the living ray,
Which mocks the lustre of thy mimic day.
Haste! call thy seers; or, if their skill be vain,
Let Daniel's art the blazing lines explain.
Haste! for the prophet bring the scarlet vest;
If so, seduced, his words may sooth thy breast.
Ah! no; that phantom with the stile of fate
Inscribes the doom of thee, thy race, thy state.
In curses then, rash youth, the hour upbraid,
When first, by pleasure's meteor-beam betray'd,
From virtue's path thy heedless foot declined,
And whelm'd in sordid sense the devious mind.
In vain! even now is wrought the deed of death;
This moment ends thy glories, and thy breath!
Above, beneath thee feasts th' insatiate worm,
Completes the murtherer's rage, and dissipates thy form.

See where, twin sons of Vengeance and Despair,
March Gobryas and Gadatas. Hold, rash pair:
'Tis parricide! Can nothing then atone
Your private wrongs, save Babylon undone?
As monarchs smile, or frown, shall patriot fire
With selfish fervor flourish, or expire?

No: when th' insulting Mede is at your gates,
And your pale country shakes through all her states;
For her your cherish'd enmity forego,
To wreak it's fury on the public foe:
Renounce the hoarded malice of your breast,
And only struggle—who shall serve her best.

Hark! 'tis the cry of Conquest: full and clear,
Her giant voice invades the startled ear.
With death's deep groans the shouts of triumph rise:
The mingled clamor mounts the reddening skies.
From street to street the flames infuriate pour,
Climb the tall fane, and gild the tottering tower:
In cumbrous ruin sink patrician piles,
And strew amid the dust their massive spoils;
While, with stern forms dilating in the blaze,
Danger and Terror swell the dire amaze.

Now yield those Gods, whom prostrate realms adored:
Though Gods, unequal to a mortal sword!
In aweless state th' unworshipp'd idols stand,
And tempt with sacred gold the plunderer's hand.
Now bend those groves, whose sloping bowers among
The Attic warbler trill'd her changeful song:
Their varied green where pensile gardens spread,
And Median foliage lent it's grateful shade.
There oft, of courts and courtly splendor tired,
The fragrant gale Assyria's * queen respired;

* "Amyitis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been bred in

With blameless foot through glades exotic roved,
And hail'd the scenes her happier prime had loved:
Now stoops that tower, from whose broad top the eye
Of infant science pierced the midnight sky:
First dared 'mid worlds before unknown to stray,
Scann'd the bright wonders of the milky way;
And, as in endless round they whirl'd along,
In groups arranged and named the lucid throng:
Nay, in their glittering aspect seem'd to spy
The hidden page of human destiny!
Vain all her study! In that comet's glare,
Which shook destruction from it's horrid hair,
Of her sage train, deep-versed in stellar law,
Not one his country's hastening fate foresaw;
Not one observed the tempest's gathering gloom,
Or with prophetic tongue foretold her doom.

Vocal no more with pleasure's sprightly lay
Her fretted roofs shall Babylon display;
No more her nymphs in graceful band shall join,
Or trace with flitting step the mazy line.

Media (for she was the daughter of Astyages, king of that country) had been much taken with it's mountainous and woody parts, and therefore desired to have something like it at Babylon; and, to gratify her herein, was the reason of erecting this monstrous piece of vanity." (Prideaux's 'Conn. of Hist. of O. and N. Test.' I. p. 102.)

For an account of these hanging gardens, the walls, tower, &c. of Babylon, see ib. pp. 94—105.

But here shall Fancy heave the pensive sigh,
And moral drops shall gather in her eye;
As 'midst her day-dreams distant ages rise,
Glowing with nature's many-coloured dies:
Resound the rattling car, th' innumerous feet,
And all the tumult of the breathing street;
The murmur of the busy, idle throng;
The flow of converse, and the charm of song:—
Starting she wakes, and weeps as naught she sees,
Save trackless marshes and entangled trees:
As naught she hears, save where amid the brake
Uncoils his monstrous length the crested snake;
Save, of the casual traveller afraid,
Where the owl shrieking seeks a dunner shade;
Save where, as o'er th' unsteadfast fen she roves,
The mournful bittern shakes th' encircling groves.

Hear then, proud Rome, and tremble at thy fate!
The hour will come, nor distant is it's date
(If right was caught the prophet's mystic strain,
Which awe-struck Patmos echoed o'er the main)
The hour, which holy arts in vain would stay,
That prone on earth thy gorgeous spires shall lay.
Haste, happy hour! O haste thee, to destroy
Her long illusion of imperial joy.

And thou, Augusta, hear in this thy day;
For once, like thee, lost Babylon was gay:

With thee wealth's taint has seized the vital part,
As once with her, and gangrenes at the heart.
Profusion, avarice, flying hand in hand,
Scatter prolific poisons o'er the land;
The teeming land with noxious life grows warm,
And reptile mischiefs on it's surface swarm.
Like her's, or deaf or faithless to the vow
Of honest passion, are thy daughters now:
With well-feign'd flame th' obedient maidens wed,
If rank or gold adorn the venal bed;
Then—'ere a second moon, more fix'd than they,
With changing beam the jointured brides survey—
Madly they fly where appetite inspires,
Dart the unhallow'd glance, and burn with real fires.
Thy sons like her's, a fickle fluttering train,
Th' illustrious honours of their name profane;
Stake half a province on the doubtful die,
And mark the fatal cast without a sigh.
Their heavier hours th' intemperate bowl beguiles,
Wakes the dull blood, and lights lascivious smiles;
Then in the stews they court th' impure embrace,
Drink deep disease, and mar the future race.

Far other Britons ancient Gallia view'd,
When her dead chiefs the plains of Creçi strew'd;
Proud of such heroes, and by such revered,
In that blest age far other dames appear'd.
Blest age, return; thy sternness soften'd down,
Charm with our better features, and thine own!

Come; but resign those glories of the field,
The gleaming falchion and the storied shield:
Renounce the towery menace of thy brow,
Which frown'd despair on vassal crowds below;
And true to order, and of all the friend,
To varied rank unvarying law extend.
Ah! in the snowy robe of peace array'd,
Led by the virtues of the rural shade,
Return; and let advancing time behold
Regenerate man, and other years of gold.
Then shall no feuds our triple realm divide,
No traitor point the dagger at it's side;
But each with patriot toils his hours shall crown,
And in his country's welfare* find his own.

* Εγω γαρ ἡγεμαι πολιν πλεω ξυμπασαν ορθεμενην ωφελειν τες ἰδιωτας, η καθ' ἑκαστον των πολιτων ευπραγεσαν, αθροαν δε σφαλλομενην. Καλως μεν γαρ φερομενος ανηρ το καθ' ἑαυτον, διαφθειρομενης της παλριδος, ὁδεν ἡσσον ξυναπολλυται. Κακοτυχων δε εν ευτυχεσῃ, πολλῳ μαλλον διασωζεται. (Thucyd. ii. ξ.)

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